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PARODIES

OF THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS,

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies ;

Author of "A History of National Anthems and Patriotic Songs," "A Memoir of George Cruikshank,"

"The Poets Laureate of England," "The Aesthetic Movement in England," etc,

"I have here only made a Nosegay of culled Flowers, and have brought little more
of my own than the band which ties them."

2560.25
Vol. 4

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING PARODIES OF

BALLADS, SONGS, and ODES.

T. HAYNES BAYLY. ALFRED BUNN. THOMAS CAMPBELL.
HENRY CAREY. LEWIS CARROLL. ELIZA COOK.
CHARLES DIBDIN. THOMAS DIBDIN.
W. S. GILBERT. ROBERT HERRICK.
CHARLES MACKAY. HON. MRS. NORTON.

LORD TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE.

SWINBURNE'S ODES.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. BARRY CORNWALL.
J. H. PAYNE. R. B. SHERIDAN. JAMES THOMSON.
IRISH SONGS. SCOTCH SONGS. WELSH SONGS.
MISCELLANEOUS OLD ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS.

REEVES & TURNER, 196, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

1887.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

Parodies of Popular Songs.



ACTING on the suggestion of numerous friends and subscribers I have determined to devote the Fourth Volume of my Collection to Parodies of *Popular Songs and Ballads*, which are probably the most amusing and witty of all Parodies.

The Songs of Sheridan, Henry Carey, Dibdin, Thomas Haynes Bayly, Samuel Lover, Eliza Cook, Charles Mackay, Henry Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, Barry Cornwall, and W. S. Gilbert, have been frequently parodied, as well as separate songs, written by the minor poets, such as *Rule Britannia*; *The Roast Beef of Old England*; *The Bay of Biscay*; *The British Grenadiers*; *The Vicar of Bray*; *The Fine Old English Gentleman*; *Home, Sweet Home*; *The Mistletoe Bough*; *The Ivy Green*; *In the Gloaming*; *My Queen*; *The Message*; *The Lost Chord*; *Some Day*; *Far, far away*, etc.

Parodies of many of the best songs written by the earlier poets, such as Sir John Suckling, Sir Charles Sedley, Ben Jonson, Herrick, George Wither, Edmund Waller, and Richard Lovelace, will also be included.

In the previous volumes the songs of Shakespeare, Burns, Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Moore, and Alfred Tennyson have already been dealt with in connection with their other poetical works.

Following this Volume of Songs, there will be another containing parodies of the poems of Thomas Gray, William Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, William Cowper, Lord Macaulay, Dante G. Rossetti, Robert Browning, A. C. Swinburne, and of some of the minor English and American Poets, Nursery Rhymes, etc.

Another Volume will contain selections from the most amusing Parodies of the principal prose writers, Sterne, Dean Swift, Dr. Johnson, Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, W. M. Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, Captain Marryat, Benjamin Disraeli, John Ruskin, G. P. R. James, Ouida, and Miss Braddon.

The last Volume will give full details, historical, bibliographical, and anecdotal, of all the principal works in the English language consisting of, or containing, Parodies and Imitations. A list of all the most important Theatrical Burlesques will be included, with Authors' names, the names of the principal actors and actresses, the date and place of first performance, and much other information useful to the dramatic critic or collector.

It will thus be seen that the scheme of the Work embraces a complete Collection and History of every kind of Parody and Burlesque, British and American, in a form admitting of easy reference, and particularly suitable for Public Entertainments, Readings, and Comic Recitations. The plan of the Collection is such that any one knowing the name of the author of any particular work, either in verse or in prose, or the title of the work itself, will be at once enabled to find all the best parodies or imitations of it, together with an enumeration of such others as are either too long to reprint, or not sufficiently interesting.

A work devoted to the history of English Parody is not

so frivolous as it may appear at first sight. Thackeray wrote many parodies, so did Dickens, Sheridan, Fielding, and Dryden, yet, strange to say, no attempt has yet been made to classify and collect them. A few short occasional articles have appeared in the magazines, but these are of little value for purposes of reference.

It will be seen that the object of a Parody is very seldom to ridicule its original, more often, on the contrary, it does it honour, if only by taking it as worthy of imitation, or burlesque. Poets are parodied in proportion to their popularity, as was pointed out in an interesting article which appeared in *The Daily News* (London), October 16th, 1886, from which I venture to quote the following paragraphs:—

“Why should there be no parodies? The world has come to a pretty pass of virtue if we are to denounce them as a ‘debasement of the moral currency.’ Parody has two values. It is an admirably effective form of criticism; and it is often a harmless and legitimate source of amusement. Parody is valuable as criticism, because it is a placing in a bright light of the faults (exaggerated) of a work of art. Clearly some forms of art defy this mode of treatment. No fun could be got out of a parody of ‘Adam Bede.’ No legitimate fun can be got out of an honest parody of ‘Hamlet.’ Any fun that is got must be lugged in from without, in the shape of comic songs and music, and antics in general. But a great deal of mirth may be got out of a parody of the ‘Corsican Brothers,’ especially when the mannerisms of the actors are well hit off. To ridicule mannerisms by slightly exaggerating them is one of the chief functions of parody. Probably any artist might learn more from a good, and not ill-natured, parody of himself than from any other form of criticism. Parody is sometimes so amusing that even the victims must laugh, and it is always more or less of a compliment. Nobody parodies an actor, or a novel, or a poem, or a picture that has not artistic qualities and a considerable share of success.”

“As to literary parody, that seldom gives offence. The vast flock of ravens which follow Edgar Poe’s are the bird’s courtiers, not his enemies. No man can parody with any effect, a poem which has not striking and original features. ‘Excelsior’ and the ‘Psalm of Life’ are examples: each of them has scores of parodies. Miss Fanshawe’s parody of Wordsworth is an astonishing example of skill in catching a measure only marked by a strained effort at simplicity. Perhaps this is the very best parody in the English language; better even than any in the ‘Rejected Addresses.’ There, too, the Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron are admirable, and Scott was justly pleased with the success of his imitator. Whether William Wordsworth was pleased is not so certain. But authors are not so touchy as actors, as the ancients knew, or they would not have feigned that Homer was his own parodist in the ‘Battle of the Frogs and Mice.’ Greek parody probably reached its height in Aristophanes, but there is not much fun in jokes that we have to elucidate with a dictionary and German notes. Poets are parodied in proportion to their popularity; if a

bard wishes to know his exact standing in popular repute, let him ask himself 'Am I parodied, and how much?' Lord Tennyson is parodied far and wide, but who ever tries to parody Shelley? Mr. Swinburne's 'Dolores' is the parent of an innumerable flock of parodies. Yes; she is mother of parodies painful, by many a wandering pen; but she frowns on them, dark and disdainful, the mirth and the mockings of men! They alliterate boldly and blindly, but none to her music attain; and she turns from them, cold and unkindly, Our Lady of Pain. Mr. Browning also has been well beparodied, and a shot or two has been taken at Mr. William Morris; but the other contemporary poets have missed the crown, thorny yet desirable, of Parody."

The classification of the Parodies of Songs presents some difficulties, but the following arrangement will be adopted as far as possible; Popular sentimental and amatory songs; National and Patriotic (English, Irish, Welsh and Scotch); Naval and Military; Sporting, Convivial, Social and Humorous Songs.

WALTER HAMILTON.

57, GAUDEN ROAD,
CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.,
December, 1886,

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I HAD a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loved best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven,
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

* * * *

And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

This poem first appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1860, in 13 four-lined verses, over the initials A. A. P. (Adelaide Anne Proctor). It is now better known as *The Message*, and has been frequently parodied.

THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best,
For I had my task to finish,
And she had gone home to the west,
To our pretty suburban villa,
At least five miles from here,
And my dear affectionate darling
Will be very anxious, I fear.

I wrote a letter to send her,
So tender, and loving, and sweet,
I longed for a seraph to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.
I gave it the clerk in the morning,
And the post was only next door,
But the stupid, forgetful fellow
Didn't post it till half-past four.

I cried in my passionate longing,
"Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send!"
The message at last was sent her,
And at midnight to Hyacinth Grove,
The telegraph boy brought my warning—
"Don't keep dinner waiting, my love."

Funny Folks. April 27, 1878.

THE MESSAGE.

(Of the Future.)

I HAD a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best,
But I had some letters to finish,
And it couldn't go out with the rest—

With the rest to the first post-office,
Oh, so far away from here;
It was vain to call back the porter,
He was deaf and could not hear.

I had a message to send her:
Some friends I intended to treat,
And I longed for a hansom to bear it,
But there wasn't a cab in the street.

I placed it (that summer noontide)
In the pocket which lay on my breast,
But when I went out for my luncheon
I had on a different vest.

I gave it a boy, with a copper,
And he twirl'd it o'er and o'er,
But his fingers were faint and weary
And it fluttered to earth once more.

And I cried, midst my passionate swearing,
"Have I got no bosom friend
Who will kindly deliver the message,
That I am so anxious to send?"

Then I heard a strain of music,
And I wondered all cats weren't dead,
But I found 'twas the wind that was passing
Through the telephone wires overhead.

It rose in harmonious rushings
Like a fiddle-bow over the strings,
And I thought I would send my message,
By one of those new-fangled things.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound it resembled my speech,
Farther than I could travel,
Farther than eye could reach.

And I knew that at last my message
Had been telephoned down to my wife,
And my mind was no longer uneasy
For I knew she'd expect us at five.

Funny Folks. October 19, 1878.

I HAD a message to give her,
But she too early had fled;
I thought of it since we parted,
And she had gone home to bed

To rest in the highest attic,
Far up near the starry sky :
And she never could hear me calling—
Her window was much too high.

I had a message to give her
(A line which I here repeat),
But I thought it would not be proper
To shout it from out the street ;
So I tried to attract attention
By flinging aloft a stone,
But I only broke a window,
And left her—in haste—alone.

I gave it to "milk" next morning,
And I watched if she took it in,
But 'twas somebody else who did it
(I'd to stand the "milk" some gin).
And I cried in my passionate longing,
"Oh ! is there no other way
I can get to my love the message,
And say what I have to say ?"

Then I heard a sweet voice singing
Up high in the morning air ; -
She was cleaning the first-floor windows,
And I beckoned her down the stair.
And she came to the front door quickly—
For her mistress was not yet up—
And she said I must come that ev'ning
(For the cook was going out) to sup.

So I hastened home to my breakfast
(I had coffee and salted fish),
And went to my work as happy
As lover who's got his wish ;
For I knew I should give my message—
And I felt it was not too late—
I should meet her that night at supper,
So I was content to wait.

Fun. October 17, 1883.

—:0:—

"OH ! DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE ?"

[According to *England*, some of the Radicals were very annoyed that Mr. Gladstone should have written a letter of congratulation to Prince Albert Victor Edward on the attainment of his majority.]

Oh ! don't you remember Sweet William, Ben Bolt,
Sweet William wot chops treeses down ?
How you wept with delight wen you gave him your wote
And said he'd soon down with the Crown.
Like an old churchyard of no walley, Ben Bolt,
Or a hactor hobscure and halone,
He have positive shown in a letter so gay
That he still have regard for the Throne.

Oh ! don't you remember Sweet William, Ben Bolt ?
His tongue it would never keep still ;
And its sweet-flavoured clack had a fatherly smack
To the click of the Radical mill.
Them wentursome words wos but words, Ben Bolt
And I looks for their meaning around ;
For them lines to a Prince, they only ewince
That he's artful and werry profound !

Oh ! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With its master, the Brummagem screw ?

And the screeches we screeched, and the speeches we
speeched ?—

A howling Republican crew !
I'm not quite so green as the grass, Ben Bolt,
For that letter have made me feel dry :
And if you can bolt all this flummery, Ben,
YOU'RE A DONKEY, BEN BOLT, AND NOT I !!!
England, January 24, 1885.

—:0:—

THE LOST CHORD.

THE LOST BALL.

(A Parody on The Lost Chord, by Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.)

BATTING one day at the Oval,
I was scoring and quite at ease,
And I "placed" the bowling neatly,
Piling up twos and threes.
I know not whom we were playing
Or what was my total then,
But I struck one ball of Morley's
Like the sound of a great "Big Ben."

It fled in the golden sunlight
Like the devil away from psalms,
And swiftly, though long-leg fielded,
It slipped like an eel through his palms.
It quieted chaff and chatter
Like loves overcoming dears,
And raised a harmonious echo
Of loud, discordant cheers.

It left the perplexéd fieldmen,
Simple as perfect geese,
And rolled away in the distance
As if it were loth to cease.
I have sought and still seek vainly
Of the lost ball a sign,
That came from the shoulder of Morley
And travelled away from mine.
It may be some man from the gas-works
Will find it on his domain ;
It may be that only next season
I shall strike at that ball again.

Written by the late Doctor G. F. Grace, the
celebrated Cricketer.

THE LOST CORD.

(Words by an Organ-grinder. Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.)

Andante Moderato.

SEATED one day on the organ
Was my monkey, but ill at ease,
For his fingers wandered idly,
Searching for—what you please.
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming, quite,
But I dropped his cord and, quickly,
With a bound he was out of sight !
With a bound he was out of sight !

Then forth he came through a skylight,
With some clothes on his outstretched arm ;
And the way that he sought to wear them
Had a touch of infinite charm.
While riot and shrieks of sorrow
Above, from a plundered wife,

Recalled the harmonious echo
Of my discordant life.
The things perplexed the monkey,
He spoilt them piece by piece :—

Animato.

I trembled away in my silence,
In fear of the dread police !

Agitato.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one last cord, and pine
For him, for the soul of my organ—
That vanished ape of mine !

Grandioso.

It may be my truant monkey
Will come with that cord again ;
It may be he only decamps
When he hears the organ-men

(Repeat.)

Judy, March 3, 1880.

THE LOST VOICE.

SEATED at Church in the winter
I was frozen in every limb,
And the village choir shrieked wildly
Over a noisy hymn.

I do not know what they were singing,
But while I was watching them
Our Curate began his sermon
With the sound of a slight "Ahem !"

It frightened the female portion
Like the storm which succeeds a calm,
Both maidens and matrons heard it
With a touch of inane alarm.

It told them of pain and sorrow,
Cold, cough, and neuralgic strife,
Bronchitis, and influenza
All aimed at our Curate's life.

It linked all perplex'd diseases
Into one precious frame ;
They trembled with rage if a sceptic
Attempted to ask its name.

They have wrapped him in mustard plasters,
Stuffed him with food and wine,
They have fondled, caressed, and nursed him
With sympathy divine.

It may be that other Curates
Will preach in that church to them,
Will there be every time, Good Heavens !
Such fuss for a slight—Ahem !

A. H. S.

THE CORRECT CHORD.

SEATED for years at the organ,
Just trying the stops and keys,
And wondering how the pedals
Might be got to work with ease :

By ear, with my notes in my pocket,
Performing—as few men can,
I struck such a chord that the organ
Burst out "You're a Grand Old Man."

It flooded the daily papers,
Like the name of a comic song,
And I felt several inches taller
As I quietly bowled along.
I think that it nettled NORTHCOTE,
Polite as he can be in strife,
Though it seemed a sensible echo
From the din of my public life.

But it brought down chaff by the cartload,
That possibly may increase ;—
For till CHURCHILL'S in with his Party,
I never shall know any peace.
But I take the whole thing calmly,
For the cord has a swell that's fine ;
And I'm glad the popular organ
Has a touch that answers mine.

And whether I stick to the Commons,—
And I certainly will if I can,—
Or go to the Peers,—no matter,
I shall still hear "that Grand Old Man !"

Punch. March 10, 1883.

THE LOST DRINK.

SEATED one day at a *café*,
I was thirsty and hot as the sphinx,
And my tongue went babbling idly
Over the names of drinks.
I knew not what I was saying,
Nor what I had uttered then ;
But the *garçon* brought me a mixture
Like a gift of the gods to men.

Its colour was crimson *foucé*
Like the tip of a toper's nose,
And it tickled my fever'd palate
With a touch of infinite "goes."
It trickled down my gullet
Like oil down a red-hot pipe ;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From some supernal swipe.

It linked *vin rouge* and choice *liqueur*
Into one perfect drop,
And guggled away down my gullet
As if it were loth to stop.
I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That one lost drink divine,
Which was mixed by that *garçon du café*
With curaçoa and red wine.

It may be that some chance *garçon*
May bring me that drink again ;
It may be that some day in Paris
I may utter its name. But then
I never could find that *café*,
And lost to mortal ken
Is that supernal *boisson*
Like a gift of the gods to men !

Judy. October 27, 1886.

IN THE GLOAMING.

A PARODY OF LADY ARTHUR HILL'S SONG.

In the gloaming, oh, my Proctor,
 When your ways are mean and low,
 And the sons of Alma Mater
 Loudly come and softly go;
 When you prow! around my college,
 With your Bull-dogs in a row,
 Will you watch for me and catch me
 As you did one term ago?

In the gloaming, oh, my Proctor,
 Think not bitterly of me!
 Tho' I tripped you up instantler,
 Left you prostrate, and was free.
 For my diggings were quite handy,
 Five bob more could never be;
 It was best to floor you thus, sir,
 Worst for you, but best for me!

University College, Oxford. A. HASKETT SMITH.

"IN THE GLOAMING;"

OR,

THE WAILINGS OF A DISAPPOINTED NOVICE.

In the gloaming, oh! my darling!
 Don't I curse the thoughts of thee!
 Crowding ever like grim phantoms,
 Haunting me unceasingly.
 Oh! my heart is sad with longing,
 What I dreamed will never be.*
 It were best to "chuck you up," dear,
 Best for you and best for me.

In the gloaming, oh! my darling!
 When thy light burns dim and low,
 And the vision of a bobby,†
 Sets my ruby all aglow!
 When with pain my limbs are aching,
 As I "hook it" awful slow,
 Withering condemnations hearty
 Of thy maker often flow.

In the gloaming, oh! my darling!
 I will mount thee not in vain;
 Take thee to a near relation,
 "Pop thee up the spout" for gain!
 Thus I'll rid me of thy torments,
 Instrument of make insane!
 I have learned by sad experience,
 Cycling ain't an easy game.

"AB INITIO."

Icicles. 1880.

MORE GLOAMINGLY.

In the gloaming, O my darling,
 Now our credit's very low,
 And the tax-collectors calling,
 Often come and unpaid go;
 Now the landlord's asking quaintly
 For the rent you know we owe,
 Will you let me have some money,
 As you did—once—long ago?

* I dreamed I was the Amateur Champion.
 † Oh! Lor.

In the gloaming, O my darling,
 Think not bitterly on me,
 If we bolt away in silence,
 Bilk our duns, and thus be free!
 For their hearts are crushed with longing,—
 Paid their bills can never be;
 It is best to leave them thus, love,
 Best for you and best for me!
 It is best to leave them thus, love,
 Best for you and best for me!

Judy. March 2, 1881.

AN OXFORD SHOOTING EXPEDITION

In the shooting, oh, my comrade,
 When the birds are flying low,
 And the hares and wily bunnies
 Swiftly come and swiftly go:
 When the beaters cry, "Mark over!"
 And a cock comes skimming low,
 Will you blaze away, and pot me,
 As you did once long ago?

In the shooting, oh, my comrade,
 Think not bitterly of me,
 Though I shammed that you had killed me,
 And you rushed up pale to see.
 For I taught you then a lesson
 Which will ne'er forgotten be,
 It was best to teach it roughly,
 Best for all your friends and me!

A HASKETT SMITH, Oxford.

"IN THE GLOAMING."

(Dedicated to the Ladies of the Studio, South Kensington.)

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
 When our hearts are sinking low,
 When our mouths are wide with yawning,
 And our backs are aching so;
 When the thought of painting longer
 Fills us with an untold woe;
 How we think of tea, and love it,
 While the shadows deeper grow!

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
 We think tenderly of tea,
 Till our hearts are crushed with longing
 Round our steaming cups to be.
 (It is only *green* in mem'ry,
 And at times—twixt you and me—
 A malignant grocer sends us
 An inferior bohea.)

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
 When our hearts are sinking low,
 When our mouths are wide with yawning,
 And our backs are aching so;
 Will the tea be weak? we wonder
 (What has been, again may be);
 But perhaps 'tis best for us, dears—
 Best for you and best for me.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The Girls' Own Paper, February 23, 1884.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it ! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;
Would you know the spell ?—a mother sat there !
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

* * * * *

ELIZA COOK

MY OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOATHE it, I loathe it ! and who shall dare
To chide me for loathing my own arm-chair ?
It haunts me daily, and wheels its flight
Into the dreams that I dream by night.
When I look at its cover of outworn chintz,
Where age and washing have blurred the tints,
No earthly passion can well compare
With my deadly hate for that old arm-chair.

I loved with a love of the noblest kind ;—
Sensitive, delicate, most refined.
But she spurned my love and betrayed her vow,
And is only a Mrs. McKenzie now.
I cannot forget, though I might forgive ;
My wrongs will follow me whilst I live.
But this is the memory worst to bear ;—
She once took tea in that old arm-chair.

I owned a creditor—(frightful man !)
Who bored me as creditors only can.
He vaguely talked of a small amount
Which took the shape of an old account,
Twice in the week, I remember well,
He banged my knocker or twanged my bell.
If he found me without any cash to spare,
He called me names from that old arm-chair.

Incubi, demons, nightmares, owls,
Vampires, goblins, ghosts, and ghouls,
Visit that seat, and around it swarm
In every possible shape and form.
My life is a torture, a perfect curse—
My home is a dungeon, or something worse.
I shall never be happy or freed from care
Until I get rid of that old arm-chair.

From *A Town Garland*, by HENRY S. LEIGH.
(Chatto & Windus, London, 1878.)

ON THE NEW ARM CHAIR.
(Presented to Mr. Gladstone.)

The Pleased Premier Sings :—

I LOVE it, I love it ; will WORMS, now, dare
To nag me for loving my new Arm-chair ?
I shall treasure it long, 'tis a genuine prize,
Of cosy make, of convenient size.
'Twill be bound to my heart by a thousand links,
By memories pleasant of "forty winks."
Thanks, men of Greenwich, whose thoughtful care
Supplies me this capital new Arm-chair.

I have sat in the Commons this many a day,
Till my eyes are dimmish, my locks gone grey :

Oh, the hours I have lounged, and—with trouble—smiled
Whilst CHURCHILL checked or the Pats ran wild ;
Till the Treasury cushions seemed cold as lead,
And hard as a prisoner's timber bed.
By Jove, how I wish I could wheel you there
And lounge on your cushions, my new Arm-chair !

But HARCOURT's waiting, and I *must* go ;
He can't stand his Whitebait cold, you know.
Were it not for the feed and these swells at my side,
My talk might flow on in a lava-like tide.
Ah ! excuse this tear that bedews my cheek,
I should very much like to talk on for a week.
Now myself from your presence I really *must* tear,
But I thank you once more for my new Arm-chair.

Punch. August 27, 1881.

— — — — —

SCENE.—The House of Commons. The EX-SPEAKER
is discovered gazing sadly at the seat he has lately vacated.
At length, satisfying himself that he is alone, he relieves
his soul in song as follows ;—

" I LOVED it, I loved it ; and who would dare
To chide me for loving that Grand Old Chair ?
When they chose me first to its seat to rise,
I looked on it then as a precious prize,
And my heart with joy and with pride was big
When I put on my new full-bottomed wig.
I was under a spell as I first sat there,
And a sacred thing was that Grand Old Chair !

" And all at first happened well for me,
And my life was calm as calm could be ;
The 'Ayes' were gentle, the 'Noes' were kind,
And rarely to sitting late inclined ;
Whilst night after night 'twas my happy fate
To retire for my 'chop' at half-past eight ;
To retire and return, unvexed by care,
To sit—aye, and doze, in that Grand Old Chair !

" But as years rolled on, and the sessions sped,
My idol was shattered, my hopes all fled :
For there came o'er the scene a parlous change,
As the new M.P.'s brought their manners strange ;
Till one night, alas ! was 'Obstruction' born,
And I knew what it was to sit till morn ;
Ah ! I learned what a Speaker's strength could bear,
As I sat out my life in that Grand Old Chair.

" 'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lips and with throbbing brow ;
For there full oft have I sat in vain,
Till the day has peeped through the window pane ;
'Twas there I was badgered ; 'twas there I heard
My solemn rulings declared absurd—
But I loved it ! I loved it ! and cannot tear
My soul from that once-prized Grand Old Chair."

As the above is being softly sung, the SPEAKER ELECT,
attracted by the sound, returns to the House, and remains
an unobserved listener till the conclusion of the song,
when, remarking Mr. PEEL's presence, the EX-SPEAKER
thus addresses him :—

" Ah, 'tis well, my new successor,
Aye, 'tis meet you thus have found me
Lingering here in semi-darkness,
And addressing mournful lyrics
To the furniture about me."

Truth. February 28, 1884.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

[“A German Professor has discovered that all the wood-work about our houses has power to absorb ‘noxious juices’ while still growing in its native forest, and that when a tree becomes part of the domestic furniture, and is cut up into chairs and tables and bookshelves, it immediately begins to pour its ‘noxious juices’ out into the air of the room.”—*Daily Paper.*]

I DREAD it, I dread it! and who shall dare
To chide me for dreading that old arm-chair?
I’ve treasured it long as an antique prize,
But Science has suddenly opened my eyes;
So now I say to my startled heart
That ’twere better the chair and I should part.
Would you know my reason?—a mother sat there,
And became the prey of that old arm-chair.

In childhood’s hour I lingered near
That treacherous seat without a fear,
And mother, poor soul, no tremour knew
As she worked at her knitting the morning through,
For German savants had yet to produce
Their ghastly theory of “noxious juice,”
And my parent guessed at no cause for scare
In the poisoned breath of her old arm-chair.

The doctor watched her many a day,
While she took her physic and pined away;
And it failed to strike him that p’raps her cure
Might be found in a smash of furniture.
Time passed on, and I heard with glee
That mater intended to try the sea;
But though she recovered in Brighton air,
I never suspected the old arm-chair.

I was guileless then, but I gaze on it now
With a fluttering pulse and a bended brow,
’Twas there she sickened and almost died—
Of chair—as professors sage decide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
For my “creepy” spine and my blanching cheek;
But I dread it, I dread it! and mean to bear
To the broker’s shop that old arm-chair.

Funny Folks. May 29, 1886.

THE DENTIST’S CHAIR.

I HATE it, I hate it, and who shall dare
To chide me for hating that dentist’s chair?
I hated it first in my early youth,
When I groaned in its depths with an aching tooth.

And many and keen are the pangs through my soul,
And the terror I feel is beyond control;
I could gnash my teeth in my wild despair,
As I gaze on that terrible, terrible chair.

It has held me many and many a day,
When I fain would have been in the fields at play
And I hated the dentist when first I sat
In the chair, and he said, “Take off your hat.”

Years roll on and are quickly fled,
And my teeth became shattered within my head:
But I know how much the heart can bear,
When I sit in that horrible, horrible chair.

Will it ever be thus? I gaze on it now,
With affright in my soul and care on my brow;
’Twas there they were stopped; ’twas there they were
scaled;
’Twas there with the forceps that I was assailed.

Say it is folly, and call me weak,
While the raging nerves puff out my cheek,
But I hate it to-day in my toothless despair,
And I’ll hate it for ever, that vile arm-chair.

A. L. D.

Modern Society. April 17, 1886.

—:O:—

SONG OF NOVEMBER.

(*Another parody of Eliza Cook.*)

THAT gridiron by the mantel-piece,
Its look gives every nerve a thrill;
That thing of home begrimed with grease,
Whereon our sprats we learn’d to grill.
November—month to childhood dear,
Old month of Civic feasts and sights,
To see that gridiron so near,
Fills my sad heart with home delights.

November—I remember well
The day when I to market hied,
In search of one with sprats to sell—
Sprats in which childhood might confide.
I bought them, and the savoury fish
On yonder gridiron then were broiled
Experience is a bitter dish,
I had it then—the sprats were spoiled!

Punch’s Almanac, 1846.

—:O:—

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

As several of the following parodies are rather
out of date extracts only are given.

PUNCH TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

LINCOLN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
Though in the way to be,
Oh, stand up for it now.
Still, let its shade expand,
Where, round the social pot,
The HANSOM cabmen stand—
Oh, LINCOLN, harm it not!

* * * *

Thy sire, great Clumber’s King,
Thou’st certain to offend—
His son do such a thing!—
The world draws to an end
Old Laws, old Dukes, old Trees,
Delay, decay, dry-rot:
Let PEEL do as he please,
But, LINCOLN, harm them not!

Punch. 1846.

[While Lord Lincoln, son of the Duke of Newcastle, was First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, a proposal was made to cut down some of the old trees in the West-end of London, which were said to be in the way.]

THE HYDE PARK CORNER CLOCK.

GASMAN, light that clock,
The time I cannot see ;
It can't be more than twelve,
And yet it looks like three !
Its hands are all confused,
Its numbers none can trace :
Say, is that humble clock
Ashamed to show its face !

It can't be very late :
True, I've been out to sup :
But, ho ! what says the clock ?
Come, Gasman, light it up.
Say, can the mist be caused
By fumes of generous wine ?
Is it three-quarters past eleven,
Or is it only nine !

Is it half after twelve,
Or six, or eight, or two ?
That dismal rushlight kept inside
No good on earth can do.
When I go home to bed
I'm quite afraid to knock,
If I've no notion of the hour—
So, Gasman light that clock.

Punch. 1846.

THE "TREE OF LIBERTY."

FRENCHMAN, spare that tree,
Its roots lie very low ;
You'd better let it be—
Elsewhere 'twill never grow

* * * * *
Vitality, to-day,
Within it there may be,
It perishes when moved away—
So, Frenchman, spare that tree.

Punch. 1848.

AN IMPASSIONED APPEAL TO THE PREMIER.

(By a very Common Councilman.)

GLADSTONE, spare that Tree !
(Of course I means the Corporation.)

Touch not a single bough ;
(That is, neither the Court of Aldermen or the Court of
Common Council.)

In youth it sheltered me,
(When I was bound a Prentice.)
And I'll protect it now.
(Now that I'm a full-blown Common Councilman.)

'Twas my forefather's hand
(A jolly long time ago, when the Saxons and Danes was here.)

That placed it near this spot ;
(At the bottom of King Street, Cheap-side.)

Then, GLADSTONE, let it stand,
(Till it's blowed down as well as blowed up)

Thy Ax should harm it not.
(Ax of Parliament, of course)

Of, when a careless child,
(Summut about 17,)

Beneath its shades I heard,
(Guildhall, of course,)
The woodnotes sweet and wild,
(But rather expensive,)
Of many a foreign bird.
(From the Italian Opera.)

My Mother kissed me there,
(In the Chamberlain's Office, when I took up my Freedom.)

My Father pressed my hand,
(With a sovereign in it, the first I ever had :)

I ask then, with a tear,
(Of course, that's all my eye,)
To let the old Oak stand !
(Too obvious to require explanation.)

I've crossed the foaming wave ;
(Dover to Calais—oh, Steward !)
I've braved the cannon-shot !
(Figuratively, at the Tower ;)
While I've a hand to save,
(That is, till I've lost 'em both,)
Thy Ax shall harm it not !
(Ax of Parliament, as before.)

Punch. February 11, 1882.

"SPENCER, SPARE THAT TREE !"

["It is beyond all measure the finest tree in London, and being of a kind that defies London smoke, it actually seems to enjoy and thrive upon it. It is sad to think that we have Vandals paid by the public to do such irreparable, wanton mischief."—*Mr. Nasmyth on the cutting down of the old South Kensington plan tree.*

SPENCER, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !

For years you've let it be :—
Why set upon it now ?
I know not whose the hand
That placed it on that spot ;
But, SPENCER, let it stand,
Or else you'll get it hot !

The old familiar plane
That decks this end of town :—

Why, those are scarcely sane
Who want to cut it down.

South Kensington secures
Its end with many a joke ;
But if you must have yours,—
O SPENCER, spare this stroke !

When, in my childhood's joy,
T'wards Fulham's fields I strayed ;

CHARLES MATTHEWS still a boy,
Grew young beneath its shade.

And later, it was here,
Ere Brompton saw its close,—
Forgive this foolish tear,
The dear old boilers rose !

So, if you've work in view,
Cut down—I'll not repine—

A salary or two,
But not this tree of mine !

And though in wild dismay
Your underlings complain,—
O SPENCER, cut away,
But don't cut down my plane !

Punch. July 23, 1881.

"CHILDERS, SPARE THAT COIN."

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to abolish the old half-sovereign and issue a new one, which should be worth only nine shillings in gold.]

CHILDERS, spare that coin,
Historically grand,
Thou wouldst its tenth purloin,
But, prithee, stay thy hand.
It aye has held for me
A pure ten-shilling joy.
So, Childers, let it be,
Nor mix it with alloy.

That old familiar piece,
Whose glory and renown
Would straightway sink and cease,
If thou shouldst chip it down !
Childers, forbear this stroke,
'Gainst which we all protest ;
Oh, say that when you spoke,
You only spoke in jest.

Oft, when a careless lad,
The golden chink I heard,
For I an uncle had
Who tipped me "like a bird."
On sweetstuff, apt to smear
One's clothes, the coin was spent ;
I ask thee with a tear,
Oh, drop thy ten per cent.

My heartstrings round thee cling
Close as thy rim, old friend—
Remain a handy thing
To borrow or to lend.
Old piece, still circulate,
And, Childers, of thy grace,
Think well and hesitate,
Ere thou our coin debase.

Funny Folks. May 10, 1884.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH ! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously hugs and crawlth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;

But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past :
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

This song first appeared in Chapter VI. of *The Pickwick Papers*, which were originally published in monthly parts, commencing in April, 1836. Ten years later Dickens started *The Daily News*, the first number of which was published in London on January 21, 1846. For many years the paper had but a struggling existence. Although Dickens only edited it for a few months, it was well known that he was interested in its success, so that the author of the following poem, whilst sneering at *The Daily News*, had a motive in choosing Dickens's poem as the model for his parody.

THE DAILY NEWS.

OH ! a dreary print is *The Daily News*,
And its life is a wonder to all.
It puts in advertisements others refuse,
But sooner or later must fall.
Its leaders are heavy, confused its page,
And dismal its general tone.
In club, or in coffee-house, nothing but rage
Is, when it is offered, shown.
Sent for nothing to all who choose,
A losing game is *The Daily News*.

Oh ! *The Daily News* began with a bang,
And was going to shut up *The Times*.
And twaddled that murderers never should hang,
And printed "large sympathy" rhymes.
But still the old gallows its reign enjoyed :
And still did "The People" refuse,
To trust to the rhymes that their friends deployed,
In the sheets of *The Daily News*.
What large sums they have learnt to lose,
Who first embarked in *The Daily News*.

Oh ! *The Daily News* never publishes "wants"
Of footmen, or nurses, or cooks.
Nor many announcements of ships or of sales,
But only the Whitefriars books ;
Which pretty well shows what everyone knows,
By no one it ever is seen,
And soon shall we, when it ceases to be,
Forget that it ever has been.
Let it abuse or praise if it choose,
There's nobody minds *The Daily News*.

The Man in the Moon. Vol. III. 1848.

GREEN PEA SOUP.

OH ! a splendid soup is the true Pea Green,
I for it often call ;
And up it comes in a smart tureen,
When I dine in my banquet hall.

When a leg of mutton at home is boiled,
 The liquor I always keep,
 And in that liquor (before 'tis spoil'd)
 A peck of peas I steep.
 When boil'd till tender they have been,
 I rub through a sieve the peas so green.
 Though the trouble the indolent may shock,
 I rub with all my power;
 And having returned them to the stock,
 I stew them for more than an hour;
 Then of younger peas I take some more,
 The mixture to improve,
 Thrown in a little time before,
 The soup from the fire I move,
 Then seldom a better soup is seen,
 Than the old familiar Soup Pea Green.
 Since first I began my household career,
 How many my dishes have been!
 But the one that digestion never need fear,
 Is the simple old soup Pea Green.
 The giblet may tire, the gravy pall,
 And the turtle lose its charm;
 But the Green Pea triumphs over them all,
 And does not the slightest harm.
 Smoking hot in a smart tureen,
 A rare old soup is the true Pea Green!

Punch. 1852.

"OFFICIAL ROUTINE."

(*A New Song to an old Tune, as sung in the War Office.*)

OH, a dainty growth is Official Routine,
 That crawleth o'er systems old:
 With red-tape tendrils clasping keen,
 And choking where they fold!
 What stores have rotted, what ships decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim!
 How he fettereth hand, and blindeth head,
 So terrible and so trim!
 For knaves and fools a sheltering screen,
 Oh a glorious growth is Official Routine.
 He worketh his way, with men and things,
 Alike by land and sea;
 And the weaker his root, the tighter he clings
 By the *vis inertia*.
 You may see him trailing along the ground,
 O'er an army's new-made graves;
 Or barring their way that stand around
 To save wrecked stores from waves.
 At Balaklava all serene—
 A flourishing growth is Official Routine!
 Let men and ministers have their day,
 And be as they had not been,
 Official routine still holdeth sway,
 In its mingled gray and green.
 The brave old creeper, in these our days,
 Still fattens, as in the past,
 And the noblest host a nation could raise,
 Hath fallen, its prey at last!
 Creeping still where life has been—
 A terrible plant is Official Routine!

Punch. February 10, 1855.

THE CABBAGE GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the cabbage green
 Wot grows in a garden bold;

With a gammon of bacon, half fat and lean,
 He's good either hot or cold.
 His heart must be tender and not decay'd,
 To please your dainty whim;
 And the chap as loves cabbage, I'll tell the blade
 It's a precious meal for him.
 Sprouting out of the ground is seen,
 A rare old plant is the cabbage green;
 Sprouting out of the ground is seen.
 A rare old plant is the cabbage green.

Fast he sprouts, for he's food for kings,
 And a nice white heart has he;
 How close he sticks, and how tight he clings
 To the stump, till he's quite stumpy;
 In a waggon he's jolted along the town,
 And his leaves no longer waves.
 For he's pack'd like a *convict*, and quite done brown,
 As his way to *Common* Garden he paves.
 Sprouting out, &c.

Full wages have fled, hard work's ill paid,
 And grub *werry* scarce has been;
 But the rare old cabbage shall never fade
 From being a chap *wots* green.
 The hearty old plant in future days
 Shall fatten you up so fast;
 For the best of *wegables* man can raise,
 Is a cabbage, my boys, at last,
 Sprouting out, &c.

J. LABERN.

From *Sharp's Vauxhall Comic Song Book*.

THE YARD OF CLAY.

A FINE old thing is the yard of clay,
 The zest of a social throng,
 It driveth the clouds of grief away,
 From the old as well as the young.
 The hearts may be wrung by the hand of care,
 Or with joyous mirth be crown'd
 But a lofty hope, for the spirit's wear,
 In a yard of clay is found,
 Puffing all our cares away,
 A fine old thing is the yard of clay.

God Bacchus hath many a trophy won,
 From the pipe for his glorious shrine,
 And till his career on the earth is done,
 It ever must be divine.
 It heeds not the frowns of the rich or poor,
 It beareth no factions sway,
 And where is a friend in the world so sure
 As this fine old yard of clay?
 Puffing, &c.

The beardless boy with his meerschaum fine
 Or famous Princepee,
 To fashion's strange follies may still incline,
 They never will do for me.
 The Stoic, too, dead to our joys, may blame,
 And barter his peace away,
 But while life still throbs in this mortal frame
 I'll cling to the yard of clay.
 Puffing, &c.

Our fathers who loved the pipe, have died.
 Their vacant seats we find,
 And we cling with steadfast pride,
 To the faith they left behind.

And when from the spot where we now appear,
 Our spirits are called away,
 May those who are sent to succeed us here,
 Still honour the yard of clay.
 Puffing all our cares away,
 A fine old thing is the yard of clay.

ANONYMOUS.

I. V. GREEN.

("I. V." is short for John William.)

OH, a rare old toper was I. V. GREEN,
 With his nose so fiery and bold ;
 'Twas redden'd by dips in the tankard, I ween,
 That had grown in his service old.
 Drunk, when he should not have been,
 A rare old toper was I. V. GREEN !

Though I. V. GREEN he pull'd so hard,
 'Twas mostly at something "short ;"
 He was half-seas over within the bar,
 And yet never got into port.
 Sober never was he seen :
 A rare old toper was I. V. GREEN !

He needed no bier to carry his bones,
 For he carried his beer in his head ;
 And instead of a winding-sheet, he was found
 "Three sheets in the wind," when dead.
 Dead? dead drunk is what I mean :
 A rare old toper was I. V. GREEN !

Judy. April 19, 1876.

LITTLE NELL.

This Song was founded upon the pathetic story
 in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, the first line is:—

They told him gently she was dead.

And the refrain is—

"She'll come again to-morrow."

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

(Dedicated to Darwin and Huxley.)

THEY told him gently he was made
 Of nicely tempered mud,
 That man no lengthened part had played
 Anterior to the Flood.
 'Twas all in vain ; he heeded not,
 Referring plant and worm,
 Fish, reptile, ape, and Hottentot,
 To one primordial germ.

They asked him whether he could bear
 To think his kind allied
 To all those brutal forms which were
 In structure Pithecoïd ;
 Whether he thought the apes and us
 Homologous in form :
 He said, "Homo and Pithecus
 Come from one common germ."

They called him "atheistical,"
 "Sceptic," and "infidel."
 They swore his doctrines without fail
 Would plunge him into hell.

But he with proofs in no way lame,
 Made this deduction firm,
 That all organic beings came
 From one primordial germ.

That as for the Noachian flood,
 'Twas long ago disproved,
 That as for man being made of mud,
 All by whom truth is loved.
 Accept as fact what, malgré strife,
 Research tends to confirm—
 That man, and everything with life,
 Came from one common germ.

Tinsley's Magazine. 1868.

Contrast this refined *jeu d'esprit* with the following specimen of the kind of literature that is sold by street ballad singers. It was printed at *Taylor's Song Mart*, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, and sold for one half-penny:—

FAITHLESS NELLY.

THEY told him gently she was gone
 To the station house, and smil'd ;
 They led him to a dark back cell,
 Where laid his squalling child.
 For gin she had sold everything,
 And spent all she could borrow ;
 "In the station house she sleeps," says he,
 "She'll be out again to-morrow."

Six policemen bore her to the cell,
 Next day before the beak,
 And for blacking a big policeman's eye
 She was sent up for a week.
 Outside the Court the old man watch'd
 Her into the van with sorrow ;
 Says he, "If I take you home to day,
 You will be here again to-morrow."

They took her straight to Tothill Fields,
 To grind wind on the mill,
 But she scream'd aloud for a drop of gin,
 They gave her an extra drill.
 Six days after the old man saw
 Her through the bars with sorrow ;
 Says she, "Old boy, I'm lock'd in now,
 I shall be out again to-morrow."

—:O:—

WINGS.

(Composed by DOLORES.)

WINGS ! to bear me over
 Mountain and vale away ;
 Wings ! to bathe my spirit
 In morning's sunny ray.
 Wings ! that I may hover
 At morn above the sea ;
 Wings ! thro' life to bear me
 And death triumphantly.

Wings ! like youth's fleet moments
 Which swiftly o'er me pass'd,
 Wings ! like my early visions,
 Too bright, too fair, to last :
 Wings ! that I might re-call them
 The lov'd, the lost, the dead ;
 Wings ! that I might fly after
 The past long vanished.

Wings ! to lift me upward,
 Soaring with eagle flight,
 Wings ! to waft me heav'nward
 And back in realms of light.
 Wings ! to be no more wearied,
 Lull'd in eternal rest.
 Wings ! to be sweetly folded
 Where faith and love are bless'd.

From the German by PERCY BOYD.

CURLS.

(A Parody by a Flirt.)

CURLS, that I might roll them
 In paper coils at night ;
 Curls that I might hide them,
 Away till morning light.
 Curls, to hang in clusters,
 Of silken texture fair ;
 Curls, to kiss me gently,
 In evening's balmy air.

Curls, that I might sever
 For my own lover true ;
 Curls, perhaps to give one,
 To other lovers too.
 Curls, that all may see them,
 Curls, reaching to my knee ;
 Curls, that men might press them
 To hearts that beat for me.

Curls of jet or golden,
 I care not which they be ;
 Curls, to waft me lovers
 In shoals triumphantly.
 Curls, that girls may gaze on
 With longing, wond'ring eyes ;
 Curls, to flit before them
 And draw their envious sighs.

Curls, that men might hover
 Around me lovingly ;
 Curls, that I might conquer
 Mankind, and yet be free.

The Cheltonian. June, 1873.

HARPER.

IT CAME WITH THE MERRY MAY, LOVE.

A Parody by the G. O. M. (*Solo*).

It came with the joyful June, love,
 That vote against taxing beer ;
 And your William resigned eft soon, love,
 The place that he held so dear.
 To the nation it seemed like a boon, love,
 But to me it was bitter woe ;
 Only a year ago love,
 Only a year ago.

It came with the joyful June, love,
 The smash of my Irish Bill,
 And again as a poor gone coon, love,
 You wept for your fallen Will.
 The majority it was more, love,
 Than that which struck the blow,
 And made me so very sore, love,
 Only a year ago.

Solo resumed

It came with the joyful June, love,
 My need for the Irish vote ;
 I was not such a witless loon, love ;
 But I knew how to turn my coat ;
 So I vowed that the men of reason
 Were Mr. Parnell and Co.,
 Though I thought they were steeped in treason.
 Only a year ago.

It came with the joyful June, love.
 My love for the National League,
 And morning and noon and night, love,
 I revelled in dark intrigue.
 The worth of their vote had risen,
 So I felt my affection glow
 For the men I'd have clapt in prison
 Only a year ago.

It came with the joyful June, love, —
 The General election came ;
 And the persons who *light the moon*, love,
 Were my partners in the game.
 But the voters were rude and cruel —
 They called me the Empire's foe,
 Though they deemed me a priceless jewel
 Only a year ago.

St. Stephen's Review. June 12 & 19, 1886.

—:O:—

“MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.”

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION

(Answered with great wisdom by a Black-haired Beauty.)

My mother bids me dye my hair
 The fashionable hue,
 Which women now so often wear,
 And Nature never grew.
 She bids me at their *chignons* peep,
 And see how fair are they :
 But *will* dyed hair its colour keep ?
 And won't it soon turn grey ?

I see girls in the gay saloon,
 Or on the grand parade,
 And wonder in my heart how soon
 Their hair's light hue will fade.
 Each night before they go to sleep
 They dye it, I dare say :
 But *will* dyed hair its colour keep ?
 And won't it soon turn grey ?

My hair is like the raven's wing,
 So jet black are its curls :
 What if away my fears I fling,
 And dye, like other girls ?
 In potash if my head I steep,
 I may be fair as they :
 But *will* died hair its colour keep ?
 And won't it soon turn grey.

And then, who knows ? “Revenge !” may be
 Soon outraged Nature's call,
 And, haply, on fair heads you'll see
 The blight of baldness fall !
 While such dread thoughts upon me creep,
 O ne'er say Dye ; Ma, pray !
 'Twere best my own black hair to keep,
 Till old age turns it grey.

Punch. January 6, 1866.

THE GIRL (NOT) OF THE PERIOD.

(After the jolly HAYDN.)

[LITTLE SECRETS.—Mouches pour bal. Eaux Noirs, Brûn, et Chatain, Dyes the Hair any shade in one minute. Kohl, for the Eyelids. Blanc de Perle, pâte et liquide. Rouge de Lubin, does not wash off. Eau de Violette, pour la bouche. Powder Bloom, pour blonde et brunette. Persian Antimony and Egyptian Henna. Bleu pour les veines. Rouge of Eight Shades. Sympathetic Blush, poudre pour polir les Ongles. Pistachio Nut Toilet Powder. Florimel of Palm. Opoponax Oil. All these, and many other little Secrets.—See Advertisement.]

MY mother bids me dye my hair
The fashionable hue ;
And change my *chataigne* locks with care
To red—through green, or blue !
"You can't," she cries, "my dear, do less—
Or what will people say ?"
But, ah ! I only wish that PIESSE
And LUBIN were away !

[An interval of two years is supposed to elapse.]

'Tis sad to think the colour's gone.
That men have called so dear ;
I leave unturned, I'm sure, no stone,
But sigh for my head-gear !
How I shall look, I dare not guess.
Perhaps quite white or grey !
And folks will laugh aloud when PIESSE
And LUBIN are away.

Fun. May 30, 1868.

THE "LANCET" BIDS ME BE A PEER.

[The *Lancet* urges, on medical grounds, that Mr. Gladstone should accept a peerage, and thus avoid the continued fatigue which leadership of the Commons necessarily involves.]

THE *Lancet* bids me be a Peer,
With robes of gorgeous hue,
Tie up my form in lordly gear,
And act on Beaky's cue—
Tie up my form in lordly gear,
And act, and act on Beaky's cue.

For why, it hints, sit still and bear
The tease of Tories gay ?
Alas ! I own it has me there,
And long to get away—
Alas ! I own it has me there.
And long, and long to get away.

'Tis sad to think how Randies clown,
And Wolffs and Wartons jeer ;
I gulp this horrid cough-drop down,
And sigh when none can hear—
I gulp this horrid cough-drop down,
And sigh, and sigh when none can hear.

And while the gargle I apply,
Which really isn't nice.
"The counsel's good," I almost cry
To *Lancet*-framed advice—
"The counsel's good," I almost cry
To *Lan*, to *Lancet*-framed advice.

Funny Folks. April 5, 1884.

Song.—CINDERELLA.

MY mother bids me pinch my waist
Another inch or two,
For, though already tightly laced,
She says it will not do !
And, oh ! she says that I must wear
A body cut so low—
My cheeks will flame with honest shame
As through the streets I go !

She says I must expose my charms,
And cause the roughs rare sport.
And leave quite bare my neck and arms,
Because we're going to Court ;
But I have heard our Court is pure—
I know our Queen is so—
She cannot, then, require, I'm sure,
Poor me half-dressed to go !

Truth. Christmas Number, 1884.

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay ;
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs—
Things that are made to fade and fall away.
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and glad some earth ;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you ;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not.

Love not, love not : oh ! warning vainly said,
In present years, as in the years gone by ;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head ;
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.

Love not, love not.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

SMOKE NOT.

SMOKE not ! smoke not your weeds nor pipes of clay,
Cigars are made from leaves of cauliflowers ;
Things that are doomed no duty e'er to pay,
Grown, made, and smoked in a few short hours.
Smoke not ! smoke not !

Smoke not ! smoke not ! the weed you smoke may change,
The healthiness of your stomachic tone ;
Things to the eye grow queer, and passing strange,
All thought seems undefined—save one—to be alone.
Smoke not ! smoke not !

Smoke not ! the tradesman whose weeds you smoke may die,
May perish from the cabbage bearing earth ;
The sordid dun may to your chamber hie
Sent by the Trustees in their titless dearth.
Smoke not ! smoke not !

Smoke not ! smoke not ! O warning vainly said,
 Cane and cap-paper since we first did try ;
 Smoke flings a halo round the smoker's head,
 And all in vain do anxious mothers cry
 Smoke not ! smoke not !

(Popular in Oxford in 1861).

“STAY” NOT!
 THE SURGEON'S SONG TO THE SEX.
 (*Sung by Dr. Richardson.*)

“STAY” not ! No longer don
 Tight cincture to your hurt,
 Trust Lady Harborton,
 Try the divided skirt.
 Most parlous is your state,
 Your only hope of cure
 Lies—try it ere too late—
 In dual garmenture.
 “Stay” not ! “Stay” not !
 “Stay” not ! The torturing steel,
 The rib-compressing lace,
 Will mar the human weal,
 Will wreck the human race.
 What profits waist of wasp.
 Shape on the hour-glass model,
 When you don't breathe, but gasp,
 When you don't walk, but waddle ?
 “Stay” not ! “Stay” not !

[*And they stay not—to listen.*]

Punch. February 17, 1883.

SONG OF THE ELECTION.

VOTE not, vote not for me, I pray,
 There's fatal weakness in your vaunted powers,
 My foes will laugh, my friends will slink away
 Soon as they hear that you are one of ours.
 Vote not ! Vote not !

Vote not for me ! Oh, keep your word to Wild,
 'Twill serve me better than if faith you broke,
 I knew the value of your hate, and smiled,
 But, oh ! to have you for me is no joke !
 Vote not ! Vote not !

Vote not ! Vote not ! Oh, warning vainly given ;
 Oh, why be generous at another's cost ?
 Against your vote alone I might have striven,
 But when you used your influence all was lost.
 He votes ! all's lost !

From *Poems of a Life*, by Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe.)

SOME DAY.

(*Music by Milton Wellings.*)

A PARODY.

We know not when the day shall be ;
 We know not how the cost to meet ;
 What sites to choose, should all agree ;
 Or will our plans work when complete.
 It may not be till years have passed,
 Till crowded hordes plague sweeps away.

Debate is long—but, poor, at last
 Our wordy wars may end—Someday.

Someday, Someday, Someday we shall house you,
 Though we know not when or how ; though we know not
 when or how ;

Tories first, Tories first—first have said they'd house you ;
 Think of this, Vote for us now, good artisans, Vote for us
 now.

We cared not once your woes to hear,
 Nor how you died, nor how you live ;
 But now election time grows near,
 Your votes to us we'd have you give ;
 And when we're in, Someday, Someday,
 Streets wider grown, well built, you'll see ;
 And ev'ry man, new quartered, may
 Have first-rate rooms, almost rent free.

Someday, Someday, Someday we shall house you,
 Though we know not when or how ; though we know not
 when or how ;

Tories first, Tories first—first have said they'd house you ;
 Think of this, Vote for us now, good artisans, Vote for us
 now.

REPEALER.

Truth. November 15, 1883.

STRANGERS NOW.

(After “Strangers yet” by R. Monckton Milnes, Lord
 Houghton.)

Set to Music by Claribel.

YEARS of chequered life together,
 Days of fair and stormy weather,
 Hours of toil and weary pain,
 Moments of eternal gain—
 All are gone—we know not how
 And have left us strangers now !

Words that flowed to lighten care,
 Thoughts which others could not share
 Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,
 Prayers for wisdom from the skies,—
 All have ceased—we know not how
 And have left us strangers now !

Will it evermore be thus ?
 Shall the past be lost to us
 Can the souls united here
 Never once again be near ?
 Must we to the sentence bow
 “Strangers ever—Strangers now !”

Thorns amid the roses press
 Earth is but a wilderness ;
 Flitting o'er a fallen race
 Love can find no resting place.
 Where his flowers immortal grow
 Shall we strangers be as now ?

Once a Week. 1869.

“THE BEATING OF MY OWN WIFE.”

(Air—“The beating of my own heart,” by Lord Houghton).

I'd melted all my wages,
 Ere of beer I had my fill,

For a bob I asked the Missus
—There's a way where there's a will.
She refused, I took the poker,
The neighbours never stirred,
For the beating of my own wife
Was the only sound they heard.

A sneak blowed to the Crushers,
I was lugged afore the Beak—
But I know'd that it was nothing :
The old gal had her squeak :
They fined me forty shillings,
I paid it like a bird,
And the beating of my own wife,
Perhaps, that night was heard.

But rights is rights no longer ;
CROSS swears he'll eat his hat,
Or jolly dogs, as wops their gals,
Shall suffer from the Cat.
If that brutal measure passes,
Take WILLIAM SIKES, his word,
That the beating of his own wife
Will not again be heard.

Punch. November 21, 1874.

LOVE AND SCIENCE.

[The Sphygmophon is an apparatus connected with the telephone, by the help of which the movements of the pulse and heart may be rendered audible.]

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill ;
The Sphygmophon was fixed there,
Its wires ran past the hill.
I heeded not the grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird,
For the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

To test this apparatus,
One end I closely press'd,
The other, at a distance,
I hoped was next his chest.
I listened for his footfall,
I listened for his word,
Still the bumping of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no, he came not—
The night came on alone ;
And thinking he had tricked me,
I loosed the Sphygmophon.
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,
When—the thumping of his own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

With joy I grasped the magnet,
When some one stood behind,
His hand was on my shoulder
(But that I did not mind).
Each spoke then—nearer—nearer,
We shouted every word ;
But the booming of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Funny Folks. March 29, 1879.

MY KING.

(After "My Queen." Music by Blumenthal.)

WHEN and how shall I meet him, if ever ?
What are the words he first will say ?
How will the barriers now that sever
Our kindred spirits be rolled away ?
This self-same daylight on him is shining,
Shining somewhere the while I sing—
The only one who, my will resigning,
Could I acknowledge my King, my King !

Whether his hair be golden or raven,
Whether his eye be dark or blue,
I know not now, but 'twould be engraven
Some day hence as the loveliest hue.
Many a face I have liked for a minute,
Been charmed by a voice with a pleasant ring
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be his, my King !

I will not dream of him, handsome and strong,
My ideal love may be weak and slight ;
It matters not to what class he belong,
He would be noble enough in my sight.
He may not be brilliantly gifted, my lord,
Or he may be learned in everything,
But if ever he comes he will touch the chord
Whose melody waits for the hand of its King !

But he must be courteous towards the lowly,
To the weak and sorrowful, loving too ;
He must be courageous, refined, holy,
By nature exalted, and firm, and true.
To such I might fearlessly give the keeping
Of love that would never out-grow its spring :
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping
If they loved such men as my King, my King !

London Society.

"My Queen," which appeared originally in *London Society* some time before the above imitation, consisted of four verses, but as arranged by Blumenthal the second verse is omitted :—

Whether her hair be golden or raven,
Whether her eyes be hazel or blue,
I know not now but 'twill be engraven,
On that white day as my perfect hue.
Many a girl I have loved for a minute,
Worshipped many a face I have seen ;
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be hers, My Queen.

MY SCHEME.

(As sung with great success by the L-d Ch-ne-ll-r).

WHY and when were we driven to moot it ?
Was it knocked off in an afternoon ?
Will the Roman-Catholic Bishops hoot it ?
Have we set it afloat too late ?—too soon ?
Did we try it because we feared a flounder ?
No matter.—Since still we reign supreme,
Admitting that nothing simpler, sounder,
Have we ever turned out than, "My Scheme, my Scheme !" *

Punch. July, 12, 1879.

ONLY A LOCK OF HIS HAIR.

(Companion to the popular song, "Only a lock of Her Hair.")

ONLY a lock of his hair,
 Last of some twenty and seven ;
 Souvenirs all to the fair,
 In the heyday of ecstasy given.
 Lost in the frolics of youth—
 In the time to which thought has recalled one ;
 To the Phrynes, declaring, forsooth,
 That the lover for them's not a bald one.

Only a lock of his hair,
 Last of the twenty and seven ;
 And then the bald pate, which the wag
 Has wittily likened to heaven
 (And whatever we think of the taste,
 The wit there can be no denying)—
 As a place bright and shining above,
 Where there's never more parting nor dye-ing.

ONLY.

ONLY a common door yard
 Back of a common flat ;
 Only a kitchen doorstep.
 And an old J. Thos. cat
 Lazily in the sunshine
 Dozing on the mat.

Only an open window
 Directly overhead ;
 Only a fiendish boarder,
 His face with grins o'erspread
 (All of which implies a big surprise
 For that sleeping quadruped).

Only a pitcher of water
 Dumped with precision square
 Icy down upon that J. T. C.
 So calmly sleeping there—
 And a frenzied chunk of cat-meat
 Jumps six ft. in the air.

ANONYMOUS.

ONLY a hair on his shoulder,
 Long, and wavy, and brown,
 Only a cock-and-bull story
 In exchange for his wife's deep frown.
 Only a broken broomstick
 Wildly waved in the air ;
 Only a strip of court-plaster—
 His wife had discovered the hair.

The Evening Gazette. [Aberdeen], February 5, 1886.

A CAT-ASTROPHE.

ONLY a cyclist gigantic,
 Astride on a sixty-inch wheel,
 Eyeing sidewise a maiden romantic,
 As he drives on his swift steed of steel.

Only a poor little tabby,
 Slinking slyly across the smooth street,
 Her mottled fur dirty and shabby,
 Out she darts from beneath the girl's feet.

Only a sky-rocket header,
 While the maiden just stands still and stares ;
 A poor feline, who couldn't be deader,
 And a whopping old bill for repairs.

Once a Week. June, 1886.

—:O:—

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH
EMIGRANT.

I'M SITTING on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning, long ago, when first you were
 my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang
 loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in
 your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is oright as then,
 The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green
 again,
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath
 warm on my cheek ;
 And I still keep listening for the words you never more
 may speak !

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church
 stands near,
 The church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire
 from here :
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might
 break your rest ;
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby
 on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new
 friends ;
 But oh, they love the better far, the few Our Father sends !
 And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my
 pride :—
 There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary
 died !

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary, that still kept
 hoping on,
 When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's
 young strength was gone :
 There was comfort ever on your lip, and the kind look on
 your brow ;
 I bless you for the same, Mary, though you cannot hear
 me now.

I thank you for the patient smile, when your heart was like
 to break,
 When the hunger-pain was gnawing there, and you hid it
 for my sake !
 I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was
 sad and sore ;
 Oh ! I am thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can
 sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to,
 They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun
 shines always there ;
 But I'll not forget Old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair !
 And often, in those grand old woods, I'll sit and shut my
 eyes,
 And my heart will travel back again to the place where
 Mary lies ;

And I'll think I see that little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn, when
first you were my bride !

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE TENANT'S FAREWELL.

(A Lay of the 24th of December.)

I'm flitting in the style, Mary,
Which each half year we've tried,
At Michaelmas and Lady-day,
Since first you were my bride.
The quarters follow quickly on,
And the rents mount up so high ;
But there's brass upon my cheek, Mary,
And there's no green in my eye.

The place is greatly changed, Mary,
We've boned the fixtures all ;
We've torn the locks from off each door,
The bell-pulls from each wall.
And we'll miss our soft warm beds to-night,
To-morrow's quarter day ;
And the landlord's waiting for the rent
I never mean to pay.

I'm very busy now, Mary,
The while yon cart attends,
For I'm packing up our furniture,
And all our odds and ends :
For these goods are all we have, Mary
Our household's joy and pride ;
And there's nothing left to seize on now,
We've packed them all inside.

We're bidding now a long farewell,
My Mary, to our den ;
And we'll not forget next Quarter-day
To do the same again.
Folks say it is but fair to pay
One's landlord, I don't care ;
For I ne'er intend to do so,
Were it fifty times as fair.

Diogenes. 1853.

THE LAY OF THE HENPECKED.

By Lady Sufferin.

I'm sitting in a style, Mary,
Which doesn't coincide
With what I've been accustomed to
Since you became my bride ;
The men are singing comic songs,
The lark gets loud and high,
For I've ask'd—since you're from home, Mary—
A party on the sly.

The place is rather changed, Mary,
Of smoke it slightly smells,
And the table and the floor are strewn
With heaps of oyster shells ;
And the men have marked your damask chairs
With many a muddy streak,
And they've drawn burnt cork moustaches on
Your mother's portrait's cheek.

I'm very jolly now, Mary,
'Midst old and valued friends,
(Though they've in the carpet burnt some holes,
With their Havannahs' ends).

For thou wert somewhat cross with me,
And ever apt to chide,
But there's nothing left to care for now
You're gone to the sea-side.

And yet I fear when all you've learnt,
This ev'ning's work I'll rue ;
And I'll not forget it, darling, for
You won't allow me to.
In vain they sing "The Pope he leads,"
Likewise "Begone dull Care ;"
For at thought of you, I vow I can't
Sit easy in my chair.

Our Miscellany, edited by E. H. Yates, and R. B. Brough,
(London, Routledge & Co., 1856).

This amusing Parody had already been published
in Albert Smith's *The Man in the Moon*.

SONG FOR THE SITZ.

I'm sitting in this style, Mary,
The bathman by my side ;
And if you saw me now, Mary,
You would not be my bride ;
They call this hatching health, Mary,
I cannot tell you why ;
There's water to my waist, Mary,
And water in each eye.

From *Health and Pleasure, or Malvern Punch*, by J. B. Oddfish. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co., 1865. The same amusing little work contains parodies of the following songs:—"Still so Gently ;" "Kiss me quick, and go my Honey ;" "The Storm" (Cease Rude Boreas) ; and a long one on "We're a 'Noddin," entitled "We're all Pressing." These Songs are explanatory of the treatment adopted at the various Hydropathic Establishments in Malvern.

CHANGED FOR THE WORST.

I'm sitting at my window, Jack,
Where we've sat side by side,
Many a bright ev'ning long ago,
In life's thoughtless, gay spring tide,
When we thought more of pleasure, Jack,
Than three per cents or four :
Ah, those were pleasant days, my boy—
But days we'll see no more !

This place is greatly changed, Jack,
The fields are all "clean gone,"
The shady lanes through which we strolled
Have all been built upon :
My house is flanked by a "Dun Cow,"
A "Green Man," and a "Duke,"
A chandler's shop is opposite—
The owner's name is Snook !

"Solitude" is now "Victoria-street,"
"The Hermitage" "Albert-square,"
"The Fairies' Haunt" a Music Hall,
In which I've got a share.
A cab-stand's near "Our Lady's Well,"
A workhouse in "Love Lane,"
A church and schools in "Lovers' Walk"
From near which starts the train !

We're treated to all "London cries"
 From morn till dewy eve,
 And strong-lunged preachers in the streets
 Beseech us to "believe ;"
 We're taxed for water, streets, and gas,
 And "Bobbies" by the score—
 Ah, everything is changed, Jack,
 From the happy days of yore!

But, worse than all, the weather, Jack,
 Has quite "gone to the dogs"—
 In May we'd sleet, in June we've frost,
 In July we'll have fogs ;
 I cannot leave the house, Jack,
 But I shiver with the cold—
 Ah, the weather's not the same, boy,
 As in the days of old !

And I am greatly changed, Jack,
 I do not walk so straight
 As when each day beheld us
 At pic-nic, race, or fête ;
 My hair has grown quite thin, Jack,
 My lungs are far from right,
 I've rheumatism, lumbago, gout,
 I cannot sleep at night.

I think if I'd a wife, Jack,
 She'd make me soon all right,
 By watching o'er my comfort, boy,
 Both morn, and eve, and night :
 I'll take one,—if I find a girl
 Of beauty, youth, and wealth,
 Who wants a husband sound at heart,
 Though not quite sound in health !

The Hornet. June 21, 1871.

THE CHURCHYARD STILE. (An Imitation).

I LEFT thee young and gay, Mary,
 When last the thorn was white ;
 I went upon my way, Mary,
 And all the world seemed bright ;
 For though my love had ne'er been told,
 Yet, yet I saw thy form
 Beside me in the midnight watch ;
 Above me, in the storm.
 And many a blissful dream I had,
 That brought thy gentle smile,
 Just as it came when last we leaned
 Upon the Churchyard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
 As all I love the best ;
 To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
 I've hid thee in my breast.
 I came to yield thee up my heart,
 With hope, and truth, and joy,
 And crown with Manhood's honest faith
 The feelings of the Boy.
 I breathed thy name, but every pulse
 Grew still and cold the while
 For I was told thou wert asleep
 Just by the Churchyard Stile.

* * * * *

ELIZA COOK.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day,
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay ;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And deck'd with flowers of spring,
 No flow'r was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-back'd car—
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubb'd his old poll,
 And looked after the low-back'd car.

* * * * *

THE LOW-NECK'D DRESS.

WHEN first I saw Miss Clara,
 A west-end ball 'twas at,
 A low-neck'd dress she wore, and near
 The open door she sat ;
 But when that door was thriving oak,
 Exposed to tempests keen
 And biting air
 So much, 'twas ne'er
 As the blooming girl I mean,
 As she sat in her low-neck'd dress,
 Becoming I must confess ;
 For of all the men round,
 Not one could be found,
 But looked after the low-neck'd dress.

The polka's tumult over,
 The fondest of mammas
 Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls ;
 But scornful "hums" and "ha's"
 From Clara (artful goddess !)
 The kind proposal meet—
 Quite faint she feels—
 She fairly reels—
 She never could bear the heat !
 So she sits in her low-neck'd dress ;
 But the heat would have troubled her less,
 For long weeks will have roll'd
 Ere she's rid of her cold,
 That she caught from the Low-neck'd dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
 'Neath dowdy cloak of fur,
 Or pilot coat, and round that throat
 A ploughman's comforter ;
 For I'd know that tender bosom
 Was safe from climate's ill,
 And the heart so sweet
 Would much longer beat
 Than I now feel sure it will
 While she clings to her low-neck'd dress
 I've proposed, and she answer'd "yes."
 Next week it's to be,
 But make sure I shall see
 That it's not in a low-neck'd dress.

Diogenes. October, 1853.

THE DINING CAR.

WHEN first I used the railway,
 'Twas in Mugby Junction days,

With their sandwiches so salt and stale,
 Their buns with the fly-blown glaze,
 Their Melton pies of weight and size,
 Soup too hot down to fling,
 And sausage-rolls, if not men's souls,
 Their stomachs made to wring.
 As you jumped from your first-class car,
 The minxes at Mugby Bar
 Your change tossed down,
 With a flounce and a frown,
 And a haughty, "There you are!"

Five minutes, a frantic fixture,
 You strove with might and main
 To gulp some scalding mixture,
 While the bell rang—for the train!
 Your tea or soup you swallowed,
 As much as did not fly
 On your shirt-front or your waistcoat,
 From the dense crowd hustling by:
 While the minxes at Mugby Bar,
 Smiled, serene, upon the war,
 For they'd learnt the art,
 And looked the part—
 Of "We are your betters far."

But in PULLMAN'S dining-car, Sir,
 Now run on the Northern Line,
 You've a soup, and a roast and *entrées*,
 And your cheese and your pint of wine.
 At his table snug the passenger sits,
 Or to the smoke-room moves,
 While on either side the landscape flits,
 Like a world in well-greased grooves.
 Thanks to PULLMAN'S dining-car,
 No more Mugby Junction Bar—
 No more tough ham and chicken,
 Nor passenger-pickin'
 For the minxes behind the Bar!

Then success to the Dining-Car, Sir,
 With elbow-room allowed,
 And leisure to dine and sip your wine,
 And blow the digestive cloud.
Punch takes off his hat to PULLMAN,
 And his sleeping and eating car,
 In the cause of British digestions,
 Against Mugby Junction Bar!
 Be the journey never so far,
 With his dining and sleeping-car,
 At our ease in our inn,
 Along we spin,
 Nor dread Mugby Junction Bar!

Punch. November 1, 1879.

—:o:—

THE OLD BRIGADE.

WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade
 Who fought with us side by side?
 Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
 Fought till they fell and died!
 Who so ready and undismayed?
 Who so merry and true?
 Where are the boys of the Old Brigade;
 Where are the lads we knew?
 Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder
 Steadily blade by blade!
 Ready and strong, marching along,
 Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

* * * * *
 F. E. WEATHERLY.

This stirring song, set to a martial air by Odoardo Barri, was dedicated to the Royal Artillery Brigade, it is also a favourite march of the celebrated old corps, the London Rifle Brigade, whose band generally plays it on parade after the Regimental march "Ninety-five," of which a parody is given on page 20.

THE LIBERAL BRIGADE.

Sons of the old and staunch brigade,
 Who marched on side by side,
 Muster your forces of every grade,
 And scatter the foemen wide.
 Let us be ready and none dismayed,
 Let us be steady and true;
 As sons of the old and staunch brigade,
 The old pioneers we knew:
 Steadily shoulder to shoulder,
 Ready and none dismayed,
 Marching along, steady and strong,
 Like sons of the old brigade.

Form in the streets of the busy town,
 Form in the rural lane,
 Form where the turreted mansions frown,
 And form on the open plain.
 Liberals all, give your cheerful aid,
 Manfully play your part;
 And, like your sires of the old brigade,
 You'll live in your country's heart.
 Steadily shoulder to shoulder,
 Ready and none dismayed;
 Marching along, steady and strong,
 Like sons of the old brigade.

From *Songs for Liberal Electors*, 1886.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WONDERFUL TONIC LOTION.

RARE were the joys when our hair decayed,
 We'd naught but to hide our pride:
 Older and older, shade did fade,
 Naught but to tell it died.
 Who so ready as Browne to aid
 With Tonic Lotion true?
 Try, and with joy see, undismayed,
 Hair where before none grew.
 Then steadily bolder and bolder,
 Steadily shade by shade,
 Healthy and strong, hairs come along,
 Oh! the joys of Browne's potent aid.
 Over the sea far and wide they cry—
 "Browne's Tonic Lotion we love;
 Roots gain new strength, young shoots look spry,
 And fresh comes a crop above.
 Not weak and shabby, now they are made
 Strong, full of grace, and smart;
 So great our joy, thanks to Browne's best aid.
 That deeply we'll praise Browne's art."
 Then steadily bolder and bolder,
 Steadily shade by shade,
 Healthy and strong, hairs come along,
 Oh! the joys of Browne's potent aid.

—:o:—

Solo.—MRS. KENDAL.

I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty five!
And so to keep I shall contrive,
Until I long enough have played
An ample fortune to have made,
Then I, with bitter scorn, intend
The stage to fiercely reprehend,
And publicly to set my face
Against this national disgrace.
Meanwhile, 'till I can this contrive,
I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty-five!

When I the age of forty see,
No more the stage shall know of me;
No more will I take leading parts
With actresses who show their *curts*;
That is, I won't unless, of course,
Things unforeseen my hand should force.
If all goes well, though, at that age
I mean to gladly quit the stage!
Meantime, until my time arrive,
I'm thirty-five! I'm thirty-five!

Truth Christmas Number. 1884.

Mrs. Kendal (of the St. James's Theatre, London) read a paper on the modern stage at the Social Science Congress, held in Birmingham, in September, 1884. Some of the opinions she expressed gave great offence in theatrical circles.

—:o:—

FAR AWAY.

A Song of Swindling Directors.

WHERE is our last big *coup*?
Far, far away!
Where are our profits, too?
Far, far away!
'Till, in our indigence,
We think of getting hence,
Perhaps clients have less sense,
Far, far away!
Far away! Far away

Where are those "specs" we made?
Far, far away!
Where is our quiet trade!
Far, far away!
Once we had mansions fine,
Now lodgings are our line;
In two-pair backs we pine—
Far, far away!
Far away! Far away!

Gone are our prancing steeds,
Far, far away!
Gone those expensive weeds.
Far, far away!
Gone with our mashing suits,
Gone with our varnished boots;
Gone with our hothouse fruits—
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

Once there were "bogus" lines,
Far, far away!
Likewise much "salted" mines,
Far, far away!

O how we "bulled" their shares,
Then how we turned to "bears,"
None now such "sells" prepares,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away!

P'rhaps folks can still be "done,"
Far, far away!
So we will cut and run,
Far, far away!
Here swindles now are vain,
But, once across the main,
We may pick up again,
Far, far away!
Far away, far away

Truth Christmas Number, 1884.

THE FARNBOROUGH SOW.

During the Anti-Tithe Agitation in Kent, in 1885, the following Parody was sung by the Farmers, one verse only s omitted, on account of its coarseness. In other respects the song is an exact copy of one obtained at an Anti-Tithe Meeting in Farnborough, April, 1885:—

THERE is a fine old sow,
Down Farn-boro' way,
She belongs to Brave Joe Stow.
And people say,
The Parson tried to sneak that sow
In a dirty way.
But Joe, he made the mud to fly,
Splashed the Bailiffs hip and thigh,
And made them from the village hie
Far, far, away.

Oh! where is the old Sow now?
Safe Farn-boro' way.
And where is the Parson gone,
Nobody can say.
But Kentish Farmers all have sworn
To pay his monstrous tithes no more,
And spite of Bailiffs by the score,
The Farmers win the day.

Let us lend Joe Stow a hand,
Down Farn-boro' way.
To fight the Parson and his band
Who will ruin him they say:
Let's fight against this cruel law,
Which from our labours fill the maw
Of hungry Parsons Rook and Daw,
Let's sweep the curse away,

There was another parody of *Far Away* which was very popular in the Music Halls a short time ago. Several of the verses were coarse and slangy, the following were the best:—

FAR, FAR AWAY.

* * * * *

WHERE is a bobby found,
Far, far away!
It's ten to one he's off his round,
Far, far away!
Should you do wrong and hold the pelf,
And tip to some blue coated elf,
Where does he take himself,
Far, far away!

I sent off thirty stamps so meek,
Far, far away !
To learn to earn five pounds per week,
Far, far away !

It turned out a swindling plan,
The answer came, and thus it ran,
Start a baked potato can ;
Far, far away !

Where are my Sunday clothes ?
Far, far away !

Resting in sweet repose,
Far, far away !

Well looked after there's no doubt,
They are simply up the spout,
But where's the coin to get them out ?
Far, far away !

The cry of outcast London's known,
Far, far away !

All may hear their bitter moan,
Far, far away

Homeless, starved, without a friend,
While we to savages attend,
All our Charity we send,
Far, far away !

NUNEHAM.

" Dulce est desipere in loco."

WHERE is now the merry party
I was with a month ago,
At that jovial Nuneham picnic,
Where the ladies flirted so ?
On that balmy summer evening
Chaperons behind did stay ;
All the rest dispersed and wandered
In the woods, far away.

Some of us in paths secluded.
With the girls we loved did roam,
Mothers' knew their pretty daughters
Soon would find another home ;
So they like indulgent mothers
Were content to let them stay,
With us as we strolled in silence
Far away, far away.

Some unwed are still remaining,—
Will remain so to the last ;
Some have changed their names, and like their
New names better than their past.
And they bless with all their little
Hearts that balmy summer day,
When in Nuneham's woods they wandered
Far away, far away.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*. By Adon. (London, Chapman and Hall, 1874).

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

* * *
HENRY CAREY.

A parody of this famous song, entitled *The Rhino*, appeared in *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, 1824. It was devoted to insulting Queen Caroline (the unfortunate wife of George IV), and her advisers, Lord Brougham and Alderman Wood, and is quite obsolete now.

In "The Bentley Ballads" (London. Richard Bentley) is a complete Latin version of *Sally in our Alley*, entitled *In Saram*. It will be found on page 406 of the 1862 edition, and is signed G. K. Gillespie, A.M.

SOLLY IN OUR ALLEY.

(By a grateful Cadger.)

Of all the flats with blunt that part,
There's none so green as Solly ;
He's got a kind benevolent 'art,
And is know'd in our Alley.
Oh, don't I like the blessed day
As comes afore the Monday !
Cause why, it is old Solly's way
To go to church on Sunday.

And there a-watching nigh the door,
We beggars waits for Solly ;
He takes sitch pity on the poor—
My eye, wot precious folly !
In mud and wet I slops about
Without a shoe or stockin',
And all in rags, there's not a doubt
But what my looks is shockin'.

But wet and dirt I never minds ;
A hobjec' melancholy,
I bears it all, because I finds
Thereby a friend in Solly.
I'm bound I'd get a underd pounds,
By cadgin' out of Solly,
His wealth and riches so abounds,
And he's a muff so jolly.

Punch. September 18, 1852.

A SALLY IN FAVOUR OF OLD HARRY.

Of all the Peers within the House, -
(And pretty well I know 'em),
There isn't one with half the nouse
Of gallant HENRY BROUGHAM.

* * * * *
We for his equals look in vain,
'Twill take some time to grow 'em :
So let us hope we shall retain
Some long time yet—old BROUGHAM,

Punch. June 23, 1855.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

[As corrected by the Rev. Howling Blazes, of Clapham, to meet the views of the Directors of Exeter Hall, who refused to allow the song to be sung with the "objectionable" verse describing the singer's enjoyment of Sunday.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I 'umbly love but one day,

To which I give a Jewish name,
But heathens call a Sunday ;
For then between three sermon-times,
I sit in my dark alley,
And think upon the wickedness,
Of this here worldly Walley.

Punch. March 29, 1856:

BALLAD FOR JOHN BULL.

OF all the folks in purse that smart
I best know money's valley ;
My pocket lies so near my heart—
I do hate that Shere Ali !

I ne'er enjoy a mind serene
On any blessed one day ;
Not e'en on that which comes between
The Saturday and Monday.

Those telegraphs, they break my rest ;
From one ere I can rally,
Another comes about that pest
Of pests, Ameer Shere Ali !

But, for a hundred million pounds,
I must not shilly-shally :
With Russia close behind his bounds,
'Twon't do to stand Shere Ali.

Punch. October 26, 1878.

SALLY. (Sarah Bernhardt.)

(From a Comédie Francaise Point of View.)

OF all tragediennes so smart,
There's none like famous Sally ;
She'd be the darling of each heart
If she would'n't shilly shally,
There is no actress in the land
Who knows so well her " valley ;"
No spoiled child of a noble art
So paid and puffed as Sally.

OF all the pets of the Francaise
There was but one the fashion,
And that's when Sarah had to play
In scene of love and passion ;
And then decked out in fine array,
With Hollingshead to rally,
They cared not what they had to pay
If they could witness Sally.

They thought of Sarah when at church,
And for her voice of honey
They left poor Irving in the lurch
To spend unbounded money
Upon this famous Gallic wench,
Who spoke so musically ;
And those who knew the least of French
Were loudest praising Sally.

'Tis true that many an English star
Was prone to rail at Sally,
And say the slaves of fashion are
Like slaves who row a galley.
Since, therefore, at the Gaiety
She can no longer dally,
How happy they—and we—shall be
To hear no more of Sally.

Funny Folks. July 19, 1879.

BULLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the brutes I loathe to meet,
One lives in our alley ;
He leaves his wife with nought to eat
When he for drink doth sally.
Of all the days within the week
He only loves but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday.

For then, until his cash is gone,
He fills a flowing measure,
And ere he goes to bed at dawn,
He kicks his wife for pleasure.
Poor soul ! she drinks a little too,
And gets in debt with " Tally,"
For which he beats her black and blue -
That Bully in our Alley.

She locks him up, but lets him free
By answering shilly-shally,
And he half kills her in his glee,
That Bully in our Alley.
May Justice, lately something slack,
And much inclined to dally,
Soon leave her mark upon his back—
That Bully in our Alley !

Funny Folks.

THE LAST DAYS OF SALLY AND OUR ALLEY.

(A Sanitary Comic Song by S. BRETT.)

OF all the girls in our town
There was none that suffered like Sally ;
For Sal and her parents got broken down,
And with them, our alley.
Her mother sold sprats, and her father caught rats,
Round Holborn Hill and its valley ;
And Sal sold mats and bought old hats,
When out she chose to sally. *Chorus.*
One unlucky night, the cats did afright,
And broke the sweet slumbers of Sally ;
Then she threw all her hats, at the wicked old cats
That kicked up a row in the alley.

Repeat 1st verse for Chorus.

The very next night, the cats out of spite,
Stole a first-class door mat from Sally,
Then the rest of her mats she threw at the cats
That stole all the lost goods in the alley.

Next day, the same cats, stole a bushel of sprats,
That belonged to the mother of Sally ;
Then Sal let loose her father's rats,
That destroyed all the cats in the alley.

Now the landlord, an old sot, a bull terrier had got,
And he tarried to bully poor Sally,
And he sat on his dog, which went the whole hog,
And destroyed all the rats in the alley.

Then the neighbours joined the cat's meat men,
To have their revenge upon Sally,
And they set all their dogs at her, and then
Sal slew all the dogs in the alley.

The nan inspector came, said he, Whose to blame ?
The neighbours said, 'twas Sally !
But the landlord quite calm, said hold out your palm,
And never mind the alley.

Then a fever came hot, and put an end to the plot,
And Sal's neighbours and parents, and Sally,
And to complete the fun, when the mischief was done,
The School Board took the alley.

THE GAIETY BAR.

OF all the days that's in the week,
Your actor loves but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Friday and the Sunday.

For then he's dressed all in his best,
At Spiers and Pond's he'll dally;
The ghost has walked, and he doth "part"
Like a Prince in Prosser's Alley.

SHILLY-SHALLY.

OF all the follies on *our* part
There's none like Shilly Shally,
A weakness that the Liberal cart
Upse:s continually.
There's not a cry,—Home-Rule, Church, Land,—
To which I will not rally,
But there's one thing I *cannot* stand,
That's foreign Shilly-Shally.

Of policies absurd and weak
The worst is Shilly-Shally.
If Office we're about to seek,
I fear that principally.
Put to the test, I'll do my best
Enthusiastically,
And follow Gladstone like the rest,
But oh! *don't* Shilly-Shally!

Let "Pussy"* be allowed to purr,
As Leader, musically;
But *not* as Foreign Minister,
To play at Shilly-Shally!
If at the F. O. we may see
True nerve and *nous*, O Halle-
Lujah! how happy we shall be
Saved, saved from Shilly-Shally!

Punch. February 6, 1886.

ALICE GRAY.

SHE's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's, it never can be mine;
Yet I have lov'd as man ne'er lov'd, a love without decay,
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice
Gray.

* * * * *

LORD GREY.

"The poor Duke of Wellington has not yet got over his
attempt to supplant Lord Grey's ministry. The remem-
brance of his discomfiture still haunts him by day and night,
and in the evenings, just before sun-set, he may be heard by
the stranger passing underneath the windows of Apsley, to
sing in pathetic tones, the following plaintive melody:—

It's all my fancy painted it,
It's lovely, it's divine;

*LORD GRANVILLE.

But, alas! it is another's,
It never can be mine.

Yet strove I as he never strove,
Efforts without decay;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the place of premier Grey.

His table now is loaded,
With notes in black and white,
And his salary so liberal,
He clutches with delight.

The cash, alas! is not for me,
The money's turned away;
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the place of premier Grey.

For that I'd take the liberal side,
For that the bill call good,
For that I'd dare the rabble strife,
Though it cost a sea of blood.

By night I'd take no slumbers,
Whate'er e'en Praed might say,
But scorn'd is the heart that's breaking,
For the place of premier Grey.

I've sunk beneath Reform's bright sun,
I've shook 'neath Brougham's blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The heavy conflict's pass'd.

And when the great Act digs my grave,
Party will haply say,
"Oh! his heart, his heart was broken,
For the place of premier Grey."

Figaro in London. August 11, 1832.

SALLY MAY.

SHE's naught my fancy painted her,
She's not at all divine;
I wish she was another's
But fate has made her mine:
I'm used as man was never used;
I never have my way—
My peace, my peace is broken,
By cruel Sally May!

Her sandy hair is scattered o'er
A face of dingy white,
Her goggle eye now sleepy looks,
Now flashes fierce with spite!
Her sandy hair I hate to see—
Her eyes are set awry,
My rest, my rest is broken;
By cruel Sally May.

From her I've climb'd the mountain's side,
From her have braved the flood!
With her I've felt the battle's strife,
For she has shed my blood—
By night she breaks my slumbers,
And watches me by day,
My rest, my rest is broken,
By ugly Sally May.

I've sung beneath that noisy tongue,
And trembled as she passed,

But, now my business is done,
 She's broke my head at last,
 And when the doctor binds my wound,
 In pity he will say,
 His head, his heart was broken
 By wicked Sally May!

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

— — —
 CAPTAIN GRAY.

He's all his agent painted him,
 A captain in the line;
 But his pay he spent on others,
 And none has e'er been mine.
 I work'd as ne'er a tailor work'd
 For him without delay;
 And I became a bankrupt,
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

In dark blue coat all braided o'er,
 In ducks of spotless white,
 In bright velvet waistcoat,
 He flashes out at night,
 That coat was braided all by me;
 Those ducks and waistcoat gay
 I made, and am a bankrupt,
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

I've sunk beneath the bailiff's touch,
 I've into gaol been cast;
 But my imprisonment is done,
 And I'm white-washed at last.
 Oh, when the court my schedule had,
 My lawyer there did say,
 Th' insolvent was a bankrupt,
 Through trusting Captain Gray.

— — —
 ANONYMOUS.

ALICK GREY.

He's all my fancy painted him,
 He's all I thought divine;
 But his heart it is decoy'd away,
 He never can be mine:
 Yet I ador'd, and dearly lov'd,
 A love without decay:
 Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alick Grey.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
 And tremble in the blast,
 But now my course is nearly run,
 The weary conflict's past;
 And when the turf lies o'er my grave,
 May pity haply say,
 Oh! her heart, her heart was broken,
 For the love of Alick Grey.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

— — —
 THE SONG OF THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND.

SHE's not what fancy painted her—
 I'm sadly taken in;
 If some one else had won her heart, I
 Should not have cared a pin.
 I thought that she was mild and good
 As maiden e'er could be;

I wonder how she ever could
 Have so much humbugged me.

They cluster round and shake my hand—
 They tell me I am blest:
 My case they do not understand,
 I think that I know best.
 They say she's fairest of the fair—
 They drive me mad and madder,
 What do they want by it? I swear,
 I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
 That on her shoulders fall:
 What would they say to see the box
 In which she keeps them all?
 Her taper fingers it is true,
 'Twere difficult to match;
 What would they say if they but knew
 How terribly they scratch?

Punch. 1842.

— — —
 KITTY BROWN.

SHE's all the chimney sweep described,
 She's eats as much as nine,
 But her appetite it is her own,
 And never can be mine;
 Yet eat I more than any man,
 In country or in town.
 Oh! a bullock's heart I'm frying
 For the lunch of Kitty Brown.

Her false and crooked teeth fix in
 A mouth both grim and wide,
 Her pig like eyes squint now and then,
 And sometimes leer aside.
 She did not buy those teeth for me
 But food to gobble down—
 Oh! a bullock's heart I'm frying
 For the lunch of Kitty Brown.

For her I'd keep an eating-house
 If she provided cash,
 For her if she would send a haunch,
 I'd make some venison hash;
 Charms which I never saw I'd praise,
 Change to a smile her frown—
 Oh! scorch'd is the heart that's frying
 For the lunch of Kitty Brown.

I've felt repletion's horrid pain,
 And suffered hunger dread,
 But the cursed cat has run away,
 With my bonny baked sheep's head;
 And as I rove, some wag may say,
 That fool without a crown,
 His head lost, while he warmed his heart,
 For the lunch of Kitty Brown.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

— — —
 HER HAIR IS TURNING GREY.

No wonder that they've painted her,
 With rouge and carmine high,
 And made her look so beautiful,
 I guess the reason why:
 She long has pass'd her prime of life,
 Her flesh now falls away,

And, few men ever choose a wife,
Whose hair is turning grey !

She dresses fine and very smart,
She buys the best of lace ;
She uses *Rowland's Kalydor*,
To wash her hands and face,
Her dress becomes her very well,
Her bonnet looks quite gay,
But I'm awake—yes, I can smell,
Her hair is turning grey

She's sunk, at least an inch in height,
She does not walk so fast,
But, her virgin state is not yet done,
Her single life's not past ;
For when the men have ogled her,
I've heard them whispering say
She must be old, and so I've thought
For her hair is turning grey !

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

I CANNOT sing the old songs
I sung long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow ;
For bygone hours come o'er my heart,
With each familiar strain.
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

* * * * *

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

"Of course not ; they're hackneyed and out of fashion, and nobody knows what half of them mean. We will change them into new songs, adapted to the taste of the day.

We met—'twas on the rink,
And I feared he'd upset me ;
He curved—I tried to think
Who he was, and he let me !

She wore a "pull back" costume
That night when first we met ;
As flat as any pancake,
Her tablier worked with jet.

Her footsteps had no lightness
(Though high her heels were shown)
How could they, with a tightness
To sprightliness unknown ?

I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With a cloud of lace *à sortir*
About her sunny brow.

"Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, ripe," I cry,
"Fresh and fair ones"—when no Bobby's nigh.

Funny Folks.

I CANNOT EAT THE OLD HORSE.

(Written during the agitation in Paris in favor of eating horse flesh).

I CANNOT eat the old horse,

I rode long years ago ;
I'm sure my teeth would fail me,
And foolish tears might flow.
For bygone hunts come o'er my heart,
With cuts from round and side ;
I cannot eat the old horse,
On which I used to ride.

I cannot eat the old horse,
For visions come again ;
Of bygone meets departed,
And runs in soaking rain.
But perhaps when raging hunger,
Has set his hand on me ;
Then I may eat the old horse,
And hope t'will tender be.

—:0:—

OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung on the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay ;
And keeping their Christmas holiday :
The baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride ;
While she, with her bright eyes, seem'd to be
The star of that goodly company.

Oh ! the mistletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide ;
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding place."
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh ! where dost thou hide,
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

Oh ! the mistletoe bough.

* * * * *

THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

THE Michaelmas goose lay in Leadenhall,
On the outside of a poulterer's stall ;
The poulterer's boys were blithe and gay,
Keeping of Leadenhall Market-day :
The poulterer, though his stock profuse,
Kept twigg'ing with pride the Michaelmas goose ;
Whilst she with her neck broke, seem'd to be
The best of all geese that could be.

Oh ! the Michaelmas goose,
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose.

"I'm tired of walking," an old maid did cry,
"I've walk'd to the market a goose for to buy ;
And poulterer be sure that you give me, I pray ;
The best of your geese for Michaelmas day !"
Then a thief ran by, and straight began,
To finger the goose, and away he ran ;
And he the poulterer out loud did call,
"Oh ! I've lost the best goose in all Leadenhall !"
Oh ! my Michaelmas goose, &c.

They sought it that hour, they sought it all day,
They sought it in vain till the night passed away !
The cleanest—the dirtiest—the filthiest spot,
The old maid sought wildly but found it not ;
At length, as onward she did roam,
She looked for the goose all the way she went home ;
When the old maid appeared, oh ! the children did cry,
"Twig the old woman that went a large goose to Luy !"
Oh ! the Michaelmas goose, &c.

The thief was caught at morning's light,
 They searched his pockets, when oh ; what a sight ;
 For a bit of a goose lay hidden there,
 In the breeches pocket, the thief did wear :
 The thief laugh'd aloud, and swore it was fun ;
 To the Beak who heard how the trick was done,
 Who decided against him, so now laugh your fill !
 For three months he was sent to step at the mill.

All through priggling a goose,
 Oh ! the Michaelmas goose.

THE VORKHOUSE BOY.

THE cloth vos laid in the Vorkhouse hall,
 And the greatcoats hung on the white-washed vall ;
 The paupers all were blithe and gay,
 Keeping their Christmas holiday ;
 When the master he cried, with a roguish leer,
 You'll all get fat on your Christmas cheer ;
 And one by his looks he seemed to say,
 I'll have more soup on this Christmas day.
 Oh, the poor Vorkhouse boy, &c.

At length all of us to bed vos sent,
 The boy vos missing in search ve vent ;
 Ve sought him above, ve sought him below,
 Ve sought him with faces of grief and vœ :
 Ve sought him that hour, ve sought him that night,
 Ve sought him in fear, and ve sought him in fright,
 When a young pauper cried " I know ve shall
 Get jolly vell vopt for losing our pall."
 Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

Ve sought in each corner, each crevice ve knew,
 Ve sought down the yard, and ve sought up the flue ;
 Ve sought in each saucepan, each kettle each pot,
 In the vorter butt looked, but found him not ;
 And weeks rolled on, ve vere all of us told,
 That somebody said he'd been burked and sold ;
 When our master goes out the parishioners vild,
 Cries, "there goes the cove that burked the poor child,"
 Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy, &c.

At length the soup-coppers repairs did need,
 The copper-smith came, and there he seed ;
 A doll p of bones lay grizzling there,
 In the legs of the breeches the boy did veard ;
 To gain his fill the boy did stoop,
 And, dreadful to tell, he vos boiled in the soup !
 And ve all of us say it, and say with a sneer,
 That he vos pushed in by the overseer !
 Oh, the poor vorkhouse boy &c.

From *The Victoria Minstrel*.

Published by JAMES DUFFY, Dublin.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

At the Old Manor House and ancestral Hall,
 Where the ivy climbs over the gable-end wall,
 A Rookery lends the domain a charm,
 And the rats and the mice within-door swarm ;
 And, time out of mind, as the talk hath been,
 There's a spectral Thing to be heard and seen.
 O, the Family Ghost !
 O, the Family Ghost !

A sound, as it were, of a rustling train,
 That sweeps into the chambers, and out again,
 And anon there appeareth an ancient Dame,
 Like a figure stept out of a picture-frame,

In a stomacher, frill, and farthingale,
 And her eyes glimmer through an antique lace-veil.
 O, the Family Ghost !
 O, the Family Ghost !

There's a room where the Ghost is given to keep
 So in that one apartment that none dare sleep,
 No man-servant, maid servant, girl, or groom,
 Will adventure a night in the Haunted Room.
 Should the Host any Stranger away there stow,
 The Ghost of the Family lets him know.
 O, the Family Ghost !
 O, the Family Ghost !

A something in sooth it may be to boast,
 That a fellow hath gotten a Family Ghost,
 For a Family Ghost to a Family Name
 Is a sort of appurtenance much the same
 As a coat-of-arms, or a Family Tree ;
 No such Ghost but for persons of pedigree.
 O, the Family Ghost !
 O, the Family Ghost !

In your stuccoed Villas it scorns to dwell ;
 Stands only the hold of your high-born Swell.
 It disdains to appear—having too much pride—
 To the family circle at Christmastide,
 Where, if ghost-stories then be truly told,
 It could, an it listed, a tale unfold.
 O, the Family Ghost !
 O, the Family Ghost !

Punch. December 29, 1883.

—:O:—

HOME, SWEET HOME.

By J. HOWARD PAYNE, in the opera of "Clari,
 the Maid of Milan."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home ! home, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
 Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call :—
 Give me these and the peace of mind, dearer than all !
 Home ! home, &c.

In the winter of 1833. John Howard Payne
 called upon an American lady, living in
 London, and presented to her a copy of
 "Home, Sweet Home," set to music, with the
 two following additional verses addressed to
 her :—

To us, in despite of the absence of years,
 How sweet the remembrance of home still appears
 From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
 The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
 There's no place like home !
 There's no place like home !

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
 But mine has been checkered with many a woe !

Yet, though different our fortunes, our thoughts are
the same
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

Whilst the words are thus clearly of American origin, the melody was introduced by Sir Henry Bishop as a national Sicilian air, in his *National Melodies*. Sir Henry afterwards adapted it to the words "Home, Sweet Home," in Howard Payne's opera of *Clari*, 1823, from which time its popularity dates. It has subsequently been called a National Swiss air; but Sir Henry Bishop seems to have the right to it. Donizetti introduced it, with some alterations, in his *Anna Bolena*, not as his own, but as a representative English melody.

ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The melody of Home, sweet home, must be impressed on the memory of all. The only sphere in which poor Wellington can feel himself at home is in 'place, sweet place,' and having once tasted of its pleasures it continues to haunt his memory. To him the splendour of palaces and the favour of his sovereign offer no longer a charm, 'It is all very well,' he sometimes frantically exclaims, but:—

The court of my sovereign, though I may grace,
Be it ever so stormy there's nothing like place,
A vapour from hell seems to shield us when there,
Which seek through the world you'll ne'er meet with
elsewhere.

Place! place! sweet, sweet, place.
There's nothing like place, No! there's nothing
like place.

An exile from place levees dazzle in vain.
Oh! give me my Downing Street house once again,
The subs slaving daily that came at my call,
Give me them, with a sinecure, dearer than all.

Place! place! sweet, sweet, place.
There's nothing like place. No! there's nothing
like place.

Figaro in London. Sept. 22. 1832.

BEIGNET DE POMME.

'MID fritters and lollipops though we may roam,
On the whole, there is nothing like Beignet de Pomme.
Of flour a pound, with a glass of milk share,
And a half pound of butter the mixture will bear.
Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like Beignet de Pomme.

A Beignet de Pomme, you will work at in vain,
If you stir not the mixture again and again;
Some beer, just to thin it may into it fall;
Stir up that, with three whites of eggs, added to all.
Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like the Beignet de Pomme!

Six apples, when peeled, you must carefully slice,
And cut out the cores—if you'll take my advice;
Then dip them in batter, and fry till they foam,
And you'll have in six minutes your Beignet de Pomme.

Pomme! Pomme! Beignet de Pomme!
Of Beignets there's none like the Beignet de Pomme
ANONYMOUS.

THE UNFINISHED HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"When Lord Brougham said there was no more dependence to be placed on BARRY's promises than on a broken reed, he was not perhaps aware that it was really REID, and not BARRY, that acted as a barrier to the completion of the Houses of Parliament. Since it has been discovered that REID is the culprit, the following melody has been expressly written for LORD BROUGHAM, who has sung it twice at the Beef Steak Club, with considerable gusto.

"'Mid Westminster's palace, while REID still shall roam
The Lords will ne'er taste of the blessings of home;
If BARRY e'er tries the new house to prepare,
His efforts by REID are all blown into air.
REID, REID, DOCTOR REID!
Of all great mistakes, there is not one like REID.

"While exil'd from home, all my speeches seem vain;
Oh give me my old House of Commons again.
The 'cheers' and the 'hears,' once my own I could call
Give me them, or that sack of wool, dearer than all,
REID, REID," &c.

Punch. April 14, 1846.

PARODY FOR PUSEYITES.

THOUGH crosses and candles we play with at home,
To go the whole gander, there's no place like Rome;
We've statues and relics to hallow us there,
Which, save in museums, you'll not find elsewhere,
Rome, Rome, sweet, sweet Rome!
For all us Tractarians there's no place like Rome

Punch. 1850.

THE POLICEMAN'S HOME.

UP courts and round palaces long may they roam,
But ancient policemen have no sort of home
To offer them shelter, and comfort, and care,
The curbstone no more when their highlows can wear.
Home! home! they've no home:
For poor old Policemen there's no place like home!

* * * *

Then let a snug station await Life's decline,
When once sturdy fists must their truncheons resign;
And ere his worn frame is consign'd to the loam,
Oh, grant the Policemen a few years of home!
Home! home! short, short home!
Let worn out Policemen have some place like home

Punch. December 6, 1851.

SONGS OF THE CIRCUIT.

FROM Circuit to Circuit although we may roam,
Be it ever so briefless, there's none like the Home;
A fee from the skies p'rhaps may follow us there,
Which, seek through the Courts is ne'er met with elsewhere
Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's none of the Circuits can equal the Home.

When out on the Home, lodgings tempt you in vain,
The railroad brings you back to your chambers again :
On the Home the expenses for posting are small ;
Give me that—'tis the Circuit, the cheapest of all.
Home, Home, sweet sweet Home,
There's none of the Circuits can equal the Home.

Punch, March 23, 1884.

HOME, SWEET HOME !

Modern Version.

'MIDST mansions and palaces worthy of Rome,
How pleasant, great Bumble, is Poverty's home !
Gehenna-like gloom seems to circle us there,
Which, seek through the world, is scarce met with elsewhere.
Foul fume as from Styx seems to hang o'er the spot,
Its gutters that reek and its rafters that rot,
Its rain-sodden dwellings that threaten to fall,
And its squalid, sad denizens, drearer than all.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
As ruled by King Bumble, a sweet place is Home !

An outcast from comfort, a bondsman to pain,
The shivering prey of the frost and the rain,
The thrall of King Bumble must patiently dwell,
'Midst scenes that might fit the grim Florentine's Hell.
Foul garbage-choked footways snake on through the slum,
Where the sweet airs of heaven seem never to come,
Where a bird shuns to 'light, where a flower ne'er waves ;
Where the grass will not grow, though it grows amidst graves.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
As ruled by King Bumble, a sweet place is Home !

Close-stacked, crazy rookeries, rotting and rank,
Pest-pregnant, plague-foul in each timber and plank,
Rear thick-huddled frontages, row upon row,
The smoke-pall above, and the swamp-ooze below.
Each garret-roof covers its horde—though it leaks,
Each cellar slough hides its pale crowd—though it reeks.
Dumb thralls, voiceless victims, none heeds their mute call ;
But Dirt and Disease are the masters of all.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
As ruled by King Bumble, a sweet place is Home !

Hence Mammon draws tithe, and here Moloch takes toll ;
Here conscienceless wealth, of the spiderish soul,
Sucks fatness from foulness in fetid beast-lairs ;
Whilst somnolent Bumble, as deaf to all pray'rs
As a drowsing King Log, all his powers lets fall,
And skulks in prone impotence. What though they crawl
From their dens to his knees, the poor souls, in appeal ?
His brains are of wool, and his heart is of steel.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
As ruled by King Bumble, a sweet place is Home !

Deaf, blind to all pleas sense or feeling can urge,
Till King Pest, with his fierce, indiscriminate scourge,
Sallies forth from the loathsome, the horrible lair,
That himself and his imps with our pariahs share.
Then, who so affrighted, so helpless as he,
King Log, brainless Bumble ? Ah ! when shall we see
Some stout modern ghoulish-slaying Champion come
To teach our poor outcasts the meaning of Home ?

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home !
As ruled by King Bumble, a sweet place is Home !

Punch, November 12, 1881.

SONG OF THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY'S HUSBAND.

'MIDST mansions and palaces so much I roam,
That it's useless to long for an evening at home ;
The charm from the heavens that falls on us there
I've never a chance to experience or share.

Home, home, sweet sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
O give me my villa at Tooting again ;
My pipe at the fireside ; the lawn where I bowled ;
And that sweet peace of mind, far more precious than gold !

Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so quiet,
There's no place like home !

But parties perpetual now are my lot.
I've a home,—but I never enjoy it one jot ;
It is only a place where I put on white ties—
Whence I drive with my wife in our nightly-jobbed flies.

Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so humdrum,
There's no place like home !

O woe to the morning when, foolishly vain,
I gazed on my wife in the shopkeeper's pane ;
It was only a *carte*—but with anger I foam
When I think how it's carted us both from our home.

Home, home, sweet home,
Be it ever so "homey"
There's no place like home !

Truth Christmas Number, 1882.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

(PRIZE PARODY. January 28, 1883.)

'Mid hardships and hovels
Though we may roam,
From Dan to Beersheba,
There's no place like home.

A fiend from below
Seems to worry us there,
Which, search through the world,
Is not met elsewhere,

Home, home ! vile, vile home !
There's no place like home ;
There's no place like home.

How hateful the squalling
Of children and wife !
While doctors and duns
Make a limbo of life.
Of all human dwellings
Beneath heaven's dome,
Be they ever so shocking,
There's no place like home.

Home, home ! vile, vile home !
There's no place like home ;
There's no place like home.

DAVID REID.

"PLACE, SWEET PLACE."

(Sung by an Old Whip).

THOUGH clubdom's fair palaces
Welcome my face,

I cannot but grumble
 There's nothing like place.
 A chance may arise
 For a fellow who's there,
 But he'll travel the world
 Ere he meets it elsewhere.
 An exile from "place,"
 Fashion dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my showy
 Appointment again!
 With members who tremble
 And come at my call,
 Give me this—or a pension,
 More valued than all!

EXE.

THE BARRISTER'S LAMENT ON LEAVING THE OLD COURTS,
 AND GOING INTO THE NEW COURTS.

'MID new courts and chambers,
 Where'er I may roam,
 There no place familiar—
 I don't feel at home.
 A shade from the old hall
 Has followed me here,
 As a friend that's departed,
 Whose mem'ry is dear.
 An exile from home,
 Splendour dazzles in vain;
 Oh, give me my dirty
 Old Law Courts again!
 I can't say a word here,
 My brief I let fall,
 When the old place I think of,
 And that dear, grimy Hall.

C. W. SCOTT.

A VERSE TO HOME RULE.

In Westminster Palaces
 We bluster and foam,
 And say, if its tumble,
 There's no Rule like Home.
 St. Stephen's is charming,
 St. Stephen's is fair,
 But it's not the St. Stephen's
 We long for elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet Rule of Home!
 There's no Rule like Home Rule,
 No Rule like Home!

ANONYMOUS.

In 1885 *Truth* had two competitions on the song "Home, Sweet Home," the first (April 23, 1885), was for parodies, when twenty-five were printed; the second (June 4, 1885) was for original third verses, and twenty-eight replies were printed.

Selections from both these numbers are given below.

ORIGINAL AND THIRD VERSES TO "HOME SWEET HOME."

THOUGH bidden to roam, the world's face to its end,
 The power of home will attractiveness lend;
 Then dearest and fairest of memories all,

Bid me come, and with rapture I'll answer the call.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

CUYUNI.

FOND hearts bear its sweetness o'er land, and o'er sea,
 It's mem'ry is with us where'er we may be;
 Though time's changes ringing nought else should remain,
 Sweet home and its loved ones our hearts shall retain.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

PICAFLOR.

IN the Soudan desert, 'neath Afric's fierce sun,
 After butchering Arabs, no honour being won;
 Worn out by hard marches, we lay on the sand,
 And longed for sweet home and our lov'd native land.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

TOMMY ATKINS.

THOUGH far from dear England our lot may be cast
 Our love and allegiance she'll hold till the last;
 New ties we contract, and affections we gain,
 But Britain we mean when we sing the refrain:
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

DALETH.

IN joy or in sadness, in care or in grief,
 We fly to its bosom, and there find relief;
 There love reigns supremely, and on till life's wane
 Our hearts shall re-echo that sweetest refrain:
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

PICAPTOR.

THO' rich be our portion, or poor be our lot,
 Tho' years flying swiftly all else be forgot;
 Tho' fortune disdain us and friendship should veer,
 Home's mem'ry our hearts in their loneliness shall cheer,
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

PICAPTOR.

I PRAY that I reach the old homestead once more,
 And see the loved faces around, as of yore;
 Of all fortune's gifts, methinks this were the best,
 At home, at life's close, thus to peacefully rest.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

W. P. (TENERIFFE).

How many in dreams only shadow the bliss
 Of home, where, alas, a mother's last kiss
 Is all that sustains them o'er life's weary strand,
 Away from sweet home, and their dear native land.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

A. ATWOOD.

LIKE bird to its nest, or like sheep to the fold,
 I turn to my home from the world's bitter cold;
 For true, faithful hearts beckon me from afar,

And the flame of my ingle is my guiding star.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

WINSTEAD.

Truth. June 4, 1885.

LAW, CHEAP LAW.

'MID falsehood and fallacies, jingle and jaw,
Though often we stumble, there's nothing like law!
There's a charm in the wig, there's a grace in the gown,
And say what they will, 'tis the best trade in town.
Law, law, cheap, cheap law,
There's no trade like law; there's no trade like law.

For counsel-at-law clients whistle in vain,
"Oh, give us our wasted retainers again;
The bright, golden guineas we paid at your call,
Give us these, and the 'fees on Brief,' greater than all."
Law, law, cheap, cheap law, &c.

LEX.

BEEF, ROAST BEEF.

'MID soup, fish, and entrées our stay will be brief,
Be it ever so gristly, there's no meat like beef;
A true English taste seems to hallow this fare,
Which, eat what we will, is not met with elsewhere.
Beef, beef, roast, roast beef,
There's no meat like beef; there's no meat like beef.

Debarred from my beef, kickshaws tempt me in vain,
Oh, give me my plainly-cooked sirloin again;
The greens, piping hot, to be brought to my call,
Give me them with the under-cut, dearer than all.
Beef, beef, roast, roast beef,
There's no meat like beef; there's no meat like beef.

FRIAR TUCK.

TEA, SWEET TEA.

'MIDST mansions or cottages, where'er we may be,
Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like tea.
A balm that restores seems to perfume the air,
Which, seek through all comforts, is not met elsewhere.
Tea, tea, sweet, sweet tea!
There's nothing like tea! there's nothing like tea!

Forbidden my tea, all else tempts me in vain,
Oh, give me my Chinese infusion again.
The urn, singing gladly, responds to my call,
And brings back the soothing draught, cheering to all.

EDIORA.

THE LONDON POOR'S LAMENT.

'MID gin-shops or "palaces" though I may roam,
'Tis better than starving and freezing at home!
No food, fire, or candle is ever found there,
Such comforts, alas! must be sought for elsewhere.
Home, home, bleak, bleak home!
For sorrow and want there's no place like home!

As exiles from home I and mine would be fain,
We pine for a log-hut or cottage in vain.
In a land where the poor are not forced "to the wall,"
Give us this and some "pieces" down—better than all!
Home, home, bleak, bleak home!
There's no place in England, there's no place called home.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

("Men are merriest when they are from home."—
Shakespeare.)

'MID pleasures and palaces fain would I roam,
Be it ever so stately there's no peace at home;
All bores 'neath the sky seem to follow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, may not meet us elsewhere.
Roam, roam, sweet to roam!
There's no peace at home! there's no peace at home!

A captive at home, comfort's sought for in vain;
Oh, give me my bachelor freedom again;
The little club dinners, they came at my call;
Give me them, with the "pipe of peace," dearest than all.
Roam, roam, sweet to roam! &c.

MOONSHINE.

'MID worry and bustle, where'er you may roam,
There is nothing can beat the Spring cleaning of home;
There's a fuss and confusion then reigns in the air,
That, search where you will, is not met with elsewhere.
When Spring cleaning times come,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Exiled from my room, I must grumble in vain,
For they're cleaning my lowly thatched cottage again;
Those sweetbirds, the charwomen, chatter and bawl,
'Till I give them a "piece of mind" louder than all.
When Spring cleaning time's come, &c.

ANON.

RUM, GOOD RUM.

Of all the strong drinks that are loved in the slum,
Be they ever so fiery, there's none like good rum;
Its quickness in levelling a man with the ground
In no other liquor will ever be found.
Rum, rum, good rum, good rum,
There's nothing like rum; there's nothing like rum,

Though it's hastening my ruin and my life is a stain,
Fill up the fire-water, I'll drink it again;
Speak not of the pleasures I lose by my fall,
I tell you good rum is the dearest of all.
Rum, rum, good rum, good rum, &c.

MONA.

JONES STILL JONES,

In islands or continents, this parodist depones,
Wherein he has wandered he's always met Jones
In steamboats or trains, or balloons in the air.
If he sought for a change, Jones was sure to be there!
Jones, Jones, still, still Jones,
There's no shirking Jones, there's no shirking Jones,

In prairies and deserts again and again,
I have striven to dodge him, but always in vain;
On the top of Mount Blanc, and the Great Chinese Wall
When I paused to take breath, there was Jones after all!
Jones, Jones, still, still Jones,
There's no dodging Jones, there's no dodging Jones!

PRIMA DONNA.

HOME RULER'S SONG.

'NEATH measures and policies though we may groan,
Be we ever so humble we long for our own.
'Tis liberty's charm bids us "Home Rule" declare,
And we'll stir all the world if we don't get our share.
Home Rule, rule at home!
There's no rule like "Home," there's no rule like "Home!"

An exile from home is both cruel and vain,
So give us our coveted "Home Rule" again,
With a Parliament pledged to destroy British thrall;
And Charles Stewart Parnell as king over all,
Home Rule, rule at home! &c.

ROGEE SHURT.

WHEN worries and creditors force you to groan,
For safety and freedom there's nought like Boulogne,
In vain will bum-bailiffs or writs seek you there,
Very short is the distance, very cheap is the fare.
Boulogne! oh, Boulogne!

There's nought like Boulogne, there's nought like
Boulogne.

I can laugh at all duns, bailiffs threaten in vain,
By Jove! they shan't catch me on their side again.
By my wits I can manage to keep up the ball,
To be lagged for contempt would not suit me at all.
Boulogne! oh, Boulogne, &c.

NUTSHELL.

ROME, SWEET ROME.

'MID Ritualistic clergy, though we may roam,
Be they ever so High Church, there's no place like Rome;
No Forty-nine articles harass one there,
No Penance to rule what a parson must wear.
Rome, Rome! Sweet, sweet Rome!
There's no place like Rome! There's no place like Rome!

A convert from Rome, livings dazzle in vain,
Oh, give me my stole and my incense again;
The maids sighing daily who came to my call,
The piece of mind then that I gave to them all.
Rome, Rome! Sweet, sweet Rome!

CLERICUS.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

"She had a voice like a siren, and when she sang :—
"MID play sure, sand pal aces, though heam a Rome,
Be it averse, oh! wum bull there, snow play sly comb,
H, arm from thesk eyeseam stew wallow a sheer,
Whitch seek through the whirl disneerm et twithel swear!"
—there wasn't a dry eye in the Tabernacle; but if the
programme hadn't said, in clear, unmistakable print, that she
was going to sing "Home, Sweet Home," a man might
have thought his teeth loose without ever guessing it."

American Paper.

—:O:—

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

(From "The Forest," by Ben Jonson,
born 1574, died 1637.)

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not wither'd be,

But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since then, it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

A PARODY.

DRINK to me only from a jug,
And I will pledge in mine;
So fill my glass with whisky punch,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that in my throat doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
That honour I'd resign.

* * * * *

(The Editor felicitously adds that the second verse is not
worth parodying.)

Blackwood's Magazine. July, 1823.

TO LYDIA'S GLASS EYE.

"From particulars supplied to the reporter of a Chicago
paper by a dealer in glass eyes in that city, it appears that
there are as many as a thousand wearers of these eyes in
Chicago. . . . Twenty years ago there were sold many more
dark eyes than light . . . about twenty light eyes are now
sold to one dark."—*Times*.

WINK at me only with glass eye,
And I'll respond with mine,
And smile not when the harmless fly
Goes crawling over thine.
I care not for the colour there,
Dark brown, or black, or blue,
Or even if you wink, *ma chère*,
With eyes of different hue.

I sent thee late a new glass eye,
Impervious to the tear,
Tinged with some new æsthetic dye,
And quite "too utter" dear.
You'll wear it, won't you, when you think
How faithful it must be,
For it is warranted to wink
At nobody but me?

Punch. April, 1881.

BRING to me only, if you're wise,
The ale that's clear and fine;
Place but a quart within the cup,
I'll call that quart divine.

DRINKING SONGS FOR THE MEN OF THE PERIOD.

"What can you expect from a nation that lives chiefly
upon tonics."—*Vice Saturday Review.* 1866.

1.

DRINK wine only with thy Drugs
And I will drink with mine,—
Or leave a "peg" within the cup,
And I'll not seek Quinine!

2.

O some may praise John Barleycorn,
And some the juice of Cadiz,
But I will sing of Chlorodyne.
That keeps me out of Hades.

3.

Boast not thyself in Sherries gold,
Or Claret's crimson river,
There's nothing like Taraxacum
To spur a sluggish liver !

4.

Ah hapless youth, life's honey-sweets
Too deeply you beguile !
Soon must you quaff its bitter cup,
Quassia and Camomile !

5.

Pledge me a draught of the Pepsine Wine
To comfort thy spirit sore,
To-morrow you'll play a knife and fork
As you never have played before

6.

Hey nonny, nonny,
Champagne is bonny,
At summer pic-nic or wedding feast ;
But more for your weal,
Is Citrate of Steel,
Effervescing like German Yeast !

7.

On an Iron Age we fall—
Iron steels, and Iron rail,
Iron ships and, worst of all,
Iron drinks instead of Ale !

8.

Life is cruel, false, and cold,
Steel thy heart against the scerner,
Steel it with the Tincture sold
At the Chemist's round the corner !

9.

Iron drops such conquerors be
Over death, that hoary croaker,
That you'll quite immortal be
When you've swallowed all your porter.

Will-o-the-Wisp. July 10, 1869.

THE RINKER'S SONG.

RINK to me only with thine ice,
And I will sledge with mine ;
Or heave a hiss but inly up.
And I'll not look for whine.
The thirst that from a sole doth rise,
Doth ask a rink divine,
But might I on Jove's necktie slip,
I would not change for thine.

I went to thee, late, a rosy youth,
Not so much honoring thee
As in the hope that, taking care,
I should not " Spiller'd " be.
But thou me send'st, in groanly truth,
Plump on back, ah me !
Since when my " ditto " suit I swear,
Smells asphaltely of thee !

The Figaro. June 10, 1876.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

TALK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will hear with mine ;

Turn hither all the light that 'ies
In those twin orbs of thine.
I shall not miss an H or two,
Nor find as many slips
Of grammar as I daily do
From those bewitching lips.

In such a deep impassioned glance
Could any eye suspect
A double negative, perchance ;—
Which never ain't correct.
Could any dazzled gaze descry,
In stars thus blue and bright,
A tendency to say, " Says I ; "—
Which, I says, can't be right.

Nay, Love and Prosody combined
Sit smiling evermore.
Within those eyes that speak a mind
Above grammatic lore.
Those lips may err—they often do ;
But why should that surprise ?
My love has nothing of the Blue
About her but her eyes.

From *A Town Garland*. By HENRY S. LEIGH. (Chatto and Windus. London, 1878.)

—:O:—

PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the wind or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix ;
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks ;
Which though I see,
I can't get free ;
She deceiving,
I believing,

What need lovers wish for more ?

CHARLES SEDLEY.

A RHYME OF THE HOAX.

FILLIES is my only joy—
Slippery jades as e'er one sees,
Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Sometimes game to win with ease.
If I've ill luck,
And back the ruck,
Yet disaster
Makes me faster.
Bet each year upon the Oaks.

Though, alas ! I always find
There's no guessing all their tricks,
Yet I still with constant mind
Risk my monkey's, five or six ;
This year may be
A case for me

Of cash -- bereavement;
O ACHIEVEMENT.
Win! or 'tis a frightful Hoax.

Echoes from the Clubs. May 22, 1867.

FILLIES is my only joy!
Faithless though the jades oft be
Transient ever such annoy,
'Tis but so much £ s. d.;
Done are we brown
On Epsom Down,
Fillies shying,
Shiners flying,
Spooners sappier than before!
Though, alas! too late I find,
Fails the goal my fancy picks;
Since she's not of womankind,
Freely I forgive her tricks.
Fortune's slippery, ah!
Get on HIPPIA,*
I believing,
Ne'er misgiving,
Mean to risk my "tin" once more.

Echoes from the Clubs. May 29, 1867.

—:O:—

PARODIES OF ALFRED BUNN'S OPERATIC SONGS.

THE SOT BOWED DOWN.

THE sot bowed down by too much drink,
To nearest post will cling;
Or in the gutter p'rhaps will sink,
Which can no comfort bring;
For all exciting spir'its tend
The senses having flown,
To make a fool the only friend
That drink can call its own.

The sot will in his muddy lair,
Still ponder o'er the last
Strong glass he took, and could'nt bear,
But which he swallowed fast,
Till the police assistance lend,
And in a cell of stone;
Lock up all night the only friend
That drink can call its own.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF JANUARY.

WHEN other months amid the range
Of time's revolving year,
Exhibit symptoms of a change
From what they should appear;
Though April fails to bring her showers;
Though March is mild and tame;
Though May forgets her buds and flowers,
You'll find me still the same.

They say that Janus sways my lot,
That I two faces wear;
But, let me ask them, who does not?
In this false world of care.
Oh! I'm a month that's always cold,

* The winner of "The Oaks" in 1867.

And who shall dare to blame,
If they're at such a moment told
That I am still the same.

Punch's Almanac. 1846.

SELF-EVIDENT.

WHEN other lips and other eyes
Their tales of love shall tell,
Which means the usual sort of lies
You've heard from many a swell;
When, bored with what you feel is bosh,
You'd give the world to see,
A friend, whose love you know will wash,
Oh, then remember me!

When Signor Solo goes his tours,
And Captain Craft's at Ryde,
And Lord Fitzpop is on the moors,
And Lord knows who beside;
When to exist you feel a task
Without a friend at tea,
At such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

J. R. PLANCHE.

A YULE-TIDE PARODY.

WHEN other wits and other bards,
Their tales at Christmas tell,
Or praise on cheap and coloured cards,
The time they love so well;
Secure from scorn and ridicule
I hope my verse may be,
If I can still remember Yule,
And Yule remember me.

The days are dark, the days are drear,
When dull December dies;
But, while we mourn an ended year,
Another's star will rise,
I hail the season formed by rule
For merriment and glee;
So let me still remember Yule,
And Yule remember me.

The rich plum-pudding I enjoy,
I greet the pie of mince;
And loving both while yet a boy,
Have loved them ever since,
More dull were I than any mule
That eyes did ever see,
If I should not remember Yule,
And Yule remember me.

ANONYMOUS.

From *London Society*. Christmas Number for 1881.

—:O:—

SONG FOR THE HALL PORTER.

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With tradesmen and duns outside,
And a large assembly of morning calls,
In carriage pomp and pride.
There were crowds too great to count, and most
For Bills unsettled came;
But I also dreamt that at my post
I sat dozing all the same.

I dreamt that footmen raised their hand,
 And knock'd to a high degree,
 With a noise few porters' ears could withstand,
 But they wasted it all on me.
 I dreamt that one of the noisy host
 Came forth and bawl'd my name;
 But I also dreamt that fast as a post
 I slept there all the same.
 I slept there all the same.

From *George Cruikshank's Table Book*. Edited by
 Gilbert Abbot & Beckett.

THE ALARMIST'S DREAM ABOUT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

I DREAMT that I stood in the Crystal Halls,
 With Chartists and Reds at my side,
 And that all who assembled in those glass walls,
 Came there the contents to divide.
 Of riches too great to count it could boast,
 And jewels of world-wide fame;
 But I found, when I woke, which surprised me most,
 They remained there all the same.

I dreamt the swell mob was there in a band
 With thieves of every degree,
 And with skill that no police could withstand,
 They picked all the pockets of we.
 And I dreamt that one of the scampish host
 To grab the Koh-i-Noor came;
 But I found when I woke, which surprised me most,
 It was safe there all the same.

Punch. June 14, 1851.

LORD BROUGHAM'S DREAM.

"The foul, the false charge, that I have changed a
 single opinion."—*Vicar of Bray*,

I DREAMT that I dined in Conservative halls,
 With Peel and the Duke at my side;
 That I went like their shadow, to morning calls,
 To concerts, the club, or the ride.
 And seldom or never to meet, did I seem,
 With a Whig or a Radical name;
 And yet—the most curious part of my dream—
 My opinions were still the same!

And I dreamt of a Chancellor (strangely, of course,
 For my senses were running a rlg.)
 Who said that "Persuasion was better than force,"
 As he dazzled my eyes with his wig.
 "Oh, beautiful wig!" thought I, "could I for thee
 Turn this coat? Ay, or part with my name?"
 And yet—the most wonderful matter to me—
 My opinions were still the same!

Punch. April 13, 1844.

BALLAD.

I DREAMT that I sat in the House of Lords,
 As Monteagle spoke at my side,
 And into that sleep which his tone affords
 I did imperceptibly glide.
 There were lions too many to count—a host
 Of creatures I knew not by name;
 And I also dreamt—which puzzled me most—
 That the figures were all the same.

I dreamt that huge monsters—a fearful band—
 Were staring to such a degree
 That the sight was more than I could withstand,
 For they turn'd all their eyes upon me.
 And I dreamt that King John's unearthly ghost
 Stepped forth my homage to claim,
 When I woke and I found 'twas my bedstead's post,
 But it frightened me all the same.

DREAMS OF MABILLE BALLS.

(The famous Moulin Rouge Restaurant and Mabilles
 disappear together from the Champs Elysées this month.)

(RETROSPECTIVE BALLADS.)

(Sung confidentially by the Old "Bohemian Boy.")

I DREAMT that I danced at Mabilles balls—
 That again at the Cancan I shied:
 But to judge from the set that now honoured those walls,
 I had far best have Cancan'd outside!
 For, spite JULES's antics, once good as a feast—
 Spite Music, Nymphs, flare—still the same.
 I noticed, what certainly pleased me the least,
 That the whole thing seemed horribly tame,
 Oh, so tame!
 So depressingly, horribly tame!

Punch. March 4, 1882.

MARBLED BEEF.

(Ballad for the Modern Butcher, with acknowledgments
 to the Shade of Bunn.)

I DREAMT that I dined on Marbled Beef,
 And found it the best I had tried;
 And of all its good points I held this the chief,—
 The figure at which 'twas supplied.
 But when, as Prime English, I found it as nice
 You tried on the same old game,
 And though every carcass cost you half the price,
 You charged me still the same!
 You charged me still the same!

Punch. April 18, 1885.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

BEAUTIFUL star! on each opera night,
 Watching with wonder your diamonds bright,
 And hearing your cadences echo afar,
 I envy your fortune, fair opera star—
 Star of the evening, beautiful star.

I hear sad Amina's cantabile ring,
 I see the bouquets which by dozens they fling;
 Watch gaily Rosina her guardian cajole,
 And weep when Medea entrances my soul—
 Star of the evening, beautiful star.

I love thee in *Norma* and fair Marguerite,
 And *Lohengrin* even thy tones can make sweet:
 But I sigh that no journal will pay me to write
 At the rate of thy two hundred guineas per night—
 Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Funny Folks.

BEAUTIFUL Pit, behind the stalls,
For treatment kind thy memory calls ;
Who could fail to thy use admit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit !
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit !

In fancy's eyes you seem to say,
Think of the Drama's bright hey-day ;
When first-night critics would views emit
From the famed front row of the Haymarket Pit !
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit !

To your cheap seats the people come
In a vigorous crowd with a hearty hum ;
And where is the manager who'd permit
One seat to be filched from the Haymarket Pit ?
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit !

The stalls are cynical, boxes sneer
At the warm applause to actors dear ;
And the cheer that cometh their hearts to knit,
Is sent from the rows of the crowded pit.
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit !

So, Pit, last on ! and hold your own,
Whatever else may be overthrown ;
And let fond hands your each seat refit,
Pit of the Haymarket, Haymarket Pit !
Pit of the Haymarket, beautiful Haymarket Pit

Truth. Christmas Number, 1884.

(Old Play-goers still remember, with a sigh, that
in the palmy days of Buckstone's management,
the Haymarket Pit was the most comfortable in
London.)

"The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice
sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this :—

BEAUTIFUL soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen !
Who for such dainties would not stoop ?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup !
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup !

Beau—ootiful Soo-ooop !
Beau—ootiful Soo-ooop !

Soo-ooop of the e-e-eyening,
Beautiful, beautiful soup !

Beautiful soup ! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish ?
Who would not give all else for two-
pennyworth only of beautiful soup ?
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup ?

Beau—ootiful Soo-ooop !
Beau—ootiful Soo-ooop !

Soo-ooop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FULL SOUP !

From *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, by LEWIS
CARROLL. (Macmillan & Co., London.)

—:o:—

MORE LOST CHORDS,

On page 3 a parody of "The Lost Chord" was given
which had originally appeared in *Judy* in 1880. This was
written by Mr. Alfred Greenland, junior, and has been in-
cluded by him in an amusing volume, entitled *Lunatic Lyrics*

(published by Tinsley Brothers, London), which also con-
tains one of the very best parodies of Swinburne ever
written, entitled *A Matchet*.

The last verse of *The Lost Chord* as given in this volume
differs slightly from the *Judy* version, it runs as follows :—

Grandioso.

It may be my truant monkey,
Will come with that cord again ;
It may be he only skedaddles
When he hears the organ-men !
It may be my truant monkey
Will come with that cord again ;
It may be he only SKEDADDLES
When he hears the organ men ! !

As mentioned above this parody was printed in 1880, but
curiously enough, another rather similar parody has been
sent in, dated December, 1879.

THE LOST APE.

SEATED one day on an organ,
A monkey was ill at ease,
When his fingers wandered idly,
In search of the busy fleas.
I know not what he was slaying,
Or what he was dreaming then,
But a sound burst forth from that organ,
Not at all like a grand Amen.

It came through the evening twilight
Like the close of the feline psalm,
But the melody raised by their voices,
Compared to this noise, was balm !
It was worse than Salvation's Sorrow
With their band of drum and fife,
And cut, like an evening "Echo,"
The *Tit-Bits* out of "Life."

I upset my table and tea things,
And left not one perfect piece ;
I gazed at the wreck in silence,
Not loth, but unable to speak !
Then I sought him, alas ! all vainly,
The source of that terrible whine,
With his cracked and tuneless organ,
And its melodies undivine.

Of course there was no policeman
To move him away,—and men
Who grind organs smile demurely
At your curses, and smile again.
It may be that I could choke him—
Could kill him—but organ men
If you kill a dozen to-day,
To-morrow will come again !

December, 1879.

J. W. G. W

THE LOST RENT.

(Copied, *without permission*, from a Christmas card in
the shape of a "Dicky.")

SEATED one day at the window,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my coat I handled lightly,
As I tried to extract the grease.

I had no hopes of a dinner ;
My stomach was aching then,

When a knock at the door of my chamber.
Like the sound of the broker men !

It may be they thought I would open ;
But I stepped through the window then,
Leaving one chair and a shirt front,
To amuse the broker men.

THE LOST KEY.

The following parody was written, composed, and sung with great success by Mr. George Grossmith. It carries the idea of "The Lost Chord" throughout, yet the air is different, and the quaint and laughable words form a strong contrast to the mystical language of the original. The music is published by J. Bath, Berners Street, London.

SEATED one day in her carriage,
She was lounging well back at her ease,
And her fingers wandered idly,
In her pocket for her keys.
She thought—as the bunch was missing,
In her wardrobe it must be,
So she struck one note of discord,
Like the sound of a big, big D.
Like the sound of a big, big D.

She thought of the sweet little trinkets,
Whose loss she would sadly mourn,
Then she thought of her frocks and mantles,
Some of which she had not yet worn.
She thought of her precious diamonds,
She thought of the square plate-chest,
For at home, in that large old wardrobe,
She kept everything she possess'd.

Then she thought of the sweet love letters,
Received with many a ruse,
Then she suddenly thought that the servants
Those letters would surely peruse.
Then she thought, with a feeling of horror !
That the neighbours would surely be shown,
A piece of black hair neatly plaited,
Which was not exactly her own.

So she dived to the bottom of her carriage,
Turned the matting all upside down,
Then she dived beneath the cushions,
And the lining of her green silk gown.
She dived in the depths of her mantle,
And into her muff dived she,
But only at home in her wardrobe,
Would be found that lost, lost key !

—:O:—

'Twas ONLY A YEAR AGO, LOVE.
(Music by F. Paolo Tosti.)

It came with the merry May, love,
That neat little billet doux,
And I much regret to say, love,
The measles and rates came too :
The passion may fade away, love,
But the rates I shall always owe.
'Twas only a year ago, love,
Only a year ago !

It came with the merry May, love,
That tip for the big event ;

I shall ne'er forget the day, love,
I plank'd on my ev'ry cent.
But the animal stopped to sneeze, love,
Which much increas'd my woe,
'Twas absolutely last, love,
Only a year ago !

It came with the merry May, love,
That big furniture van,
It took all my goods away, love,
It thwarted my fondest plan.
I thought I could shoot the moon, love,
But destiny grunted "No" ;
They were there a bit too soon, love,
Only a year ago !

It came with the merry May, love.
That beautiful big black eye,
The kick I rec. ived for aye, love,
Will live in my memory,
And oh ! I have got such a bruise, love,
I regret I'm unable to show,
I have to stand up to my meals, love,
Though it's over a year ago.

It came with the merry May, love,
It looked about forty three,
And much to my dismay, love,
It fixed itself on to me.
I know that it foolish sounds, love,
I promised and breached, you know.
It cost me five hundred pounds, love,
Just over a year ago !

FREDERICK BOWYER.

(This parody was sung, with great success, by Mr. Arthur Roberts, in the Burlesque of *Kenilworth* at the Avenue Theatre in 1885.)

—:O:—

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
The woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered o'er with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,*
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the World and Love were young,
And truth on every Shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,*
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield ;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,*
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain ; that's only good
Which God hath blessed and sent for food.

But could Youth last, could Love still breed,
Had Joy no date, had Age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In *The Complete Angler* Izaak Walton introduced these two songs, with some modifications, which are here produced from the First Edition (preserving the old orthography) of *The Complete Angler*, published in 1653 :—

"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had cast away all care, and sung like a *Nightingale* ; her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it ; 'twas that smooth Song which was made by *Kit Marlow*, now at least fifty years ago ; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by *Sir Walter Raleigh*, in his younger days. They were old fashioned Poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age :"

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

COME live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, Groves, or hils, or fields,
Or woods and steepe mountains yeelds.

Where we will sit upon the *Rocks*,
And see the Shepherds feed our *flocks*,

By shallow *Rivers*, to whose falls
Mellodious birds sing *madrigals*.

And I wil make thee beds of *Roses*,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a Kirtle,
Imbroidered all with leaves of Mirtle.

A Gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull,
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivie buds,
With Coral clasps, and Amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.

The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherd's tongue ?
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
The Rest complains of cares to come.

The Flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yeilds,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of *Roses*,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivie buds,
Thy Coral clasps and Amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

A little farther on *Viator* observes :—

"Yes, master, I will speak you a coppie of verses that were made by Doctor *DONNE*, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought them fit and worth his labour ; and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers and fish, and fishing. They be these :—

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and Christal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks,

There will the River wispering run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more then the Sun ;
And there th' inamel'd fish wil stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

* These three verses are often omitted.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loth,
By Sun or Moon, thou darkest both :
And, if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with Angling Reeds,
And cut their legs with shels and weeds.
Or treacherously poor fish beset;
With strangling snares, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious Traitors sleeve silk flies,
To 'witch poor wandering fishes eyes.

For thee, thou needst no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Is wiser far, alas ! then I.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

COME live with me, and be my spouse,
We'll keep a cottage, pigs and cows ;
And I will dress in lace and silk,
While you shall pig, and dig, and milk.

There you will work and hoe all day,
While I enjoy myself, away.
If this you'll do, we'll have no rows,
Come live with me, and be my spouse.

From *The Incomplete Angler*, by F. C. Burnand. 1876.

THE PASSIONATE STATISTICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

"For my part, I am a passionate Statistician . . . Go with me into the study of statistics, and I will make you all enthusiasts in statistics."

Mr. Goschen at Whitechapel.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That facts and figures can supply
Unto the Statist's ravished eye.

And we will sit 'midst faction's shocks
And calculate the price of Stocks,
The music of whose rise and fall
Beats most melodious madrigal.

We'll learn how the last Census closes
And the art of counting noses ;
And taste the pleasures, sweetly solemn,
Of abstract brief, and lengthy column.

We'll tot the figures fair and full
Relating to the price of wool,
The annual range of heat and cold,
The death-rate, and the price of gold.

Per-centages shall stir our blood
Analyses as clear as mud.
Oh, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The marriage rate, the price of meat,
Shall yield us raptures calm and sweet ;
And analytic "Tables" be
Prepared each day to give us glee.

Economists our praise shall sing,
The Statesman's eloquence we'll wing
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Punch. March 21, 1885.

THE RINKER'S SONG.

COME, rink with me, and be my love !
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That better far than hills or fields
The slippery floor of asphalte yields.

Of skates with rubber ties a pair,
Thee o'er the asphalte safely bear ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, rink with me, and be my love !

THE RINKMAID'S ANSWER.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth on every rinker's tongue,
These asphalte pleasures might me move
To rink with thee and be thy love.

Talk to me not of flowers and posies ;
Suppose we fall and break our noses ?
Thou'lt not prevail on me at all ;
In truth, it is no joke to fall !

Judy. April 12, 1876.

"WON'T YOU TELL ME WHY, ROBIN?"

The late Mr. Whalley, formerly M.P. for Peterborough, was a firm believer in the truth of the claim of Arthur Orton to the Tichborne title and estates. He, and Dr. Edward Vaughan Kenealy, were the most devoted adherents to the cause of "the unfortunate nobleman." When Mr. Whalley rose in the House of Commons, he was generally greeted with the cry,—“Sing, Whalley, Sing !”

Several Scoffers.

Sing, sir ! sing !

Mr. W. Well, if you like, I have a little thing :
It's somewhat sad in tone and very terse,
My own sad feelings put in ballad verse.

Song : Mr. WHALLEY.

Tune : "Won't you tell me why, Robin ?"

Oh, won't you tell me why, doctor,
You are so stern and strange ?
Come, ope your heart and tell, doctor,
What 'tis has made you change !
You never come to see me now,
As once you used to do ;
I miss you at the Tichborne fetes,
Where once I went with you.

Chorus. Won't you tell me why, doctor,
Won't you tell me why ;
Won't you tell me why, doctor,
Oh, won't you tell me why ?

I'm very sad at heart, doctor,
 To think you hate me so ;
 And why you call me names, doctor,
 I really do not know.
 You shouldn't use such naughty words
 About your once dear friend ;
 Oh ! why not, for dear Tichborne's sake,
 Let this sad difference end ?

Chorus. Won't you tell me why, doctor,
 &c., &c.

We've both pressed Roger's hand, doctor,
 More times than I can tell ;
 We both have loved that man, doctor,
 Not wisely, but too well.
 And now the *Englishman* declares
 I'm more than three-parts mad ;
 I did not think you'd do it, Vaughan,
 It really is too bad !

Chorus. Won't you tell me why, doctor,
 &c., &c.

From *Finis*.

THE COOK'S LAMENT.

A Pathetic Ballad of a Policeman's Perfidy.

Oh, won't you tell me why, Bobby,
 Won't you tell me why ?

You never speaks when'er we meets,
 You always pass me by !

You never takes me for a walk,
 As was the case afore ;

You never comes to have a talk,
 Nor see me to the door !

Oh, won't you tell me why, Bobby,
 Policeman X Y Zad ?

Why pass my airey by, Bobby ?
 Your cookey's awful sad ?

Oh, won't you tell me why, Bobby,
 Won't you tell me why ?

When on your beat, you beats retreat,
 If o'er the gate I spy ?

The mutton cold and taties hot,
 As oft I've give to you !

Likewise "cold fourp'ny" in a pot,
 And now you are not true.

Oh, please to tell me why, Bobby ?
 My heart's a-breaking fast ;

My bosom's one big sigh, Bobby—
 My figure, long, can't last !

Oh, won't you tell me why, Bobby,
 Won't you tell me why ?

The reason now, you've broke your vow,
 To your own Sophy-i ?

The "public" we was going to take
 Is fading from my view ;

And sadly from my dreams I wake—
 Deceitful wretch in blue !

Oh, will you tell me why, Bobby,
 You've gone and broke your word ?

And left your love to die, Bobby—
 The facts shall all be heard !

I've learnt the reason why, Bobby,
 I knows the reason why !

I see 'tis plain that Mary Jane
 Is lurking in your eye—

The wicked slut ! perfidious man !
 I'll go to law, of course !
 I'd sooner wed the buttons, Dan,
 Than all the blessed Force !
 You need not tell me why, Bobby,
 Policeman X Y Zad ;
 For I shall never cry, Bobby—
 In fact I'm rather glad !

S. J. A. F.

There was a political parody of the same song in *They are Five*, published by David Bogue. It is out of date now, and of no general interest.

PARODIES OF ROBERT HERRICK.

(ROBERT HERRICK was born in Cheapside in 1591.
 Died October, 1674.)

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hast'ning day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along,

We have short time to stay, like you :
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or anything.

We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or, as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

UNEXPECTED ACCOUNTS ; OR, THE QUARTERLY "BILL-EST-DUE."

I

DEAR little bills, we weep to see
 You come again so soon ;
 Our dividends are not paid in,
 And yet, you crave this boon ;

"Pay, pay,
 On reckoning day.

The Tin !"
 Thus, Christmas with its charms,
 And mirthful glow and glee,
 Hath also its alarms !

II.

We did not think that you were due
 Till some time in the spring :
 You grow, like toadstools, in a night,
 As quick as anything ;

And though we do
 Fight shy of you —and taxes too,
 In spite
 You fall like drops of summer rain,

Save you are many and they are few.
And—still you come again !

Cribblings from the Poets, by Hugh Cayley. Cambridge,
Jones and Piggott, 1883.

—:O:—

ADVICE.

(*Freely adapted from Herrick*).

ORDER ye Wallsends while ye may,
Though prices are surprising ;
For this same coal that s high to day,
To-morrow may be rising.

The winter quarter has begun,
The sun is sooner setting,
Best coals are now two pounds a ton,
And dearer will be getting.

That man is blest whose cellar's full,
For days will not grow warmer ;
But what we want to see, John Bull,
Is some great coal reformer.

Then be not rash, but take advice—
All ye who wish to marry !
With coals and meat at such a price,
You would be wise to tarry.

—:O:—

LOVE'S REASONS.

(*After Herrick.*)

WHY do I love my love ?
Her eyes are deepest blue,
Bluer than sky above,
She's pure, and sweet, and true.
'Tis not for every grace
That sparkles in her face,
Although each one of these
My wayward fancy please,
I love my love because I do.

I'll tell you of my love,
She tender is and true,
Kind as turtle dove,
Too fair for mortal view.
And if you fain would know
Why I must love her so,
I love my love, but I
Could hardly tell you why,
I love my love because I do.

From *The Figaro*. October 28, 1874.

—:O:—

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRY ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy ;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ? I answer there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile
There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry
Full and fair ones come and buy
There plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

ROBERT HERRICK.

This song having been adapted to a pleasing melody by
Mr. Charles Horn, became very popular about 60 years
ago.

—

It is probable that "Cherry Ripe" was suggested to
Herrick by Richard Allison's earlier poem, entitled :—

THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lillies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose,
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose buds fell'd with snow ;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

—

"WATER-PIPES."

(*Paterfamilias's song of the frost.*)

"WATER-PIPES, water-pipes, pipes," I cry !
"Been and busted!" Low and High.
If I ask the housemaid, "Where?"
She will answer, "Here, and there,—
Here and there and everywhere."

Whence they come and where they go,
Is just the thing I want to know !
But I don't, and that is why
"Plumber ! Plumber !" is the cry.
Plumber ! Plumber ! left and right ;
Plumber ! Plumber ! day and night.

Why are you and I such fools
As submit to Builders' rules ?
You and I, my friend, and all,
High and Low, and great and small ?
One thing Builder understands—
How to play in Plumber's hands :
And for one thing Builder cares
To leave openings for "repairs :"
So loose tiles and slates defends,
Drains that finish in "dead ends,"
Tanks and boilers safe to leak,
Chimneys warranted to reek ;
Doors and windows placed with craft,
S ill to catch you in a draught ;
Green-wood panels in the doors,
Warping new deal in the floors ;
Pipes that run just where they shouldn't,
And burst each frost. O, if they wouldn't !

Punch. January 28, 1871.

—

COFFEE HOT.

COFFEE hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry,
Full and fair cups, come and buy ;
But if so be you axes where
I makes it hot ? I answer there,
Over the fire where hangs my pot,
That's where I make coffee hot.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, hot I cry,
Full and fair cups, if you're dry ;
Here the milk galore doth flow,
Here is butter, bread, also,
If you have the ready got,
That's the time for coffee hot.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, hot, I cry,
Full and fair cups, come and buy ;
Here is milk and sugar nice ;
Come here, I'll serve you in a trice :
If you have the ready got
Then's the time for coffee hot.

Coffee hot, coffee hot, &c.

JAMES BRUTON.

ROSY WINE.

ROSY wine, rosy wine, wine we sip,
Sweeter far than woman's lip ;
If green-eyed grief assail the soul,
Why, drown him in the flowing bowl ;
'Twere folly now to grieve or pine,
While seated near such rosy wine.

Rosy wine, &c.

Rosy wine, rosy wine, wine, they cry,
Doth beauty's cheek by far outvie ;
Thou to the soul art more sincere,
Her love is weaker than her tear ;
Then wreath my brow with laughing vine
While I quaff the rosy wine.

Rosy wine, &c.

JAMES BRUTON.

HEAVY WET.

HEAVY wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Full and fair pots when I'm dry,
If so be, you ask me where,
They are drawn, I answer there,
Where our lips their thirst forget,
That's the place for heavy wet !
Heavy wet, heavy wet, still I cry,
Meux's, Whitbread's, nought care I ;
To the Blue Posts let us go,
There we'll clouds of backey blow ;
And, while we our cares forget,
All the year quaff heavy wet !

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

CHERRY PIE.

CHERRY Pie ! Cherry Pie ! Pie ! I cry,
Kentish cherries you may buy.
If so be you ask me where
To put the fruit, I'll answer "There !"
In the dish your fruit must lie,
When you make your Cherry Pie.

Cherry Pie ! Cherry Pie ! &c.

Cherry Pie ! Cherry Pie ! Pie ! I cry
Full and fair ones mind you buy
Whereabouts the crust should go,
Any fool, of course will know ;
In the midst a cup may lie
When you make your Cherry Pie.

Punch. Cherry Pie ! Cherry Pie ! &c.

MUTTON CHOPS.

MUTTON chops, mutton chops, chops I cry,
Fat or lean ones, both I'll buy ;
But if so be you'd have my coin
You must cut them off the loin !
When the cook for nothing stops,
That's the time for mutton chops !
Mutton chops, mutton chops, chops I cry,
I as hungry am as dry ;
Let me have them nice and hot.
With a murphy and shalot !
Heaven bless the butchers' shops,—
All the year they've mutton chops !

CHERRY BOUNCE.

CHERRY bounce, cherry bounce, bounce, I cry,
Fill a full glass on the sly ;
If so be you ask me where,
To the wine-vaults we'll repair,
When we heavy wet renounce,
That's the time for cherry bounce !
Cherry bounce, cherry bounce, bounce I cry,
When my flame is standing nigh ;
When with love I'm quite beguiled,
And I wish to draw it mild,
Then, each vulgar fear to trounce,
Then I call for cherry bounce !

GUINEA-PIGS.

GUINEA-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
As Directors qualify !
At your feet your shares we lay,—
Not a penny there's to pay !
'Tis high-sounding names we want,
As decoy-ducks for our plant :
Names to draw the public in,
Place our shares, and sack their tin.
Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
From the West-End, come and try !
Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
Of the City why fight shy ?
With shares for the taking, if you please,
And, besides, Directors' fees :
Office work—an hour a day,
Lots to get, and nought to pay. . .
Flats agog to risk their tin,
Giv'n good names to draw them in.
So Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
As Directors Qualify !

Punch. March 6, 1875.

Herrick had no occasion to steal, yet there is little doubt but that his *Cherry Ripe* was adapted from Allison's earlier, and prettier poem, *There is a Garden in her Face*; whilst the following lines (which occur in his poem upon Mistress Susanna Southwell),

HER pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

were stolen (and spoilt in the stealing), from Sir John Suckling's inimitable *Ballad upon a Wedding* :

HER feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

(Born in Bath, 1797. Died at Cheltenham, April 22, 1839.)



HE songs of this prolific writer, which but sixty years ago were exceedingly popular, are now nearly forgotten. A few old-fashioned people may be heard to warble "She wore a wreath of Roses," or "I'd be a butterfly," whilst "Perfection," perhaps the best known of Bayly's dramatic pieces, is still occasionally played to afford some graceful actress an opportunity of displaying her varied attainments. The author of "Perfection" had to contend with many difficulties before he could get his piece performed. It was rejected at Covent Garden Theatre and several other houses, but was finally accepted at Drury Lane. With Madame Vestris, as Kate O'Brien, it achieved a great success, but several of Bayly's other dramatic productions were less fortunate, and he had nothing to depend upon but the precarious income of a journalist for his support. His songs, though exceedingly popular, brought him small pecuniary returns during his lifetime, but after his death his widow derived a small sum from the sale of his collected works. Although but a poor and struggling author, it suited the editor of *Fraser's Magazine* to sneer at this amiable and harmless versifier, and in volume iv. of that magazine these lines will be found in the *Lay of the Twaddle School* :—

"Sats and silks I sang gravely and gaily,
And the bard of the boudoir was Thomas Haynes Bayly ;
With my butterflies, buttercups, butter-flowers daily,
I buttered my bread,—heigh, for Thomas Haynes Bayly.
With my songs and my sonnets, the girls I wooed frailly,
Tom Moore, the chaste model of Thomas Haynes Bayley ;
Apollo,—though radiant his rays,—shines but palely,
When the eyes of the fair shine on Thomas Haynes Bayly.
With miniature Lyrics, the muse did I waylay,
And a miniature picture of Thomas Haynes Bayly ;
I sang about Bath, till I bothered them really,
And eclipsed was Kit Anstey by Thomas Haynes Bayly ;
Herrick, Waller, Burns, Byron, Moore, Morris and Shelley,
Were poor sing-song strummers to Thomas Haynes Bayly."

But these songs, which sixty years ago every one was singing, are now so seldom heard, that some of the parodies would be quite unintelligible unless accompanied by the originals.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses that night when first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet ;
Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of summer flowers upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers when next we met she wore,
The expression of her features was more thoughtful than before,

And standing by her side, was one, who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home she ne'er might view again.

I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow.

And once again I saw that brow, no bridal wreath was there,
The widow's sombre cap concealed her once luxuriant hair ;
She weeps in silent solitude, for there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own, and wipe away the tear !
I see her broken-hearted, and methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty, with a wreath upon her brow.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

HE wore a brace of pistols the night that first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet ;
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit-chief who feels remorse and tears his hair alone.

I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act with the blood upon his brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met he wore,
His salary, he told me, was lower than before ;
And standing at the O.P. wing he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.

I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

And once again we met ; but no bandit-chief was there ;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair :
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his "chalk," or wipe away his beer.

I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act with the blood upon his brow.

Punch, November 11, 1843.

HE DINED AT BERTHOLINI'S.

HE dined at Bertholini's, the day when first we met,
A pint of single stout was on the board before him set ;
His dinner had the lightness—his voice the humble tone
Of one to whom a shilling was not intimately known ;
I saw him but a moment, but I think I see him now,
In that hat of time-worn gossamer that drooped upon his brow.

A new dark Llama Paletot when next we met he wore,
The expression of his dress was not so seedy as before ;
And, dining at his side, was one, in Hemming's room upstairs,
Who deem'd his Line a good one, and who took five hundred shares.

I saw him but a moment, but methinks I see him still,
At the *café* in the Haymarket, where yet he owes the bill !

And once again I saw him, but this time it was not here ;
In coat of questionable age he traversed Boulogne Pier !
He stept in shabby solitude, for, on one fated day
The bubble of his Line had burst, and he had run away.
I saw him quite down-hearted, with his paletot all but rags,
As he underwent the fate of all Provisionary Stags.

ALBERT SMITH.

HE WORE GREY WORSTED STOCKINGS.

He wore grey worsted stockings the term when first we met,
 His trousers had no straps, his highlows had no jet ;
 His look it had the greenness, his voice the sleepy tone,
 The tokens of a raw young man who'd lately left his home.
 I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
 With his cap the wrong end foremost upon his freshman's brow.

A pink and snowy buckskins, when next we met he wore,
 The expression of his banker was more thoughtful than before ;

And riding by his side was one who strove, and not in vain
 To borrow five and twenty pounds he ne'er might see again ;
 I saw him lend the money ; and methinks I see him now,
 With his hunting cap of velvet upon his sportsman's brow.

And once again I see that brow ; no sporting cap is there :
 An article at four-and-nine sits on its untrimmed hair ;
 I see him playing racquets in the Fleet,* yet even now
 Methinks I see my freshman with verdure on his brow.
 The face is somewhat dirty, yet methinks I see it now,
 With the cap the wrong end foremost upon the freshman's brow.

From *Hints to Freshmen*. Oxford : J. Vincent.

THE BETTING-OFFICE FREQUENTER'S PROGRESS.

HE wore a suit of Moses,
 The night when first we met,
 And knowingly his hat was cocked
 Upon his curls of jet ;
 Flash "Publics" he frequented,
 Where "Sporting cards" were seen ;
 And many a Derby Sweep got up
 To ease them of their "tin."
 I saw him in his glory—
 (The word seems doubtful now),
 When to his stable wisdom
 His admiring chums would bow.

A betting-book he'd started,
 When next this youth I saw ;
 And hourly he was lounging at
 Some Betting-office door ;
 Or standing treat to stable-boys,
 With a "weed" between his lips,
 And listening to their sage discourse
 Of "great events" and "tips."
 He told me then he stood to win
 A fi' pun' note or two,
 Upon a "certain" prophecy—
 I doubt if it came true.

And once again I see this youth,
 No betting-book is there :
 The prison scissors close have cropped
 His once luxuriant hair.
 They tell that "cleaned" completely "out,"
 He closed his short career
 By bolting with his master's till,
 When "settling" time drew near.
 I see him shipped—the Government
 His passage out will pay :
 And at some penal settlement,
 He'll spend his Settling Day.

Punch.

*This song was written before "The Fleet" prison was abolished.

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
 The night that first we met ;
 Her lovely face was smiling,
 Beneath her curls of Jet.
 Her curls of jetty brightness,
 Were charmingly in tone,
 With the colour on her features,
 For the hue was Nature's own.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now ;
 With the hair that Nature gave her,
 Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion
 When next we met, she wore ;
 The expression of her features,
 Was sharper than before.
 And standing by her side was one,
 Who seemed to give her pain,
 As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
 What should have held a brain.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 With the barber's nasty liquid,
 Smeared on her snowy brow,

And once again I met her,
 No radiant locks were there ;
 An unmistakable wig she wore
 Instead of lovely hair.
 She weeps in silent solitude,
 Because she looks so queer !
 The barber's poison has destroyed
 Her hair from ear to ear.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Nor want to see her now,
 With those ugly proofs of folly
 Above her snowy brow.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1866.

HE WORE A PAIR OF "MITTENS."*

HE wore a pair of "mittens,"
 That day when first we met,
 His stony face was smiling
 As on himself he bet ;
 He stood with saucy fineness,
 Or danced upon his feet,
 In token of a confidence
 That had not known defeat.
 I saw him but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see him now,
 With his hands well up for boxing,
 All eager for the row.

Two eyes, both black and swollen
 When next we met he wore,
 The expression of his features,
 Was less pleasant than before ;
 And standing close beside was one,
 Who strove with might and main
 To make them still less beauteous,
 Nor did he strive in vain.
 I saw him but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see him now,
 As he diligently sought a tooth,
 He'd swallowed in the row.

*Boxing-gloves.

And once again I saw that man,
 No joy at all was his ;
 For many knocks had quite effaced
 Expression from his "phiz."
 He wept as weeps a boy at school
 When beaten in the rear,
 Nor did he bless his second,
 Who sponged away the tear.
 I saw him but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see him now,
 As his length on earth he measured,
 Less eager for the row.

From *The Corkscrew Papers*. London : W. H. Guest,
 Paternoster Row. 1876.

THE GRAVEL RASH.

HE rode a tandem trycycle
 The day when first we met,
 He wore a pair of spectacles,
 Perhaps he has them yet !
 I saw him but a moment,
 But methinks I see him now
 With the same old cap upon his head
 And frown upon his brow.

His face looked white as driven snow
 Against his bags of blue,
 His pedalling was marvellous
 As round the track he flew.
 I saw him but a moment,
 But methinks I see him now,
 Lying whole length o'er the track,
 And the frown still on his brow.

The last I heard of that young man,
 Was through the weekly WHEELING ;
 "Whee-ling"—er o'er those words of his
 So full of kindly feeling.
 I saw them but a moment,
 But methinks I see them now
 With the author bending o'er them,
 And that frown yet on his brow.

MORAL.

When people speak of others' faults,
 It's time they knew their own,
 So take a lesson, dear young man,
 And try ye to atone.

Wheeling Annual, 1885.

"I SAW HER BUT A MOMENT."

"The trains to Notting Hill run every half-hour."
Information given by Company.

"Do they? Ha! ha!" *Remark by one who had tried them.*

I saw her but a moment,
 Yet, methinks, I see her still—
 'Twas at Victoria Station,
 And she wanted "Notting Hill."

Comes a "Notting Hill Gate" quickly—
 Comes one more, then one more still ;
 But they suit not our poor maiden,
 For she wants a "Notting Hill."

That face, so wan and weary,
 Was sure enough to fill
 With pity, heart of marble,
 In this case of Notting Hill.

I saw her but a moment,
 Yet, perhaps, she's waiting still—
 Or, better still, has given up
 All hopes of "Notting Hill."

BUT A MOMENT.

I saw her but a moment
 Beneath the apple tree ;
 'There was no one to listen,
 No eyes were there to see.
 I heard her soft voice singing,
 Her song was one of love ;
 Her bright eyes seemed to borrow
 Light from the stars above.
 I saw her but a moment
 As 'neath the tree she sat ;
 I threw at her the poker—
 (She was—my neighbour's cat).

—:O:—

OH ! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH ! no, we never mention her, her name is never heard,
 My lips are now forbid to speak, that once familiar word ;
 From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret,
 And when they win a smile from me they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others
 see,

But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
 I do not see the hawthorn tree, but how can I forget ?

For oh ! there are so many things recall the past to me,
 The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea ;
 The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set,
 Aye, every leaf I look upon forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now, the gayest of the gay,
 They hint that she forgets me too, but I heed not what they
 say ;

Perhaps like me she struggles with each feeling of regret,
 But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

ANSWER TO "OH ! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER !"

OH ! am I then remembered still,
 Remembered too by thee !
 Or am I quite forgot by one,
 Whom I no more shall see ?
 Yet, say not so, for that would add
 Fresh anguish to my lot.
 I dare not hope to be recall'd,
 Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who parted us but known
 How hearts like our's can feel,
 They would have spared us both a pang,
 Beyond their power to heal.
 I know not if my heart retains,
 Its wonted warmth or not ;

Though I'm forbid to think of thee,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind,
Which I can never know,
If that's denied my prayer shall be,
That I may share thy woe.
Where'er thou art my every wish,
Will linger o'er that spot,
My every thought will be of thee,
Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
Thou'lt find that I am changed;
My eyes grow dim, my cheeks grow pale,
But not my faith estrang'd:
From mem'ry's page the hand of death,
Alone thy name shall blot,
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt,
Thou'lt never be forgot.

— — —

Lines suggested by the failure of Mr. Thomas
Haynes Bayly's Farce, "Decorum."

OH no! we'll never mention him;
We won't, upon our word!
"Decorum" now forbids to name
An unsuccessful bard.
From Drury Lane we'll toddle to
Our office with regret,
And if they ask us, "Who's been dished!"
We'll say that We forget!

We'll bid him now forsake the "Scene,"
And try his ancient strain;
He'd better "be a butterfly"
Than write a farce again.
'Tis true that he can troll a song,
Or tender chansonette;
But if you ask us, "What beside?"
Why, really, we forget.

R. H. BARHAM, Author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

— — —
A SONG.

*Written by a rusticated Trinity man, while brooding over the
conduct of the Proctor of 1827.*

OH! no we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
My lips are now so loth to speak
That once familiar word;
From street to street he followed me
One evening thro' the west,
Then brought me to the Vice, which now
He thinks that I forget.

They bade me seek in rustic ease
A quiet man to be,
But when I come to Trin: again
They'll find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The alley where we met,
I do not see dear Mr. T.
But still I shan't forget.

They tell me he is happy now,
But each dog has his day,
They tell me he forgets me now
But he soon shall dearly pay;

For when near me he struggles with
A crowd of snobs beset,
Then if I hit as I have hit,
He never shall forget.

M.

The Gownsmen. February 18, 1830, (or 1831?)

— — —
SONG BY SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Notwithstanding the length of time that has now elapsed since the breaking up of the Tory Administration, there is scarcely a member of it who does not still look back with a feeling of the most melancholy regret to the days when he once fingered the public money within the walls of the Treasury. On Sir Robert Peel the effect that has been produced is as vivid as it seemed the first hour after his resignation, and the unhappy baronet is often heard to give vent to his sensations, after the debate of the night, in the following exquisitely touching stanzas:—

OH no we never finger it,
Its name we never say,
My fingers are forbid to grasp
The once familiar pay.
From Bill to Bill they hurry me,
To banish my regret,
And when they win a speech from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek by change of note
The place where rivals be,
But were I e'en to turn a Whig,
There'd be no place for me.
'Tis true that I no more behold
The council where we met,
I do not see the Treasury,
But how can I forget?

They tell me Lyndhurst's happy now,
The gayest of the gay,
They hint that he forgets, but pshaw!
I heed not what they say.
Perhaps th' Exchequer brings him in
A pretty penny yet,
But if he grasp'd as I have grasp'd,
He never can forget.

Figaro in London. April 6, 1833.

— — —
THE NOTORIOUS UNKNOWN.

"OH! NO! we never mention HER, HER name is never heard!
And now the deuce to find it out, I know not, on my word.
But tho' I could not tell HER name, HER face I'd often seen,
"She stood among the glittering throng," with Jacky in the green.

A ladle in one hand she bore, a salt box in the other;
And of the Sooty Cupids near, she seemed the teeming mother.

"I met HER at the Fancy fair," with fancy lads around her,
And with a blow she laid one low, as flat as any flounder.

"I saw HER at the Beulah Spa," along with Gipsy Joe,
A-riding on a donkey rough, vitch, somehow wouldn't go.
I saw HER ply her sybil art, and pick up cash like fun,
For heads and tails she gave them hearts, and pleasur'd every one.

"I saw HER at the Masquerade," along with Nimming Ned,
Achieve those feats, where fingers light work nimbler than the head.
I saw HER too at All-Max once (not Almack's in the west,) "Twas in the crowd,"—her voice was loud: I must'nt tell the rest.
I saw HER at the "Central Court," (it gave me quite a shock),
Surrounded by her body guard, she stood within the dock.
And then I heard a little man, with solemn voice proclaim,
("Twas rue to me, and wormwood too), that ALIAS was her name.

From George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack*, 1836.

LORD NON-CONTENT.

Lord Lyndhurst (Lord Chancellor): Content or Non-content? *Lord Brougham (Ex-Lord Chancellor):* Oh! Non-content, of course.

OH! no I say; don't mention it,
'Tis really too absurd;
I don't admit a single thing:
I won't believe a word.
From all that Noble Lords have said,
In toto I dissent;
Why, doesn't exerybody know
I'm always "Non-Content?"

They tell me I'm an obstinate,
Impracticable man;
I'm open to conviction—but
Convince me if you can.
I blame your views, deny your facts,
Dispute your argument;
Then why the question put to me?
Of course I'm "Non-Content."

Content indeed! I never was,
From childhood's dawn till now;
And I should greatly like to see
The statement I'd allow.
To differ only I'll agree;
On that I'm firmly bent,
I am, I will, I must, I shall,
Be always "Non-Content."

Punch. 1844.

OH! NO, I NEVER NAME MY WIFE.

OH no, I never name my wife
But let her lie at rest;
Although she used to pull my nose,
Now I am truly blest.

Each morn for cash she'd worry me,
To purchase heavy-wet;
And how she stagger'd home at eve
I never shall forget.

I strove to find in change of scene,
A tranquil hour or two,
But if, alas, she found me out
She'd thump me black and blue.

'Tis true, I now appear no more
With eyes as black as jet;
But *how the poker she could wield,*
I never can forget,

They hint that she is happy now,
In sooth, and so am I,
And, as she can return no more
'Twere wrong in me to sigh.

When I prepared to bury her
And friends and neighbours met,
The sort of sorrow I then felt
I never can forget.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

—:0:—

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet,
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd be a butterfly, &c.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a Fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings,
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose where the nightingale sings;
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! nought but misery brings.
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose where the nightingale sings.
I'd be a butterfly, &c.

What though you tell me each gay little rover,
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day,
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away:
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay.
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away,
I'd be a butterfly, &c

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

In 1828 a small volume was printed at Malton, entitled "*PSYCHÆ; or Songs of Butterflies*. By *T. H. Bayly, attempted in Latin Rhyme by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S.* (*Archdeacon of the East Riding of York*.)" in which occurs the following admirable Latin version of the above song:—

Ah sim Papilio, natus in flosculo,
Rosae ubi liliaeque et violae patent;
Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo
Gemmulus tangens, quae suave olent!
Regna et opes ego nequitquam postulo,
Nolo ego ad pedes qui se volutant—
Ah sim Papilio, natus in flosculo,
Osculans gemmas quae suave olent!

Magicam si possem virgam furari,
Alas has pulchras aptem mi, cheu!
Æstivis actis diebus in aëre,
Rosâ cubant Philomelae cantu.
Opes quid afferrunt? Curas, somnum rare;
Regna nil praeter aerumnas, cheu!
Ah sim Papilio, die volans aëre,
Rosâ cubans Philomelae cantu!

Que nunc horum vagulum dicis horrore
 Frigora Autumni ferire suo ;
 Æstas quando abiit, mallet ego mori,
 Omni quod dulce est cadente pulchro.
 Bræmæ qui capiunt capient labore
 Gaudia, et moras breves trahunto—
 Ah sim Papilio ; vivam in errore,
 Concidamque omni cadente pulchro.

January, 1828.

AN ANSWER TO MR. BAYLY.

I WOULD not be a butterfly,
 Nay, Mr. Bayly nay,
 Although you rhyme to ear and eye
 In such a dainty way.
 Those pretty words, that pretty air
 Admit but this reply,
 It strikes me I should hardly care
 To be a butterfly.

A charm there is in being born
 Within a rosy bower,
 Where sunshine and a summer morn
 Should grace my natal hour.
 But I was born a cockney, sir,
 A cockney I shall die,
 Pray why on earth should I prefer
 To be a butterfly ?

The plants that in a garden grow
 Are fresh and very sweet,
 But more befitting for a show
 Than proper things to eat.
 I love my soup, I love my fish,
 My joint and apple-pie,
 My menu never makes me wish
 To be a butterfly.

'Tis only just a month or so
 The things can keep alive,
 One year's career they never know,
 And mine are forty-five.
 I hope to earn a little fame
 Ere many more go by,
 It would not be a paying game
 To be a butterfly.

I tell you frankly Mr. B.
 I would not if I could,
 In fact so far as I can see
 I could not if I would.
 To many things we all aspire,
 For many things we sigh,
 But why should mortal man desire
 To be a butterfly ?

HENRY S. LEIGH.

I'D BE A PARODY.

I'd be a Parody made by a ninny
 Or some little song with a popular tune,
 Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
 And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.
 I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
 (Who cares for sense at St. James's in June ?)
 I'd be a parody made by a ninny,
 And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
 I'd take a flight on another bard's wings
 Turning his rhymes into extravaganza,
 Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !
 When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
 A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings !
 Oh ! never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
 Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings !

What though you tell me each metrical puppy
 May make of such parodies *two pair a day* ;
 Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy
 Paradise plumes for the parodied lay :—
 Ladder of fame ! if man *can't* reach thy top, he
 Is right to sing just as high up as he may ;
 I'd be a parody made by a puppy,
 Who makes of such parodies *two pair a day*.

From *Sharpe's Magazine*, 1829.

SONG OF A RIFLEMAN.

I'd be a Rifleman, gallant and gay,
 Longest and last at the banquet or ball ;
 Waltzing, Quadrilling, and flirting away,
 Constant to none, yet a favourite with all.
 True to the opera, concert, or play,
 I'd never languish for wedlock's dull thrall ;
 I'll be a Rifleman, gallant and gay,
 Constant to none, yet a favourite with all.

* * * * *

What though you tell me the jacket of scarlet
 Is forwarder seen when the battle's begun ?
 Yet the Rifleman sure you ought never to snarl at,
 For he'll safely return when the battle is done.
 Others in conflict, while fighting may fall at
 The stroke of a sabre, or shot of a gun,
 But the Rifleman laughs at the jacket of scarlet,
 Perch'd in a tree till the battle is done.
 I'd be a Rifleman, I'd be a Rifleman,
 Flirting in peace-time when battle is done.

From *The Bentley Ballads*. (London. Richard Bentley.)

SONG OF THE COLLEGE BEDMAKER.

I MAKE the butter fly all in an hour ;
 I put aside the preserves and cold meats,
 Telling my master his cream has turned sour,
 Hiding his pickles, purloining his sweets.

I never languish for husband or dower ;
 I never sigh to see gyps at my feet ;
 I make the butter fly, all in an hour,
 Taking it home for my Saturday treat.

From *Horace at Athens*, by G. O. TREVELYAN.

I'D BE A ROTHSCHILD.

I'd be a Rothschild ! immortal in story,
 As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains,
 Having a heart drunk with visions of glory,
 When fifty per cent. on my table remains ;
 I'd have no poet to sway his lute o'er me,
 A fig for the head that such nonsense contains.
 I'd be a Rothschild ! immortal in story,
 As the fellows who live by their stanzas and brains.

Tell me of Southey's and Scott's, they are ninnies
 To foolishly trifle with time as they do,
 Give me the music of soul-witching guineas,
 While they address lays to the "summer skies blue!"
 What if they scribble like Virgils or Plinies,
 At sixpence per line in each London review?
 I'd be a Rothschild! and laugh at the ninnies,
 Whose brains such absurd undertakings pursue.

Commerce shall wave her proud flag o'er the ocean,
 When the wreath and the minstrel have vanished
 from hence,
 Rhymes may give to the muse their devotion,
 But mine is concentrated in consols and rents
 Of Tempe and Castaly I have no notion
 Oh! they give song the importance of sense;
 I'd be a Rothschild! with every emotion
 Awake at the tune of *pounds, shillings, and pence!*

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

From *The Mirror*, 1830.

NEGRO LIBERTY.

ME be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine,
 Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,
 Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.
 Me drink my rum, in de calabash oval,
 Me neber sigh for de brandy and wine;
 Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.
 Me be a nigger boy,
 When me live happy, wha for me repine?

Me neber run from my massa's plantation,
 Wha for me run? me no want to get lick;
 He gib me house, and me pay no taxation—
 Food when me famish, and nurse when me sick.
 Willy-force* nigger, he belly be empty,
 He hab the freedom, dat no good for me;
 My massa good man, he gib me plenty,
 Me no lobe Willy-force* better dan he.
 Me be de nigger boy,
 Me happy fellow, den why me want free?

From *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830.

SONG BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I'd be a Minister born into power,
 Grasping the pay and the patronage sweet,
 Making fine speeches to last for an hour.
 At night when the Members of Parliament meet
 I'd never care for the Whigs looking sour,
 I should have plenty of slaves at my feet.
 I'd be a Minister born into power,
 Grasping the pay and the patronage sweet.
 Then could I pilfer the office of Grey now
 I'd get a share of those nice little things,
 Giving the patronage, drawing the pay now
 And making the most of whatever it brings.
 Those that are out, great complaints have to say now
 Office around them complacency flings.
 I'd be a Minister, like I see Grey now
 I'd get a share of those snug little things.

Figaro in London, April 13, 1833.

*Note:—Willy-force, i.e. Wilberforce.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

"*Master Butterfly*, Mr. Townley's famous short-horn bull, to which the first prize was awarded at the Chelmsford meeting, and who has been bought for the sum of 1,200 guineas, by an Australian gentleman, was shipped a few days ago for Melbourne by the *Copenhagen*."—*Daily Paper*.

I'd be a Butterfly, bought for a power
 Of gold from Australia, a short-horn complete,
 Shelter'd in homestead from sun and from shower,
 Fatten'd on oat-cake and mangold so sweet.
 Think of the glory obtained by my breeder—
 Of the medal at Chelmsford so gloriously won—
 Think of the credit borne off by my feeder,
 For the fat, layer by layer, my broad ribs laid upon!

In a fast clipper they've taken my passage,
 And a cabin on deck they've constructed for me,
 Padded and mattress'd to ease ocean's tossage,
 Pitched and caulked close 'gainst the wash of the sea.
 While roots of the choicest, and hay of the sweetest,
 Are stored upon board for my use on the way,
 A best Lipscombe's filter ensures the completest
 Regard for my water-supply, day by day.

As for the passenger bipeds—poor devils,
 Herring-like packed in the dark hold below!
 Think of sea-sickness, and all of its evils—
 Hatches all down—when it comes on to blow!
 My sweet hay, my good water, and cabin so cool,
 Compare with their berths, junk, and Thames from the tank!

Surely all must perceive how a fine short-horn bull
 And an emigrant labourer differ in rank!

Punch. August 23, 1856.

WE MET.

WE met—'twas in a crowd,
 And I thought he would shun me,
 He came—I could not breathe,
 For his eyes were upon me;
 He spoke—his words were cold,
 And his smile was unaltered;
 I knew how much he felt,
 For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,
 And I rival'd its whiteness;
 Bright gems were in my hair,
 How I hated their brightness.
 He called me by my name—
 As the bride of another—
 Oh, thou hast been the cause
 Of this anguish my mother!

And once again we met,—
 And a fair girl was near him,
 He smiled, and whispered low,
 As I once used to hear him:
 She leant upon his arm—
 Once 'twas mine, and mine only
 I wept—for I deserved
 To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride!
 At the altar he'll give her
 The love that was too pure
 For a heartless deceiver.

The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother,—
Oh, thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother !

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

We met, 'twas in a mob, and we looked at each other ;
He came—I said to him, " That you have got another.
You know I saw you come out of yonder dark alley,
Along with that ere gal they call one-eyed Sally."
And she wore her bridal dress,—'twas a sailor's blue jacket ;
Her face, it smiled at me, how I longed for to smack it,
I said that you was false when you gave me a milling !
Oh ! thou hast been the cause of these black eyes, you
villain !

I saw him once again, with that 'ere same gal walking ;
She grinn'd, and so did he ; how I envied their talking.
My heart it burst with rage, when her smart cap I tore off,
And a piece of her black hair in triumph I bore off ;
He made a rush at me to give me a feller,
But he missed his savage aim, and fell into a cellar :
I laughed—I said to him, " You remember the milling
You last did give to me, and those black eyes, you villain ! "

" Mr. Henry Colburn here led Lady Morgan to the harp,
and requested her to sing ' WE MET.' The wild Irish girl
condescended thus to comply " :—

We met ! 'twas in your shop,
And I thought you would shun me ;
But you came—your words were sweet,
And your yellow-boys won me.
You bade me write a book,
And they damn'd it in Holborn :—
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, Hal Colburn !

You cut off half my price
When I went to another ;
And I hate you for it well,
Though my feelings I smother.
God send you may be *burked*,
Some dark night in High Holborn—
And the puffs may bear your corpse
To the doctors, Hal Colburn !

From *The National Omnibus*. November 25, 1831.

WE MET—'Twas in ST. GILES.

We met, 'twas in St. Giles, Ah my poor bosom flutter'd—
He spoke, so full of smiles—though a little he stutter'd.
He said, " Ah, how d'ye do," but I could not say
" Thank'ee ! "

I looked so very blue, and he look'd so lankey.
I wore my new pelisse all satin and whiteness,
A new five shilling piece had never such brightness
I should have ta'en his arm, but there was another—
O, thou hast been the cause of this anguish—my mother.

And once again we met that dashing young fellow,
It rain'd heavy wet, he'd a green *umbrella* ;
He said, a worthy Jew, for nine-pence did mend it,
He said, 'twas good as new, and offer'd to lend it.

I thought there was no harm—I was going to take it ;
My mother pull'd my arm, 'till I thought she would break it !
Don't you think that cut direct, all his loving must smother.
Ah ! thou hast been the cause of this anguish my *mamma*.

From *The London Singer's Magazine*.

THE DUEL.—No. 1.

We met,—'twas on the ground—
And I thought he would fight me ;
He came his looks were bold,
And his pistols did fright me.
He frown'd, and he whispered low
A dead shot he is reckoned ;
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this duel, my second !

He trod the paces out,
With a deal of expertness ;
His legs were very short,
How I hated their shortness.
He loaded, primed, and cocked,
To his friend then he beckon'd ;
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this duel, my second !

From *The National Omnibus*, June 10, 1831.

THE DUEL No. 2.

We met, 'twas in a field,
And I thought he would wing me ;
He came, I made cock sure
That down he would bring me.
He spoke, his words were cool ;
His smile was unalter'd ;
I knew he did not fear,
For his hand never falter'd.

I wore my Russia ducks,
And I rivall'd their whiteness ;
Two slight friends were there,
How I envied their slightness !
I call'd the fellow out,
And there could be no shrinkings :
Oh ! thou hast been the cause
Of this duel—Miss Jenkins !

(Two verses omitted.)

The Comic Magazine, Second Series, 1833.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

" ' Oh ! is there not something, dear Augustus, truly
sublime in this warring of the elements ? ' " But Augustus's
heart was too full to speak.—*MS. Novel by Lady* —

THEY met, 'twas in a storm,
On the deck of a steamer ;
She spoke in language warm,
Like a sentimental dreamer.
He spoke—at least he tried ;
His position he altered ;
Then turn'd his face aside,
And his deep-ton'd voice faltered.

She gazed upon the wave,
Sublime she declared it ;

But no reply he gave—
 He could not have dared it.
 A breeze came from the south,
 Across the billows sweeping ;
 His heart was in his mouth,
 And out he thought 'twas leaping.

"O, then, steward," he cried,
 With the deepest emotion ;
 Then totter'd to the side,
 And leant o'er the ocean.
 The world may think him cold,
 But they'll pardon him with quickness,
 When the fact they shall be told,
 That he suffered from sea-sickness.

Punch, 1845.

LORD BROUGHAM AND DR. REID.

"I DON'T WANT EXPLANATION, I WANT AIR"—*Brougham on Ventilation, Vide Times*. "LORD BROUGHAM has expressed a very natural repugnance to be treated like an animal, shut up for the purpose of having ventilating experiments tried upon him. Such, however, is the fate of all Members of Parliament who are subjected to the horrors of DR. REID's process. We can fancy the agonies of the Ex-Chancellor, imprisoned in an exhausted receiver, like one of those little figures we have seen ascending and descending in a glass tube, according as the air was let in upon or withdrawn from them. BROUGHAM's *rencontre* with REID would be well worthy of a poetical celebration, in a strain somewhat similar to the following :—

WE met, 'twas in the House,
 And I hoped he would shun me ;
 He came, I could not breathe,
 For his tube was upon me.
 He puff'd, the air was cold,
 The thermometer alter'd :
 I knew 'twas freezing point,
 For my voice with shivering falter'd.

I wore my Russia ducks,
 In their beautiful whiteness ;
 Cold gusts ran through the House—
 How I hated their lightness !
 I call'd for warmer air,
 But the pipes never cock'd are—
 Oh, thou hast been the cause
 Of this humbug, my Doctor !

And once again we met,
 And a workman was near him ;
 He smiled and whisper'd low,
 And I waited to hear him.
 He gave a gentle breeze ;
 I confessed it was pleasing :
 But then there came a rush
 Of air that was freezing.

Is no one at my side,
 Poor BROUGHAM to deliver ;
 Or must he die shut in
 An exhausted receiver ?
 The world may think him wise,
 But the House he will smother ;
 Or blow it all away
 On some day or other.

Punch, June, 1846.

THE LOST WATCH.

WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—
 I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me ;
 He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unaltered,
 I too, longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs falter'd.
 I wore my brand new boots—and unrivalled their bright-
 ness,

They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness !
 I called, but no one came, and my stride had a tether,
 Oh, *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,
 He swore, a something low, but 'twas no use to fear him.
 I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
 And stopt, as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely :
 And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
 The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver ;
 The world may think me gay—heart and feet ache together,
 Oh, *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

TOM HOOD.

THE IMPOSITION.

WE met in upper school,
 And I thought he would "draw" me ;
 He came, his words were stern,
 And much did he jaw me.
 He asked me for my task,
 Which I could not to him show.
 Oh ! thou hast been the cause
 Of this anguish, my "Impo."

And once again we met.
 And his black book was near him
 He pored and mumbled low,
 As often you may hear him ;
 He said that I seem'd
 In my duty towards him slow.
 Oh ! thou hast been the cause
 Of this anguish, my "Impo."

I wore a clean white shirt,
 And revelled in its whiteness,
 Bright studs were in it too,
 How I envied their brightness ;
 For they made my face look pale,
 But I did not let him know
 That thou wert the cause
 Of this anguish, my "Impo."

W. V.

From *The Charterhouse School Collection of Poems*.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd
 To take a last fond look,
 Of the valley and the village church,
 And the cottage by the brook ;
 He listen'd to the sounds
 So familiar to his ear ;
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,
 And wip'd away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf
 Which flutter'd in the breeze :

She breath'd a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear,
But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt,
And wip'd away a tear.

He turn'd, and left the spot,
Oh ! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Tho' tears were on his cheek.
Go, watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wip'd away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE RECTOR'S TEAR.

(Supposed to be sung by the Rev. George Croly.)

BESIDE the church he stood,
To take a last fond look
Of the pulpit and the vestry-room,
And the red morocco book.
He heard the beadle's voice,
So familiar to his ear,
And he raised his surplice to his eyes,
And wiped away a tear.

Within the old church door,
The clerk was on his knees,
Groping about in the wooden box,
In which he kept his fees.
The parson heard the dub-ups chink
Said he to himself, oh ! dear,
If I had those, I do not think
I'd wipe away a tear !

That fine old humbug turned
To leave the chapel door ;
He'd pocketed a fortune there,
But now he longed for more.
Go watch the vacant bishoprics,
In the chancellor's career ;
If he pops into one of them
He'll wipe away no tear !

From *The National Omnibus*, November 25, 1831.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S TEAR.

"We cannot help calling the attention of our readers to the following very touching melody, sung by the Duke of Wellington immediately on his discovering his inability to form an Administration. The allusion to his threatened retirement from the House, is replete with feeling ; and the reference to the broken windows of Apsley House, pathetic and beautiful."

UPON his heel he turned,
To take a last fond look,
Of their lordships and the ministers,
And the premier's pleasant nook.
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier on his protest leant.
To wipe away a tear.

Upon the sack of wool,
Brougham was on his knees ;
He held aloft the snow-white Bill,
That caused so many a breeze.

He breathed a prayer to him—
A prayer he could not hear ;
But he paused to damn him as he went,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned to quit the House—
Oh, do not deem him weak ;
For bloody were the soldier's thoughts,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the broken panes,
Of Apsley, dark and drear,
For there the soldier now must go,
To wipe away his tear.

Figaro in London, May 26, 1832.

(At that time the Duke of Wellington was very unpopular, and Apsley House had been attacked by the mob.)

THE BLUES AGAIN.

UPON the ground he stood,
To take a last fond look
At the troopers as he entered them
In Mister Dixon's book.
He listened to the neigh
So familiar to his ear ;
But the soldier thought of bills to pay,
And wiped away a tear.

The soldier blew his nose,
Oh, do not deem him weak !
To meet his creditors he knows
He's not sufficient cheek.
Go read the writ-book through,
And mid the names, I fear
You're sure to find the very Blue
Who wiped away the tear.

Punch. 1845.

("Punch had hoped that the regiment had been extricated from its little pecuniary difficulties, but was horrified on finding that the Commanding Officer had given instructions to sell twenty very superior long-tailed troop-horses. The above lines were suggested to the mind of a sentimentalist who attended the sale.")

THE FOOTMAN'S NOSE.

IN the street he turn'd to take a last long look,
Of the palings and the garden wall, where he the carpets
shook :
He saw the kitchen fire where oft he'd warm'd his toes,
The footman bent upon his stick, and stood to wipe his nose.

Upon those steps a girl was scrubbing on her knees,
The wind took off her bonnet which flutter'd in the breeze.
She pray'd that it might fall by him, as in the air it rose,
He grin'd, but lest that she should see, he stood and wiped
his nose.

He turn'd and left the place where he had lived a week,
Too youthful was the footman's heart, tho' whiskered was
his cheek ;
Yet he had gain'd that cooky's love, and banish'd other
beaux,
For sure the one she lov'd the most, was he who wiped his
nose.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

THE POLICEMAN'S TEAR.

AGAINST the rails he leant,
 To take a last fond look,
 At the kitchen he was petted in,
 And the open-handed cook.
 He heard the pretty housemaid read—
 "The Guards will soon be here,
 And the Peeler turned his bracelet round,
 And wiped away a tear.

He thought on beef and pickles,
 On the lobster and the crab,
 And other dainties that the Force
 So well knows how to grab.
 He thought of Susan's sixpences,
 Of Sarah's supper-beer,
 And the Peeler turned his bracelet round
 And wiped away a tear.

For the Guards, the Guards are coming—
 A week, and we shall find
 His nose put not less out of joint
 Than our larder, when he'd dined,
 Cousins from the Crimea
 With his rights will interfere—
 No wonder that the peeler sighed,
 And wiped away a tear.

But there is vengeance in his head,
 So do not deem him weak—
 There's many a soldier will be watched
 And brought before the Beak,
 And of his rivals he will try
 To keep our kitchens clear,
 No sharper eye the steps can guard
 Than now let's fall the tear.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1856.

AWFUL POSITION OF MR. DUNUP AT BOULOGNE.

UPON the pier he turned
 To take a mental look
 Of his credit and his creditors,
 Whom basely he forsook.
 He conjured up the sound
 So familiar to his ear,
 Of "please to settle this account ;"
 And answer'd with a sneer.

He reached his lodging door,
 A trembling took his knees—
 He found in Paris there had been
 A most tremendous breeze.
 "A bas les Anglais !" roar'd
 Directly in his ear,
 Told him there was not time to pause—
 He sought again the pier.

He look'd on board the boat,
 Oh ! do not deem him weak ;
 For desperate was *Dunup's* game,
 The game of hide-and-seek.
 Go watch him at Boulogne,
 You'll find him on the pier ;
 He'd rather risk the bayonets there,
 Than brave the bailiffs here !

Punch, 1848.

THE SOLDIER'S FEAR.

HE turn'd upon his heel,
 To take an angry look
 Of the baggage-waggon and the baggage
 As they came o'er the brook ;
 He tried to lose the sounds
 So familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword
 His wife was in the rear.

She sat upon the baggage.
 A child was on her knees :
 She looked just such a sort of one
 As loved to have a breeze ;
 She breathed a threat for him,
 A threat *he* could not hear,
 Or else he would have soundly drubb'd
 His partner in the rear.

He turned and cursed the spot,
 Oh ! do not deem him weak ;
 Bursting with fury was his heart,
 Tho' pallid was his cheek.
 Go watch the foremost rank
 In danger's dark career,
 And mark the man most des'prate there
 His wife is in the rear.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

STANZAS.

By Haynes Bayly the Second.)

THE Broadwood is opened, its tapers are lit,
 And my hostess implores me to play ;
 She would hear me accompany lines full of wit,
 In my truly musicianlike way.
 But my lyrics were made for the careless and free,
 When my heart and my spirits were light :
 Seek the lays of the lively from others, not *me*,
 Let my song be a sad one to-night.

Leave, leave me, fair lady, to cherish my gloom
 In a corner far far from the throng ;
 Let me carry some chair to the end of the room
 And retreat from the dance and the song,
 Let me hide my depression and veil my despair
 From the crowd of the brilliant and bright ;
 Or in case you *insist* upon hearing an air,
 Let my song be a sad one to-night.

I could give you "The Last Rose of Summer," perhaps,
 In a plaintive and exquisite style :
 But I know I should simply and feebly collapse
 In my efforts to conjure a smile.
 The low-comedy manner, the sickly grimace,
 Would be rather too painful a sight :
 With a load on my bosom, a cloud on my face,
 Let my song be a sad one to-night.

Not a particle, thank you. No fluids can cheer
 Such a state of dejection as mine.
 It resists the seductive advances of beer,
 And refuses the solace of wine.
 No, I cannot be comic, fair lady. I trust
 You regard my refusal aright.
 Well, of course, if you *must* have a ballad, you *must*,
 Let my song be a sad one to-night.

Fan. November 18, 1871.

MORE STANZAS.

(By Haynes Bayly the Second.)

I HAVE taken ten glasses of sherry ;
 I hope they will ask me to sing ;
 I am feeling uncommonly merry,
 And pine to go in for my fling.
 I would give them no die-away ditty ;
 My lay should be jocund and light.
 Bother sentiment—let me be witty ;
 Oh ! let me be comic to-night.

As I sit here alone in a corner—
 A slighted though eminent guest—
 I resemble poor little Jack Horner,
 Except that the pie is *non est*.
 Yet I fain would be awfully jolly,
 I fain would be gay if I might ;
 I am ready for frolic and folly—
 Oh, let me be comic to-night,

I was grieved when my opulent uncle
 Was taken so terribly ill.
 'Tis a fearful affair, a carbuncle,
 And baffles all medical skill.
 He is gone, and has left me to suffer ;
 But Time puts our sorrows to flight.
 He left me his money, poor buffer :—
 Oh, let me be comic to-night.

Let me try ; I am perfectly ready,
 I've sat in my corner too long,
 But my legs are a little unsteady—
 That wine was remarkably strong.
 Did you say I was tipsy ? Oh gammon !
 Just lift me up gently. All right—
 I can sing, Sir. 'Twas only the salmon.
 Oh, let me be comic to-night.

Fun. December 9, 1871.

These two imitations of Bayly's style were written by the late Mr. Henry Sambrook Leigh, who died June 16, 1883. They were also included in a volume of his poems, entitled *A Town Garland*, published by Chatto & Windus, London, in 1878.

—:O:—

OUT.

OUT, John ! out, John ! what are you about, John ?
 If you don't say out at once, you make the fellow doubt,
 John !
 Say I'm out, whoever calls, and hide my hat and cane, John !
 Say you've not the least idea when I shall come again, John !
 Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not to call,
 John !
 Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay them all,
 John !
 Out, John ! out, John ! what are you about, John ?
 If you don't say out at once, you make the fellow doubt,
 John !

Run, John ! run, John ! there's another dun, John ;
 If it's Prodder, bid him call to-morrow week at one, John !
 If he says he saw me at the window as he knocked, John !
 Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are
 shocked, John !
 Take your pocket handkerchief, and put it to your eye,
 John !
 Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie, John !
 Out, John ! out John ! &c.

Oh, John ! go, John ! there's Noodle's knock, I know, John
 Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and low
 John !
 Tell him just before he came, you saw me mount the hill
 John !
 Say you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill, John !
 Then I think you'd better add, that if I miss to-day, John !
 You're sure I mean to call when next I pass his way, John !
 Out, John ! out, John ! &c.

Hie, John ! fly, John ! I will tell you why, John !
 If there is not Grimshawe at the corner, let me die, John !
 He will hear of no excuse, I'm sure he'll search the house,
 John !
 Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John !
 Beg he'll take a chair and wait, I know he won't refuse,
 John !
 I'll pop through the little door that opens on the mews, John !
 Out, John ! out, John ! &c.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

LORD BRUMMAGEM, LATE JOHN BRIGHT.

OUT, John ! out, John ! What *have* you been about John,
 To thus oppose your Grand Old Chief, and try to cause his
 rout, John ?
 We'd news of late which said your health was very much
 amiss, John ;
 But, sick or well, we never thought that you would come to
 this, John !

Fie, John ! fie, John ! We wish you'd tell us why, John,
 You've now become of selfish Whigs and Tories the ally,
 John ?
 It can't, of course, be from mere spite, or any such mean
 end, John,
 That you have, in an honoured age, thus turned upon your
 friend, John !

Yet, John ! yet, John ! we very much regret, John,
 That better reason for your acts we've wholly failed to get,
 John.
 You hint that Mr. Gladstone's mad, which is not very kind,
 John ;
 But, come now, are you sure that *you* are in your own right
 mind, John ?

Come, John ! come, John ! Nay, nay, you can't be dumb,
 John.
 You *must* speak out if we begin your past life's deeds to sum,
 John ;
 For hitherto you have been bold upon the side of right,
 John.
 What, then, has changed your principles, if it be not mere
 spite, John ?

Why, John ! why, John ! you in the days gone by, John,
 Full many a time have pleaded for the race you now defy,
 John ;
 Freedom was sacred then to you, and justice very dear,
 John,
 But now, though, you attack them both, whilst stupid Tories
 cheer, John.

Think, John, think, John ! ere you much lower sink, John,
 That those who cheer you are the crew from whom you used
 to shrink, John ;
 Yes ; stupid Tories, grasping Whigs, and Jingoese wild for
 war, John,
 These are your brand-new friends—and we would ask again
 "What for, John ?"

Yes, John ! yes, John ! Most sadly we confess, John
We, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," for explanation
press, John.

Had you wax'd weary of the right, and tired of being true,
John,
When you across a noble life this sombre shadow threw,
John ?

Stay, John ! stay, John ! Hear all we have to say, John !
Falls like to that of Chamberlain in no wise us dismay,
John.

Joseph is an ambitious man, and full of self-conceit,
John ;
He's shallow, too, like young men are, and vain and
indiscreet, John !

But oh, John ! oh, John ! it was a cruel blow, John,
When, with desertion not content, you went and joined the
foe, John !
Aye, when at Gladstone his old friend, John Bright, pro-
pelled a stone, John !
'Twas not his son alone that gave a deep and heartfelt
groan, John !

Aye, John ! aye John ! you can't yourself deny, John,
That thousands who once loved your name begin to it decry,
John ;
Whilst those too young your worthy deeds of past years to
recall, John,
Already ask in wonderment why it is loved at all, John !

But, stay, John ! stay, John ! There yet remains a way,
John,
In which, though stubborn, you may still this tendency allay,
John ;
Yes, you may keep the name of Bright un-slurred in any
case, John.
By simply taking, as a Peer, a title in its place, John !

True, John ! true John ! you may this plan eschew, John,
But, ere you do so, please recall the things you've stooped to
do, John ;
You've shown yourself, though old in years, quite greedy of
renown, John—
You as an Oxford D.C.L. flaunt in a scarlet gown, John

More, John ! more, John ! with feeling we deplore, John,
You have most bitterly denounced the friends of heretofore,
John !
You've caused true Radicals to mourn—you've raised a Tory
cheer, John ;
The climax, then, is natural—you mean to die a Peer, John !

Yes, John ! yes, John ! your recent acts express, John,
That you in your maturer years a curious craze possess, John ;
Which, having made you do the things you've all your life
abhorr'd, John,
Now fills you with a silly wish—'twould seem—to be a Lord,
John !

Eh, John ! eh, John ? "It isn't so !" you say, John ?
Then let it be your aim henceforth, most earnestly we pray,
John ;
Yes, please, as fitting climax to those Whig and Tories,
cheers, John,
To Bramwell, Lowe, and Erabourne join in our great House
of Peers, John !

Yes, John ! yes, John ! most urgently we press, John,
That you should from the Upper House declaim your next
address, John ;

So that "John Bright" may still remain a prized and
honoured name, John,
Whilst with "Lord Brummagem" instead we link your
Tory fame, John !

Truth. July 8, 1886.

NAY, JOHN.

(A Temperance Song.)

"NAY" John, "Nay," John, that's what you must say
John,
Whenever you are asked to drink, or you'll be led astray,
John,

Say that though you are not old,
Nor yet so very wise, John,
Yet what is right and good and true,
You're old enough to prize, John.
Let the people drink who will,
But when they come to you, John,
Boldly say, "I'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE,
AND MEAN TO KEEP IT TOO," John.

"Nay," John, "Nay," John, that's what you must say
John,
Whenever you are asked to drink, or you'll be led astray,
John.
Think, John, think, John, what a thing is drink, John,
From bad to worse, it mostly leads to death and ruin's
brink, John.

You know your uncle Robert had
As nice a house as mine, John,
But, years ago, you know, as well,
He swallowed it in wine, John,
His trade is dead, his shop is shut,
'Twas drink that made him fail, John ;
He started with a single glass,
And now he's in the gaol, John.

Use, John, use, John, winks at this abuse, John,
And when you recommend the pledge, will patch up
some excuse, John.

Many drink because they're cold,
And some because they're hot, John
Many drink because they're old,
And some because they're not, John ;
Many drink because they're thin,
And some because they're stout, John ;
Many drink because they're in,
And some because they're out, John.

"Nay," John. "Nay," John, whatever they may say, John,
Never touch and never taste, but always answer "Nay,"
John.

If they ask you only just
To taste a little drop, John,
Say you would if you knew where
The "little drop" would stop, John.
Tell them by gin and rum,
By wine and malt and hops, John,
That life and health, and peace and fame,
Are drowned in "little drops," John.

Oh, John, oh, John, I'll tell you what I know, John :
A drunken man o'er all the world, has most of grief and woe,
John.

Then on the land and on the sea,
In seasons hot and cold, John,

Keep the pledge when you are young,
And keep it when you're old, John,
Let the people drink who will,
But when they come to you, John,
Boldly say, "I'VE SIGNED THE PLEDGE,
AND MEAN TO KEEP IT TOO, JOHN."

When Sir Thomas Brassey lost his seat in the House of Commons, he was promoted to a peerage for his services to his party. Some snobbish toadies immediately set to work to trace a pedigree for the new Baron, and asserted that one of his ancestors came over with the Duke William from Normandy. Whereas it was well known that the father of Sir Thomas was of very poor and humble origin, and made his money by honorable hard work as a Railway Contractor. *Truth* represented Sir Thomas, attired in a suit of mail as a Norman Knight, appearing to his father, who sits smoking a short pipe, in the loose and easy costume of his early calling, a "navvy," or road excavator. The father thus addresses the newly made Baron:—

OUT, Tom! Out, Tom! what have you been about, Tom?
Though, if you truly know yourself, I'm very much in doubt,
Tom!
To think, though, that a man of sense, for you are not a fool,
Tom!
Should act in such a way, oh, dear! I hardly can keep cool,
Tom!

What's that you say? "You've only claimed what should be
yours by right," Tom?
And that Le Sieur Bresci was indeed a Norman knight,
Tom?
My poor, poor boy! Come, tell me who has told you of such
stuff, Tom!
I should have thought your father's name for you'd be good
enough, Tom!

What's that? "The Heralds searched for you, and found
you our old crest," Tom?
For any Brassey's crest I think my pickaxe would serve best,
Tom;
While for a motto, here is one that cannot be attackt,
Tom,
For it is merely "We enlarge the more that we contract,"
Tom.

But, come, let me be serious, and this, at least, I'd pray,
Tom:
Do not, in common-sense's name, go on in such a way,
Tom.
If you've been made a Lord, why I suppose you must be
one, Tom,
But do now try to be more like your poor old father's son,
Tom.

Don't make the people laugh at you, by silly, empty pride,
Tom;
And don't your father's honest trade be so inclined to hide,
Tom.
You always were a clever boy, so let me then implore,
Tom,
That of these Norman ancestors I never may hear more,
Tom.

Truth. Christmas Number, 1886.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

OH! the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,

When she taught me the prayer, where she read me the
page,
Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age;
My heart, 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,
Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home!

'Twas not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the gay or the noble were near;
O'er the porch the wild rose and wood-bine entwined,
And the sweet-scented jessamine waved in the wind;
Yet dearer to me than proud turret or dome
Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home!

But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it shall be;
And ne'er will I view it, nor rove as a guest,
O'er the ever-green fields which my father possessed;
Yet still, in my slumbers, sweet visions will come
Of the days that are pass'd, and the old house at home!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

A CONTRAST.

Oh! the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt,
Was a tumble-down place, where most dismal I felt;
For my friends kept few servants, and taught me the page
Could not wait upon me, for I was not of age.
Oh! my heart 'midst all changes, from London to Rome,
Finds each place more gay than the old house at home!

'Twas not for its rent that the dwelling was dear,
But it wanted no end of repairs every year.
From the roof had been stolen the coating of lead,
And the rain pelted through till it dripped on your head;
And a dark narrow passage, with no space to roam,
Was the hall of my father,—the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me;
I'm settled in London, where sooner I'd be;
And ne'er will return there, except as a guest,
Just for two or three days,—if I do, I am blest!
The dulness would kill me, and slumber would come,
In the small dingy rooms of the old house at home.

From *A Bowl of Punch*, by ALBERT SMITH, London:
D. Bogue, 1848.



PARODIES OF LEWIS CARROLL.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and
"Through the Looking-Glass, and what Alice
found there" have so long been familiar, and are
so universally popular, that their recent production
on the Stage at the Prince of Wales's Theatre only
causes a feeling of surprise that they have not been
dramatised hitherto.

It is true, that Colonel Lynes, of the Royal Artillery, selected the subject of "Alice in Wonderland" for the Soldiers' pantomime at Woolwich, more than six months ago, and at his suggestion Mr. J. Addison wrote a very ingenious play, which was

produced in the Theatre of the Royal Artillery Barracks at Christmas 1886.

But this was far less complete as a representation of Alice's adventures, than the Musical Dream Play, in two acts by H. Savile Clarke, produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in December, 1886.

All who have read Alice's Adventures (and who has not read them?) should see how admirably they have been realised on the boards, and recognise in Miss Phœbe Carlo the charming little heroine of Mr. Carroll's invention. Mr. H. Savile Clarke thus introduces the subject of his play:—

A Nursery Magician took
All little children by the hand;
And led them laughing through the book,
Where Alice walks in Wonderland:
Ours is the task with Elfin dance
And song, to give to Childhood's gaze
That Wonderland; and should it chance
To win a smile, be his the praise.

By the kind permission of Mr. Lewis Carroll the following poems are selected from his books, with some parodies and imitations of them.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done.
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops,
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oh, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;

We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They had't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four:
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us," the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come,
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said :
 "I deeply sympathize."
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

'Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
 "You've had a pleasant run!
 Shall we be trotting home again?"
 But answer came there none—
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL (*Through the Looking Glass*).

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY LOUISA CAROLINE.

(A *Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb, with its powerful beak and talons. A *Husbandman* is a man in a low position of life who supports himself by the use of the *plough*.—*Johnson's Dictionary*.)

THE rain was raining cheerfully,
 As if it had been May,
 The senate-house appeared inside
 Unusually gay ;
 And this was strange, because it was
 A *vivâ-voce* day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
 Their paper-work was done,
 They wanted much to go away
 To row, or ride, or run ;
 "It's very rude," they said, "to keep
 Us here and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
 In piles of blue and white,
 They answered everything they could,
 And wrote with all their might ;
 But though they wrote it all by *rote*
 They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
 Beside these piles did stand,
 They wept like anything to see
 The work they had in hand ;
 "If this were only finished up,"
 Said they "it would be grand.

If seven D's or seven C's
 We give to all the crowd,
 Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
 "That we could get them ploughed?"
 "I think so," said the Husbandman,
 "But, pray, don't talk so loud."

"O undergraduates, come up!"
 The Vulture did beseech,
 "And let us see if you can learn
 As well as we can teach.
 We cannot do with more than two,
 To have a word with each."

Two undergraduates came up,
 And slowly took a seat,
 They knit their brows and bit their thumbs
 As if they found them sweet ;
 And this was odd, because, you know,
 Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said
 "To talk of many things,
 Of accident and adjectives,
 And names of Jewish kings,
 How many notes a sackbut has,
 And whether shawns have strings.

"Please sir," the undergraduates said
 Turning a little blue,
 "We did not know that was the sort
 Of thing we had to do,"
 "We thank you much," the Vulture said,
 "Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more
 And more, and more, and more,
 And some looked upwards at the roof.
 Some down upon the floor ;
 But none were any wiser than
 The pair that went before.

"I weep for you," the Vulture said
 "I deeply sympathize ;"
 With sobs and tears he gave them all
 D's of the largest size,
 While a the Husbandman he winked
 One of his streaming eyes.'

"I think," observed the Husbandman,
 "We're getting on too quick,
 Are we not putting down the D's
 A little bit too thick?"
 The Vulture said, with much disgust,
 "Their answers make me sick?"

"Now, undergraduates," he cried,
 "Our fun is nearly done,
 Will anybody else come up?"
 But answer came there none,
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd ploughed them every one.

The Light Green. Cambridge, 1872.

THE NYUM—NYUM.

THE Nyum Nyum chortled by the sea,
 And sipped the wavelets green:
 He wondered how the sky could be
 So very nice and clean;

He wondered if the chamber-maid
 Had swept the dust away,
 And if the sumptuous Jaberwock
 Had mopped it up that day.

And then in sadness to his love
 The Nyum Nyum weeping said,
 I know no reason why the sea
 Should not be white or red.

I know no reason why the sea
 Should not be red, I say;
 And why the slithy Bandersnatch
 Has not been round to-day.

He swore he'd call at two o'clock.
 And now its half-past four.
 "Stay," said the Nyum Nyum's love, "I think
 I hear him at the door."

In twenty minutes in there came
 A creature black as ink,

Which put its feet upon a chair
And called for beer to drink.

They gave him porter in a tub,
But, "Give me more!" he cried;
And then he drew a heavy sigh,
And laid him down, and died.

He died, and in the Nyum Nyum s cave
A cry of mourning rose;
The Nyum Nyum sobbed a gentle sob,
And sllily blew his nose.

The Nyum Nyum's love, we need not state,
Was overwhelmed, and sad:
She said, "Oh, take the corpse away,
Or you will drive me mad!"

The Nyum Nyum in his supple arms
Took up the gruesome weight,
And, with a cry of bitter fear,
He threw it at his mate.

And then he wept, and tore his hair,
And threw it in the sea,
And loudly sobbed with streaming eyes
That such a thing could be.

The ox, that mumbled in his stall,
Perspired and gently sighed,
And then, in sympathy, it fell
Upon its back and died.

The hen that sat upon her eggs,
With high ambition fired,
Arose in simple majesty,
And, with a cluck, expired.

The jubjube bird, that carolled there,
Sat down upon a post,
And, with a reverential caw,
Gave up its little ghost.

And ere its kind and loving life
Eternally had ceased,
The donkey, in the ancient barn,
In agony deceased.

The raven, perched upon the elm,
Gave forth a scraping note,
And ere the sound had died away,
Had cut its tuneful throat.

The Nyum Nyum's love was sorrowful;
And, after she had cried,
She, with a brand-new carving knife,
Committed suicide.

"Alas! the Nyum Nyum said," "alas!
With thee I will not part;"
And straightway seized a rolling-pin
And drove it through his heart,

The mourners came and gathered up
The bits that lay about;
But why the massacre had been,
They could not quite make out.

One said there was a mystery
Connected with the deaths;
But others thought the silent ones
Perhaps had lost their breaths.

The doctor soon arrived, and viewed
The corpses as they lay:

He could not give them life again,
So he was heard to say.

But, oh! It was a horrid sight
It made the blood run cold,
To see the bodies carried off
And covered up with mould;

The Toves across the briny sea
Wept buckets-full of tears;
They were relations of the dead,
And had been friends for years.

The Jabberwock upon the hill
Gave forth a gloomy wail,
When in his airy seat he sat,
And told the awful tale.

And who can wonder that it made
That loving creature cry?
For he had done the dreadful work,
And caused the things to die.

That Jabberwock was passing bad—
That Jabberwock was wrong.
And with this verdict, I conclude
One portion of my song.

I contend that there is a great deal of natural beauty in the poem of which this extract forms part. Some people say there isn't a scrap. A man, I am aware, mixed up something of the sort in a book called "Alice through the Looking Glass."

—:o:—

JABBERWOCKY.

Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves,
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL (*Through the Looking Glass*).

WAGGAWOCKY.

(On the Tichborne Trial)

"Merely interpolating the note that the word 'wabe' is explained by the Poet to mean 'a grassplot round a sundial,' but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon *waube*, a wig-shop, we proceed to dress the prophetic ode in plain English :—

'Twas Maytime, and the lawyer coves
Did jibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawock, my son,
The eyelid twitch, the knees' incline,
Beware the Baigent network, spun
For gallant Ballantine,

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawock, *sans* truth or shame
Came lumbering to the witness box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue! untrue!" Then, through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawock
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1872.

In *Truth*, October 4, 1883, twenty-one imitations of the *Jabberwocky* were printed. They are now rather heavy reading, and only the two following seem worth reprinting :—

THE CRUISE OF THE "P. C." BY A. T.*

ACROSS the swiffling waves they went,
The gumly bark yoked to and fro;
The jupple crew on pleasure bent,
Galored, "This is a go!"

Beside the poo's'l stood the Gom,
He chirked and murgled in his glee;
While near him, in a grue jipom,
The Bard was quite at sea.

"Gollop! Golloy! Thou scrumjous Bard!
Take pen (thy stylo) and endite
A pome, my brain needs kurgling hard,
And I will feast to-night."

That wansome Bard he took his pen,
A firgly look arnund he guv;
He squoffled once, he squirled, and then
He wrote what's writ above.

HERMON.

THE BURGLAR.

'Twas grilling hot, the bloky cove
Had burgled through the shop,
When Bobbles caught him, and shove
Him into quod flip-flop.

He chore his hair right fistfully,
He rowled his squinty eyne;
He waggled, grovelling fitfully,
His lithy form and lean.

Then Bobbles sweat agin him straight,
So off they chustled him
To horrid Zone for seasons eight,
And chortled at his din.

So all ye pals, come gristle up
Unto my doieful tale:
Ne'er fake away, nor jumble sup,
Though nix my Dolly fail.

ALMA.

Air.—"Will you walk into my parlour."

"CAN you move a little faster?" said a tall man to a stout,
"I've an enemy behind me, and I want to keep him out.
See how eagerly the flatterers all throng round the great
man;
Now he is looking for their votes, can't you spoil his little
plan?"

Can you, can't you, can you, can't you spoil his little plan?
Can you, can't you, can you spoil his little plan?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it would be,
If you get into the House, you will have many a fee."
And the stout one said, "No! I've worked in vain, I'm
beat,
My opponent's firmly settled, and I cannot take his seat.
Will not, cannot, cannot, will not now take his seat.
Will not, cannot, will not now take his seat."

"What matters it? you are not beat!" his tall friend to him
said,
"There's another man to take your place, you know, when
you are dead.
If you'll leave Ireland alone, you'll then get on like fun,
So don't give up, but go and sup, and we will pay your dun.
Won't you, will you, won't you, will you soon cry.
Will you, won't you, will you soon cry, 'I've won!'"

MISS SHAW.

Truth. 15 July, 1886.

Not only has Lewis Carroll given many themes to the parodists, but he has himself produced some amusing parodies, a short one on Dr. Watts, that on Southey's, "You are old, Father William," already quoted on page 156, Volume III. of *Parodies*, and "Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup" given on page 35, all appear in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

That this book should have been translated into German, French, and Italian, tells of its well deserved popularity :—

*And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For happy summer days gone by,
And vanish'd summer glory—
It shall not touch with breath of bu
The pleasance of that fairy-tale*

*Alluding to Mr. Gladstone's trip on board the *Pembroke Castle*, 1st September, 1883, when the Poet Laureate was also a guest of Sir Donald Currie.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale,
 Must be told by the moonlight a lone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.
 You must promise to come, for I said,
 I would show the night-flowers their queen;
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
 Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Da, light may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heedless, the free;
 But there's something about the moon's ray,
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh! remember, be sure to be there,
 For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

J. A. WADE.

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,
 At the grove at the end of the vale;
 But be sure that you don't come alone,
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale,
 With a nice bit of beef and some bread,
 Some pickled, or cucumbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head,
 'Tis the loveliest tit-bit e'er seen.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

Pastry may do for the gay,
 Old maids may find comfort in tea;
 But there's something about ham and beef
 That agrees a deal better with me.
 Remember my cupboard is bare,
 Then come, if my dear life you prize,
 I'd have lived the last fortnight on air,
 But you sent me two nice mutton pies.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

MEET ME THIS EVENING ALONE.

MEET me this evening alone,
 Friend Bite, and we'll hatch up a tale;
 We'll chat when the day's work is done,
 O'er a pipe and a jug of good ale:
 A plate of cold meat and some bread,
 With salad or cucumbers green,
 And part of a sucking pig's head
 'Tis the loveliest of tit-bits e'er seen.
 Then meet me &c

Pastry may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the young, and the free,
 But there's something in cold beef, they say,
 More tempting to you and to me;
 Then remember, be sure to be there,
 If good eating and drinking you prize,
 You've liv'd the last fortnight on air,
 I can tell by those hollow-sunk eyes.
 Then meet me, &c

From *Wiseheart's New Comic Songster*. Dublin.

Many years ago (it was in February, 1844), *Punch* had a parody entitled "Meet me with Wimbush alone," alluding to Wimbush's omnibus, which then ran from Belgrave Square to the Bank. It was jocularly reported never to carry more than one passenger at a time. But the following parody, from the same source, is not only more modern, but also more likely to appeal to the present generation, than a satire on a long forgotten omnibus:—

RED HERRINGS.

MEET me at breakfast alone,
 And then I will give you a dish
 Which really deserves to be known,
 Though it's not the genteelst of fish.
 You must promise to come, for I said
 A splendid red Herring I'd buy—
 Nay, turn not away your proud head;
 You'll like it, I know, when you try.

If moisture the Herring betray,
 Drain, till from moisture 'tis free;
 Warm it through in the usual way,
 Then serve it for you and for me.
 A piece of cold butter prepare,
 To rub it when ready it lies;
 Egg sauce and potatoes don't spare,
 And the flavour will cause you surprise.

Punch.

—:O:—

PARODIES OF

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO,
MY PRETTY MAID?"

Miss Emily Faithful's paper was responsible for the following:—We saw a Christmas card the other day which had been sent to a young lady at a school of design. It represented a grotesque figure at a lecturer's desk, and underneath were these lines:

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to lecture, sir," she said.
 "And what is the subject, my pretty maid?"
 "Total extinction of man," she said.
 "Then nobody 'll marry you, my pretty maid."
 "Advanced women *don't* marry, good sir," she said.

March 1, 1879.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Men who suffer their wives' photographs to be exhibited for sale in the shop-windows run the risk of being thought to get some profit by so doing, for they otherwise would hardly sanction such publicity."

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
 I'm going to be Photographed, Sir, she said.

May I go with you, my pretty maid?
 Yes, if you like it, she calmly said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
 My face is my fortune, Sir, she said.

How do you live on 't, my pretty maid?
 By selling my photos, she promptly said.

Then may I marry you, my pretty maid?
 If you've a title, perhaps—she said.

Punch. June, 1878.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID."

(*New Reading.*)

WITH the pail for the milk hung over her arm,
Across the green fields tripped Mary;
The smiles on her face gave additional charm,
And caused you to call her a fairy.

Now a spruce young clerk was out for a ride,
And happened to come across Mary;
Said he to himself, "I will make her my bride,
And make her keep me with her dairy."

But altho' she was rustic, and simple as well,
As proud as a queen was our Mary;
Tho' her bonny blue eyes of mischief could tell,
The sequel will show she was wary.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
Said this gay young spark from the neighb'ring town;
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
A blush on her face, and her eyes cast down.

"May I be your escort, my pretty maid?"
Nay turn not away those cheeks rosy red;
To carry your pail I'll not be afraid,
And if you'll consent, I'm willing to wed."

"What, sir, is your fortune?" cried the young maid,
And around her lips a merry smile played.
"My face is my fortune! my pretty maid."
"Then you've plenty of brass, kind sir," she said.

TRUE.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a chestnutting, sir," she said.
And she spoke sober truth, in sooth, for lo!
She had a ticket for the minstrel show.

Detroit Free Press. July 24, 1886.

Chestnuts—Americanism for stale jokes.)

WHERE are you going to my pretty maid?
"I'm going to publish, sir," she said.
Perhaps you've a fortune, my pretty maid?
"My verse is my fortune, sir," she said.
Then you'd better not try it, my pretty maid,
There's an item for printing, and when it is paid,
There's "commission on sales," oh, innocent maid!
In your rural retreat have you heard of THE TRADE?
Oh, where are you going to, my pretty maid?

ERNEST RADFORD.

AN IDYLIC DUET.

(A New Version, as Sung under the Gallery with the Greatest Success by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Junior Member for Northampton, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh.)

"WHERE are you going to, my stubborn head?
Where are you going to, my stubborn head?"
"I'm going a-swearing, GOSSET," he said;
"I'm going a-swearing, GOSSET," he said.

"Then I must come after you, my stubborn head;
Then I must come after you, my stubborn head."

"You may come if you like, old GOSSET," he said;
"You may come if you like, old GOSSET," he said.

"Now you're tempting your fortune, my stubborn head,
Now you're tempting your fortune, my stubborn head."
"Why,—my Oath is my fortune, GOSSET," he said;
"Why,—my Oath is my fortune, GOSSET," he said.

"Then, I don't think much of you, my stubborn head,
Then, I don't think much of you, my stubborn head."
"Nobody axed you to, GOSSET," he said;
"Nobody axed you to, GOSSET," he said.

(*Dance up the middle, touch shoulder, and down again.*)

Punch, May 21, 1881.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Spelling Bee, sir," she said,
"Where is your lexicon, my pretty maid?"
"I do not want one, sir," she said.
"What can you spell, pray, my pretty maid?"
"I can spell prize, kind sir," she said.
"Let's hear you spell it, my pretty maid!"
"P-r-e-y-e-s, prize," she said.
"I wouldn't give much for your 'preyes,' pretty maid!"
"Cause you ain't got it to give, sir," she said.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.
"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"
"You won't understand it, sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
"The final extinction of man," she said,
"Then you won't marry, my pretty maid?"
"Superior girls never marry," she said.

Modern Society. September 12, 1885.

"WHIZZ," the Christmas number of *The Bicycling Times*, 1880, has a long parody, entitled "A Bicyclist's Song," after *My Rattling Mare and I*; also a parody on "My Pretty Maid," entitled *The Wheelman and the Maid*, which concludes thus:—

"Shall I have any coppers?" asked my pretty maid,
"Shall I have any coppers?" asked my pretty maid,
"You'll often go over, sweet girl, I said, sweet girl I said," &c.

"Then I cannot ride it," said my pretty maid,
"Then I cannot ride it," said my pretty maid,
"Then I'll wish you good morning, sweet girl, I said, sweet girl I said," &c.

And still another, commencing:—

"Will you come and see my Humber?" said the rider on the tri,
'Tis the scorchingest of trycycles that ever you did spy;
You've only got to pop your leg the easy saddle o'er,

And you'll go along at such a pace as ne'er was seen
before ;
Will you, will you, will you, will you come and see my
tri ?

There is also a prose imitation of Captain
Mayne Reid, entitled, *On the Prairie*, by Jak
Strauz Karsel.

—————:0:—————
I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.
I've been roaming, &c

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily tair,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With their blossoms in my hair,
I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle sips,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.
I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Over hill and over plain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again.
I've been roaming, &c.

ANONYMOUS. 1832.

—————
I'VE BEEN SHOPPING.

I've been shopping—I've been shopping
To John Brown's in Regent Street,
And I'm hopping—and I'm hopping
With his shoes upon my feet.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming,
For rose oil and lily rare,
And I'm coming—and I'm coming
With a bottle for my hair.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming
To the pastrycook's, old Phipps,
And I'm coming—and I'm coming
With some kisses for my lips.

I've been roaming—I've been roaming
Up Bond Street and down Park Lane
And I'm coming—and I'm coming
To my own house back again.

—————
THE WANDERING JEW.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Vid a merry, merry strain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
Home to Rosemary Lane.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Through ev'ry street and square,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With the pargains I got there.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
I have upon my life,

And I m coming, and I'm coming,
To my children and my wife.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
For to pargain I've the knack,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With my pag upon my pack.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Quite hungry full of vo,
But I'm a coming, I'm a coming,
To eat fish and *buckle yow*.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Vere the people call out "Pork,"
But I am coming, I am coming,
To be rested from my work.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
But our *shaboth* it is nigh,
So I'm coming, so I'm coming,
To vish you all good-bye.

Universal Songster, Vol. 3.

—————
I'VE BEEN EATING,

I've been eating, I've been eating,
In the north and in the south
And I m coming, and I'm coming,
With the crumbs about my mouth

I've been stuffing, I've been stuffing
Plates of beef, of pork and veal ;
And my corporation's puffing,
With an out-and-out good meal.

I've been drinking, I've been drinking,
Heavy wet and Hodges' gin,
And I'm going, and I'm going,
To my attic back again.

I've been eating, I've been eating,
In the north and in the south ;
From the shops I'm now retreating,
With the crumbs about my mouth !

—————
SONG BY A SHIFTY POLITICIAN.
(Not dedicated to Mr. Robert Lowe.)

I've been turning—I've been turning,
Tory, Radical, and Whig,
And I'm earning, and I'm earning,
Something handsome by the rig.

I've been turning,—I've been turning,
Over politic's wide range,
But I'm earning, yes I'm earning,
Money by each little change.

I've been turning,—I've been turning,
Till I have been made a Peer,
And I'm earning, oh, I'm earning,
Severa thousand pounds a year.

I've been turning,—I've been turning,
Almost every way 'tis plain,
And I'm yearning, yes I'm yearning
To be Chancellor again.

Almost every way, 'tis plain,
To be Chancellor again ;

And I'm yearning, and I'm yearning,
To be Chancellor again.

—:O:—

AFLOAT.

IN the steamer, O my darling! when the foghorns scream
and blow,
And the footsteps of the steward softly come and softly go.
When the passengers are groaning with a deep and sincere
woe,
Will you think of me and love me, as you did not long ago?

In the cabin, O my darling! think not bitterly of me,
Though I rushed away and left you in the middle of our tea:
I was seized with a sudden longing to gaze upon the damp,
deep sea—
It was best to leave you then, dear; best for you and best
for me.

Liverpool Weekly Post. January 1, 1837.

—:O:—

SOME DAY

(To an Extortionate Tailor.)

I KNOW not when your bill I'll see,
I know not when that bill fell due
What interest you will charge to me,
Or will you take my I.O.U.?
It may not be till years have passed,
Till chubby children's locks are grey;
The tailor trusts us, but at last
His reckoning we must meet some day
Some day—some day—I must meet it,
Snip, I know not when or how,
Snip, I know not when or how;
Only this—only this—that once you *did* me—
Only this—I'll do *you* now—I'll do you now—
I'll do you now.

I know not are you far or near—
Are you at rest? or cutting still?
I know not who is held so *dear*!
Or who's to pay your "little bill!"
But when it comes, some day—some day—
These eyes an awful tote may see;
And don't you wish, my tailor gay,
That you may get your £ s. d.?
Some day—some day—some day I must meet it,
Snip, I know not when or how,
Snip, I know not when or how,
Only this—only this—that that once you *did* me—
Only this—I'll do you now—I'll do you now—
I'll do you now!

From *Sketches in Prose and Verse*, by F. B. Doveton,
author of *Snatches of Song*. London: Sampson Low & Co.,
Fleet Street. 1886. (This amusing volume also contains a
number of Parodies on the poems of Moore, Alfred Tenny-
son, Campbell, Hood, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Poe, and
Swinburne.)

—:O:—

MY MOTHER BIDS ME FIND AN HEIR.

My mother bids me find an heir
And give up Cousin Hugh,
Who came so often to the square,
Poor cornet—Horse Guards Blue.
"For why," she cries, "a younger son,
While plainer girls win peers,

Alas! another season's done,
And still you're all *Miss Veres*."

The *Post* announces *he* has gone
To shoot and stalk the deer;
I canter through the lanes alone,
And wish it was next year:
And as I draw the amber thread,
His slippers to adorn,
No novel that I ever read,
Had heroine so forlorn.

Punch September 22, 1866.

SONG.

My mother bids me spend my smiles,
On all who come and call me fair,
As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles
To all the sparrows of the air.
But I've a darling of my own
For whom I hoard my little stock,—
What if I chirp him all alone
And leave mamma to feed the flock?

THOMAS HOOD.

—:O:—

O 'TIS LOVE! 'TIS LOVE!

O! 'Tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
From woman's bright eye glancing,
O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
Every heart entrancing.
What claims the monarch's duty?
What soothes the peasant's pain?
What melts the haughty beauty,
And conquers her disdain?
O! 'tis love, &c.

O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
The warrior doth inspire.
O! 'tis love! 'tis love! 'tis love!
That kindles soft desire.
On rocks or lonely mountains,
In palaces or vales,
In gay saloons near fountains,
'Tis love alone prevails.
O! 'tis love! &c.

OH 'TIS BEEF!

OH, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
(Pon my soul I'm not joking),
Oh, 'tis Beef,
Affords relief,
When hunger's most provoking.

Though many may doat upon mutton,
And some prefer veal or lamb,
Upon Beef I could feed like a glutton,
Nor sigh for poultry and ham;
Flank, brisket, or the sir-loin,
I never could let alone,
But nice tit-bits would I purloin
From buttock, round, or edgebone.
Oh, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
(Pon my soul I'm not joking).
Oh, 'tis Beef,
Affords relief,
When hunger's most provoking.

Though Mrs Glass I daily look in,
(No reflection on that cook, the chief),

Of all dishes her famous book in,
 There's none can compare with Beef.
 How sweet when after my toiling,
 And cutting joints up, down, across,
 To behold on the gridiron broiling,
 A rump-steak for my oyster sauce,
 Oh, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
 ('Pon my soul I'm not joking),
 Oh, 'tis Beef,
 Affords relief,
 When hunger's most provoking.
 D. A. O'MEARA.

OH ! 'TIS LOVE !

OH ! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
 That makes the world go round ;
 Ev'ry day, beneath his sway,
 Fools, old and young, abound ;
 Love often turns young ladies' brains,
 At which mamma will scold,
 So, in revenge, Love thinks it fair
 To shoot sometimes the old ;
 With love some folks go mad,
 'Tis love makes some quite thin,
 Some find themselves so bad,
 The sea they must jump in.
 Oh ! 'tis love, &c

The Universal Songster.

OH ! THIS LOVE ! THIS LOVE ! TO ME'S A
 FUNNY THING.

OH ! this love ! this love ! this love
 To me's a funny thing,
 It smites the heart of every cove,
 From beggar up to king.
 It never is found absent,
 From the breast of any one,
 But, like a cruel stab sent,
 One touch and you're undone !
 The cure, too, is so hard
 That very few will try,
 Then, girls, be on your guard
 When love approaches nigh.
 For this love ! this love, &c.

Oh ! this love ! this love ! this love !
 It takes away one's rest,
 So, after all, as I can prove,
 A single life is best,
 As, when once you're married,
 You'll find out to your cost,
 You'll wish you'd longer tarried,
 Before your heart you'd lost,
 For then, too late, repentance
 Comes into your head,
 And, after Hymen's sentence,
 A precious life is led,
 For this love ! this love &c.

The Universal Songster.

I KNOW A "HIGH."

(Parody on John Oxenford's song, "I Know an Eye.")

I KNOW a "High" so fair and bright,
 When glistening 'neath the moon's pale light,
 Whence men, with many a glance behind,
 To dodge the lurking Dons unkind,

Rush to the "Star,"* where, pure and clear,
 They quaff their mild and sparkling beer.
 Belovèd "High," belovèd "Star,"
 Dear to my heart your memories are.
 That "High," where once, when violent blew
 The gale of war the whole night through,
 I fought the town with joyous glee,
 Though pain with joy possessed me ;
 For whirled and kicked, 'mid scream and yell,
 With two black orbs at last I fell.
 Belovèd "High," belovèd "Star,"
 Dear to my heart your triumphs are.

And when at last that radiant "High" shall be
 Untrod, for e'er untrod by me ;
 When absence throws her dim pale light
 O'er distant scenes of past delight ;
 That "High," that "Star" shall ever shine
 In Memory's eye, with power divine ;
 Belovèd "High," belovèd "Star,"
 Dear to my heart your glories are.
 C. E. W. B.

Worcester College, Oxford.

From *College Rhymes*. 1866.

ANOTHER MESSAGE.

I'D another message to send her,
 To her whom my heart knows best,
 But a twinge of gout came o'er me,
 And I was compelled to rest.
 And she was above—and dressing—
 A duty to her most dear :
 It was useless to shout to my darling,
 For I knew she would never hear.

I'D another message to send her,
 To hungry folks most sweet,
 It was that the dinner was ready,
 And the fire was spoiling the meat.
 I tied it this summer's evening
 To her lapdog's bushy breast,
 But the canine rascal tore it,
 And ate it with wondrous zest.

I gave it to baby next moment,
 And saw him climb and climb,
 But his little legs grew weary,
 And he fell in a little time.
 Then I yelled, in my hungry longing,
 Has an invalid no friend,
 Who will carry a wife a message
 Her ravenous spouse would send ?

Then I smelt a scent of cooking,
 So savory and so sweet,
 That my very heart stood silent,
 And my pulse refused to beat.
 It rose in enticing rushing
 From meats and soups and things,
 So I laid my anxious message
 On its appetising wings.

Then I saw the steam rise higher,
 In smell more telling than speech,
 And I knew it would find her chamber,
 I knew her dear nose 'twould reach.
 Yes, I knew she would get my message,
 And I should not have to wait,
 So my soul grew calm and peaceful
 Though dinner, alas ! was late.

From *The Corkscrew Papers*. London : W. H. Guest,
 Paternoster Row, 1876.

* Formerly the "Star" Hotel, now the "Clarendon."

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs ;
 When I swore that I still would continue the same,
 And gave you the 'bacco-box mark'd with my name.
 When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew ?
 To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
 For his trowsers I wash'd, and his grog, too, I made.

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall,
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sall or should Susan than me be more prized ?
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd ;
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
 Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too, I'll make.

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON,

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
 I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie,
 Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
 And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er :
 My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
 As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest !

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
 Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball ?
 In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
 Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side ?
 Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
 To blazon your BANNER and 'broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay !
 Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mélée.
 In the dire battle hour, when the tourney was done,
 And you gave to another the wreath you had won !
 Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
 As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah ! and that crest !

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine,
 That others usurped for a time what was mine !
 There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me :
 Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee ;
 Once more by the side of the knight I love best,
 Shall I blazon his BANNER and 'broider his crest.

W. M. THACKERAY.

OCEAN MELODIES.

(Refined from the original SEA SONGS, for the use of
 the Yacht Clubs.)

(The Wife wishes to go upon the Continent.)

ADELINA has flirted—not once, she declares,
 Since you placed on her finger the ring that she wears ;
 Since at gloomy St. George's your bride she became,
 And you gave her an Opera-box marked with her name.

When I sailed in that yacht a whole fortnight with you,
 Did I say I was bored (if I did it was true),
 With my Alfred for hours at *ecarté* I played,
 And his meerschaum I lit, and his coffee I made.

When, the night we'd a box at St. Jullien's last bal,
 And—goodness knows why—you deserted the *salle*,
 I gave you a smile when you chose to appear,
 Nor asked whom you knew on that horrid top tier,

Why won't you, dear Al, by mamma be advised ?
 A wife who don't pout, Al, deserves to be prized—
 So to Constance and Rome Adelina you'll take,
 Or a nice piece of work that young person will make.

Punch. September 17, 1853.

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

YOUR Fanny was never false-hearted
 And this she protests and she vows,
 From the *triste moment* when we parted
 On the staircase of Devonshire House !
 I blushed when you asked me to marry,
 I vowed I would never forget ;
 And at parting I gave my dear Harry
 A beautiful vinegarette !

We spent *en province* all December,
 And I ne'er condescended to look
 At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
 Or even at that darling old Duke.
 You were busy with dogs and with horses,
 Alone in my chamber I sat,
 And made you the nicest of purses,
 And the smartest black satin cravat !

At night with that vile Lady Frances
 (*Je faisais moi tapisserie*).
 You danced every one of the dances
 Add never once thought of poor me !
Mon pauvre petit cœur ! what a shiver
 I felt as she danced the last set,
 And you gave, oh, *mon Dieu* ! to revive her,
 My beautiful vinegarette.

Return, love ! away with coquetting ;
 This flirting disgraces a man !
 And ah ! all the while you're forgetting
 The heart of your poor little Fan !
Reviens ! break away from those Circes,
Reviens, for a nice little chat ;
 And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
 And a lovely black satin cravat !

W. M. THACKERAY.

ADVICE TO OLD WOMEN.

(Of both sexes.)

YOUR money will never be safe, *Punch* declares,
 While you keep with it parting for rotten Bank shares :
 It more safe in old stockings or teapots had lain,
 Or in some carpet-bag or box marked with your name.
 Not a bubble now bursts, not a Bank falls to ground,
 But shows how directors keep robbing around ;
 How the company's funds to their own use they take,
 Then suspend their cash payments, and scarce themselves
 make.

* * * * *

Punch. March 21, 1857.

—:o:—

TOM BOWLING.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah ! many's the time and oft ;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give (to call life's crew together)
The word to pipe all hands,
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIEDIN.

A CAROL FOR CRICKETERS.

HERE a sheer hulk from fierce round bowling,
We mourn a batsman true ;
No more he'll send the ball a-rolling ;
He's battered black and blue.
Long at the stumps he did his duty,
And puzzled many a scout,
For though swift balls might spoil his beauty,
They rarely put him out.

Ne'er from the wicket he departed
Without a decent score ;
And seldom were his timbers started
Until his legs were sore.
At pads and gloves, as things new-fangled,
With pleasant scorn he'd laugh ;
But now so grievously he's mangled,
No more we'll fear his chaff.

Punch. September 22, 1855.

AN ELEGY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

HERE, on the floor stands famed TOM BRASSEY,
The darling of his friends,
He built the *Arctusa* saucy,
But did not plate her ends !

For TOM was faithful to his Party,
(His virtues were so rare !)
So economical and hearty,
He seemed upon the square !

His ships we took for things of beauty
(Though REED, and others, scoffed),
And doubtless they would do their duty,
But ah ! their ends are soft !

Yet still, comparatively little
They cost, as REED admits ;
Unlucky that they are so brittle,
They'll get blown into bits !

And when the shot the foe dispatches
Has raked them, oft and oft,

The sea will pour beneath their hatches,
Because—their ends are soft.

Punch. March 21, 1885.

LORD TOM NODDY.

BUT, a sheer wreck, sits Lord Tom Noddy,
The last made of our Peers,
Who joins our legislative body
Amidst a nation's jeers.
As M.P. he could not do duty,
His brain had grown too soft ;
So—mark our Constitution's beauty—
He's now been sent aloft !—aloft !
He's now-ow been—ah sen-n-n-t a-a-loft !

Lord Tom for nothing good was noted,
Of virtues he had none ;
But with his side he always voted,
And was his father's son.
So, as upon his last appearance
He publicly was scoff'd,
The Premier, to effect a clearance,
Has sent Lord Tom aloft !—aloft !
Has sen-n-n-nt Lord Tom-o-om ma-aloft !

Truth. Christmas Number, 1886.

There is another parody on *Tom Bowling*, by L. M. Thornton, entitled *Drunken Sally*, but it is too vulgar to be inserted. It may occasionally be seen amongst the penny ballads on street walls.

—:O:—

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

AND did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply,
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye.
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft rowed in his wherry ;
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal ;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall ;
And oftentimes would they be gigling and leering ;
But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering ;
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strange things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straight-way in love he did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow
He'd wed her to-night—before to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care
When he's married, and never in want of a fare.

CHARLES DIEDIN.

THE JOLLY YOUNG BARRISTER.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young Barrister,
At the Old Bailey who used for to ply?
He made out his case with such skill and dexterity,
Twisting each fact, while he glozed o'er each lie.
He stuck at nothing; and that so steadily,
The felons all sought his aid so readily,
And he saved from conviction so many a thief,
That this barrister ne'er was in want of a brief.

What sights of fine rogues he got off by his blarney;
His tongue was so glib, and so specious withal;
He was always retained by the great City forgers
To Newgate from Mansion House sent, or Guildhall.
And often the Press would be gibing and jeering;
But 'twas all one to him, its carping and sneering;
He'd swear black was white on behalf of a thief,
So this barrister ne'er was in want of a brief.

And yet, only think what strange morals have lawyers
The Bar of such conduct think nothing at all;
Whilst should any poor counsel report for a paper,
"To Coventry with him!" that instant they call;
From their mess they'll expel him, he'll find, to his sorrow;
But they'll dine with the housebreaker's hireling to-morrow.
Then hurrah!—though his client be swindler or thief,—
For the barrister never in want of a brief.

Punch, 1845.

The late Albert Smith wrote a piece entitled "*Novelty Fair*, or hints for 1851," which was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, on May 21, 1850. In this, Father Thames enters with a goblet of dirty water in his hand, and exclaims:—

"OH, did you e'er hear of such jolly bad water, man,
As at Blackfriars Bridge comes out of I?
No wonder they talk of my stream with severity,
Sickening each nose, and disgusting each eye!"

THE JOLLY OLD WATERMAN.

AND did you ne'er hear of a jolly old Waterman
Who at the cabstand used for to ply?
He feathered his nest with the passengers' halfpennies,
Smoking his pipe, with a drop in each eye,
He looked so drunk—yet stood so steadily,
The drivers all flocked to his stand so readily;
And he eyed the old rogues with so knowing an air,
For this Waterman knew they would cheat every fare.

What sights of gents drunk and incapable, very,
He'd clean out so nice, and politely withal,
As he called the first cab, when the finely-dressed
victims

Came staggering out from Cremorne or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be quizzing and queering,
And 'twas all one to Tom, all this chaffing and jeering:
For laughing or chaffing he little did care,
For this Waterman wished but to rifle the fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
As he jogged along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was caught by a Cab Act so awfully stringent,
That it caused all the tricks of the cab-stand to fall.
But would this old Waterman feel proper sorrow,
For all his old tricks, and turn honest to-morrow;

And should this old Waterman act with more care,
He'll be licensed, and never impose on a fare.

Punch. July 30, 1853.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

OH! did you not hear of a handsome young clergyman,
Who in his pulpit was wont for to cry?
He handled his text with such seeming sincerity,
Melting each heart and suffusing each eye.
He sighed so hard and groaned so steadily,
The ladies all flocked to his church so readily;
And he turned up his eye with so saintly an air,
That this clergyman greatly was liked by the fair.

His features were fine, and his views Sabbatarian,
So by both young and old he was made a great pet;
What teapots and slippers this predestinarian,
Young disciple of CALVIN did constantly get!
He had won such credit and fame for piety,
That he had the run of the best society;
And a girl with lots of tin did pair
With this parson esteemed such a duck by the fair.

Punch. May 31, 1856.

THE JOLLY YOUNG TRILOBITE.

OH, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young trilobite,
That lived in Siluria once on a time,
And some years ago turned to stone in a terrible fright,
And forgot all about the deeds done in his prime;
But harden'd and horny his tail no more wags,
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags

Some doubt as to what was the cause of his fright,
Some say that the sea where he lived got too hot,
Some say too cold, and some vanished quite,
But one thing is certain, whatever is not,
That harden'd and stony, his tail no more wags
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

The jolly young fellow has had his day out,
And doubtless once relished like others a spree,
Made love to the Lingulas roaming about,
Was lively and affable, funny and free,
But hardened and slaty his tail no more wags,
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

This parody refers to some rare specimens of trilobites contained in Dr. Grindrod's Museum at Malvern.

From *Health and Pleasure, or Malvern Punch*. By J. B. Oddfish. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1865.

THE LUCKLESS YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

AND did you not hear of that luckless "Young Gentleman,"

Who at St. Stephen's but lately did ply
His pencil and paper with skill and dexterity?
(Till his sly toil caught the SULLIVAN'S eye.)
He looked so calm, and he worked so steadily,
His Pitman's Phonetics he marshalled so readily,
And he eyed the debate with such business-like air,
You'd have sworn his proceedings were all square and fair.

What sights of long speeches he heard in his gallery,
So frothy, so fierce, and so foolish withal !
How his ears must have ached when the Home-Rule
Circassians

Gave the rein to their *penchant* for shindy and squall ;
And oft times would they be snapping and sneering,
But 'twas all one to him their jibing and jeering ;
Not a figs-end for party or brogue did he care,
His task was reporting them all square and fair.

And yet but to see now how strangely things happen !

As he scribbled on, thinking of nothing at all,
He was spotted by SULLIVAN, POWER, and CALLAN,
Who "protisted," and straightway began *such* a brawl !
"Obnoxious and unprecedented Reporter !"

The Shindyites yelled, and a world of hot wather
Was caused by that luckless "Young Gentleman" there,
MR. SPEAKER'S note-taker so square and so fair !

Punch. July 26, 1879.

THE JOLLY OLD WOODCUTTER.

OH ! did you ne'er hear of a jolly old woodcutter,
Who at Hawarden Castle used for to stop ;
He handled his axe with such skill and dexterity,
Treating his friends to a generous "chop."
He looked so grand, and chopped so steadily,
That toadies all flocked to admire so readily ;
And he eyed the old geese with an ogle so sweet,
That this woodcutter ne'er was in want of a seat.

What sights of soft folks he cajol'd with his speeches,
All polished so fair, and so "painted" withal ;
His partisans stuck to his side like leeches,
And the G.O.M. lorded it over them all.
Oft times were his enemies gibing and jeering,
But 'twas all one to Bill, their groaning or cheering ;
For praise or for blame he but little did care,
So long as he filled the Prime Minister's chair.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen !
As he chopped away, bowing and smiling as well,
He was ply'd by an Irishman, caught by his blarney,
One known by the name of Charles Stewart Parnell.
And would this Parnell but keep him in power,
He'd banish the clouds that o'er Erin did lower,
Defying old Salisbury, and "Randy" so glib,
E'en though it would cost him full many a fib.

Truth. July 15, 1886.

THE JOLLY YOUNG RIFLEMAN.

(A Roundelay for Ranelagh.)

DID you ever hear tell of a jolly young Rifleman,
Who as Adonis his charms used to try ?
He curled his side-locks with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and enchanting each eye.
He stood so straight, he marched so steadily,
The Volunteers came at his call so readily,
And he pranced at their head with so princely an air,
That he had the good word of the Brave and the Fair.
This Rifleman young never seemed to grow older,
So trim was his mien, and so chirpy withal ;
He was always A 1 to each beauteous beholder,
And youths mustered proudly at RANELAGH'S* call

*The late Viscount Ranelagh, Colonel of the South Middlesex Rifles, was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic supporters of the Volunteer movement. He originated the Easter manoeuvres, and was exceedingly popular with the Metropolitan Volunteers.

And though some folk might be chaffing or jeering,
'Twas all one to him their flouting and fleering,
For how should our Rifleman ever know care,
While he wins the good word of the Brave and the Fair ?

Punch. March 24, 1883.

TOO JOLLY BY HALF.

DID you ever hear tell of the jolly young waterman,
Writ of by Dibdin and sung of by Reeves ?
He has gone up aloft, but his grandson surviving him,
Though jollier still, no such homage receives.

Said this jolly young sprig from a jolly old waterman,
"Dear Mr. Bull, I can steer in a style
Such as no foreigner ever could rival yet ;
Do let me manage your boats on the Nile.

"I can shoot all the rapids and likewise your enemies,
Oh ! how for nautical glory I pant !
Shall I be suffered to win it right jollily ?"

Quoth dear Mr. Bull, "You're too jolly. *You shant !*"

Judy. September 10, 1884.

(Canadian boatmen were employed in the Soudan Expedition.)

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE, the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
What confusion, but hear !—"I'll bet you, Sir !"—"Done, done !"

A thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tired ear ;
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Next Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent or by view, cheat a long tedious day ;
While alike born for sports in the field or the course,
Always sure to come through—a staunch and fleet horse ;
And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood ;
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire won that race ;
And what matches he'd won too the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time by some hedge-alehouse door ;
Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
Bow'd down by diseases, he bends to his fate ;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still ;
And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;
Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds
The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

This, being a sporting song, would be quite out of place

here, but that Dibdin followed it up, by writing an imitation of it, on a naval topic. This is one of the somewhat rare cases of an author composing a parody on one of his own poems :—

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

SEE the shore lined with gazers, the tide comes in fast,
The confusion, but hear! bear a hand there, avast!
The blocks and the wedges the mallets obey,
And the shores and the stanchions are all cut away:
While with head like a lion, built tight fore and aft,
Broad amidships, lean bows, and taper abaft;
In contempt of all danger from quicksands and rocks,
The pride of the ocean is launched from the stocks.

Now the signal is flying, and, fleet in her course,
She chases a sail, far superior her force;
And now the brisk broadside is merrily pour'd,
And splinters, cut ropes, and masts go by the board;
Next, yard-arm and yard-arm entangled they lie,
The tars loudly swearing to conquer or die;
'Till hull'd and cut up, getting more than she likes,
To the pride of the ocean the enemy strikes.

The prize is sent home, and, alert in a trice,
They make gaskets and points, and they knot and they splice;
While knowing Jack tars of their gallantry talk,
Tell who served well Boscawen, and Anson, and Hawke;
'Till, all of a sudden, a calm, then a scud,
A tempest brings on that the face of the flood,
The thunder and lightning, and wind, so deform,
The pride of the ocean scarce lives out the storm.

And now, having nobly defended the cause
Of the nation, of freedom, religion, and laws,
Her timbers all crazy, all open her seams,
Torn and wounded her planks, and quite rotten her beams,
To the last humbly fated her country to aid,
Near the very same slip where her keel was first laid,
No trace of her rate but her ports and her bulk,
The pride of the ocean's cut down a sheer hulk.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE HIGH-METTLED POLITICIAN.

SEE, the house throng'd with members; debate is begun
The confusion—"hear, hear," cries of "spoke," and "well done."

A hundred strange voices resound far and near,
Whigs, Tories, and Radicals greet the tir'd ear,
While with neck well cravatted, arranging his vest,
Proud, pert, and a puppy with hand on his breast,
Slightly turning his hair, with a dandyish grace,
The young politician first starts for a place.

Now the premier's turn'd out, to succeed him they rush,
Whigs and Tories both making a desperate push.
They plot and intrigue, and by craft every day,
Expect into office to find a quick way;
While alike born for liberal or aristocrat,
Always sure to come over, a regular rat.
When the premier's blown out by a party's foul breath,
The young politician is *in* at the death.

Grown stale quite us'd up and turn'd out of the stud
Of treasury *protégés* yet with some blood,
While keen boroughmongers his pedigree trace,
How he made this long speech, how he gained that good place,
And what pensions he won his companions count o'er

As they stand with lank purse at the treasury door;
While disgrace sorely galls, with his remnant of nouse,
The young politician's a hack in the house.

Till at last in St. Stephen's both early and late,
To divide for his party he bends to his fate,
Despis'd, poor and feeble he votes for each bill,
Brought in by the minister's paramount will,
And now blank and silent an object of scorn,
On the very same bench he was used to adorn,
While his memory the treasury whipper-in jogs,
The young politician is gone to the dogs.

Figaro in London. October 13, 1832.

THE HIGH-METTLED RAZOR,

SINCE of course we want razors when manhood's begun,
Lest profusion of beard should our faces o'errun,
A thousand strange methods are found every year,
And Mechi and Rodgers assail our young ear,
When we next, like a vain beau, direct that our crest,
Silver-mounted, should be on the handle impressed,
Scarcely scraping a hair in our downy estate,
The High-mettled Razor first ranks among plate.

The next ten years turn out, and we need not now blush
To be caught when we're soaping our beard with a brush,
For we *have* one at length, and we need not say nay,
Should any one ask if we shave every day.
While alike born for scrapes in our life's daily course,
Always sure to come through with a cut, if not worse;
When we're barely shaved down just to what Fashion saith,
The High-mettled Razor now bores us to death.

Grown rusty, used up, and turned dull as a spud,
Notched, blunted, and always, when used, drawing blood;
While, knowing its past deeds, its misdeeds we trace,
Tell, "This notch cut my finger, and this cut my face;"
And what dangers we've run, we could quickly count o'er,
As we wasted our time, and our temper, and gore;
When the shaving doth gall, and the steel our chins goad,
The Dull-mettled Razor's put out of the road.

At length they've improved it, before 'tis too late;
And Mechi and Rodgers must bend to their fate;
And barbers will soon have to work the tread-mill,
If their razors are brought to a daily stand-still.
For now, with its works nearly hid from our view,
In the very same chair in which we must sit too,
While a music-box plays like a musical elf,
The High-mettled Razor doth *shave us itself*."

CUTHBERT BEDE.

(This amusing parody, by the author of *Verdant Green*, originally appeared in *Punch*. It was afterwards included in *Medley*, a small shilling volume of light reading published by James Blackwood in 1856. The last verse referred to the invention by a joiner, at North Shields, of a machine which was to lather and shave a man whilst seated in an arm-chair.)

THE HIGH METTLED GUARDSMAN.

SEE the pier throng'd with gazers! The War is begun!
The soldiers are coming—"Let's see them!" "Run, run!"
A thousand loud voices resound far and near,
With the hearty "huzza" and the soul-stirring "cheer."
While with mien like a hero—erecting his crest,
Proud and pleas'd—with true courage inflaming his breast,

With the prospect of glory, his ardour increas'd,
The High Mettled Guardsman embarks for the East.

From the ship now turned out his way he must push,
Through mud and through marshes, through rain, cold, and slush.

They leave him to struggle as well as he may
From the shore to the camp after leaving the bay.
Sustained by the pluck that he shows in the field,
He is sure to come through, for he never will yield ;
And though nearly worn-out, weary, hungry, and wet,
The High Mettled Guardsman has life in him yet.

Exposed to the cold, and turned out in the mud,
Still ready to shed for his country his blood ;
While knowing officials—the precedents trace,
Of what are the ancient traditions of place.
What appointments were made—in what heads will reside
The patronage Government has to divide.
Thus the High Mettled Guardsman, 'tis easily seen,
The victim becomes of official routine.

At length ill and weak, working early and late,
Bowed down by disease to a pitiful state ;
Expos'd to the wet—a continual drench,
He feebly turns over the mud in the trench.
And now, cold and lifeless, he silently lies
On the soil where he hoped to win victory's prize :
Whilst official routine on contentedly jogs,
And the High Mettled Guardsman has gone to the dogs.

Punch. January, 1855.

A parody, entitled *The Village-Born Beauty*, appeared in "The Universal Songster," vol. 1, p. 356, and was also printed as a halfpenny ballad, by Taylor, of Brick Lane, Bethnal Green. This song described the adventures of the Village-born Beauty, (who had strayed from the paths of virtue) in language somewhat too free to be admitted in this collection.

—:O:—

THE BOATSWAIN CALLS.

My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little service,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow ;
I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sailed with noble Jervis,
And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo, heave ho !
Yet more ye shall be knowing,
I was coxon to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced the foe.
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our grog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing yo heave ho !

* * * * *

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe ;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission.
Nor again the anchor weigh with yo, heave ho !
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
My boys shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the
foe ;

Then to country and king,
Fate can no danger bring,
While the tars of old England sing out yo, heave ho !

CHARLES DIBDIN.

A WORD FROM TOM TOUGH.

YES, my name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, and I've seed a sight
o' service

Where the waves have rolled like mountains and the howl-
ing winds have blown,
And I've never shirked my dooty, and to feel what want of
nerve is

Is a thing—I says it proudly—as I've never, never known.

No ; I've tried with my lot to be always content,

And never gone in for a railer,

But I've taken the things as Dame Fortune has sent,
Like a honest and brave British sailor !

And I'm not complainin' now. No ! I'd scorn the very
notion.

Though I fear as 'ow Shipowners isn't quite the best o'
men ;

But you see I'm gettin' older than when fust I sailed the
ocean.

And there's reasons for my speakin' which was not existin'
then.

For now I've a wife and four little ones, too,

More sober and cautious to make me ;

For it's Heaven only knows what it is they could do,
If disaster and death overtake me.

' Lor ! I've been to sea in ships as I knowed was well-nigh
rotten ;

I've a-sailed with big deck cargoes as was scandalus to
see ;

And I've run so many risks that I've half o' them forgotten,
And I never once protested, no, nor grumbled, sir—not
me !

But, then, as I've said, there was only Tom Tough,

And no one to bother about him ;

And if he comed to grief, why, 'twas certain enough
That the world could get well on without him.

But the matter's changed entirely since the bonniest o'
lasses,

Swore she'd ever love me truly ; for since then, where'er
I roam,

Why, my heart with fervent longing, that all other thoughts
surpasses,

Keeps a-turning ever constant towards my happy 'little
home,

For there sits my Polly a-waiting for me,

Her heart, with the billows, time beating,

Whilst each of our little ones bend at her knee—

A prayer for its father repeating.

Yes, it is for Polly's sake, and the bairns, I've been
attending,

To all that they've been saying of Shipowners and their
craft,

And been brooding o'er those wrongs, sir, which the Board
o' Trade means mending,

And at which, when I was reckless, why, I only took and
laughed.

So you, please, mustn't think that Tom Tough is a shirk,

Nor in anyways flustered or frightened,

If he should ask you, whilst he sticks to his work,

To try if those wrongs can't be righted.

For you see I ain't no spouter, and I've not the gift o'
patter,

But all the same I knows full well that many things is
wrong ;

And drowning is for me and mine so serious a matter,
That if the case is put for us, it can't be put too strong.
So whilst I continues my duty to do,
Until my last trip is completed,
I hope that the Board will do *its* dooty, too,
And see that Tom's properly treated.

There's such talk about insoorance and the likes, I've
often wonder'd
If there's any human feeling in this great and Christian
land,
For all the while they're chatt'ring, men is drowning by
the hunderd,
Through the acts o' greedy owners, if I rightly under-
stand.

Aye, it's this that is makin' a coward of the best,
And turning good hands into railers :
It's this that is crushing the pluck and the zest
From the hearts o' your brave British sailors.

So it ain't no great favour that Tom Tough just now
is praying,

He wants to have fair chances in the struggle, that is all ;
And if Englishmen loves justice, why there'll be no more
delaying

In list'ning and attending to his very urgent call.
Or, leastways, if they at my language still sneer,
And pass my petition unheeding,
I knows very well they won't turn a deaf ear
To my wife and my little ones' pleading !

Truth. March 27, 1884.

A SAILOR'S PLEA FOR THE "YO, HEAVE HO !"

YES, my name, d'ye know's Tom Tough, and I've seed a
sight o' service,
Where the waves roll mountains high, and the stormy
winds do blow ;

But my heart's as true as steel, and right taut my every
nerve is,
As when, in eighteen forty, I first sung out, "Yo, heave
ho !"

No, I've never yet been ailing,
Since the time I went a-sailing ;

An' though I've been around this world some twenty
times or so ;

Aye, although I ain't a stranger,
To any kind o' danger,

Yet I'm ready still to meet 'em with a "Yo, heave ho !"

But although I'm able-bodied, and still fit to furl a
"topsel,"

Or to reef a "maintop-gallant" in a stiff nor'-eastern gale :
Though I'm sober and quick-handed, yet just like a hulk
I'm stranded,

And I cannot get a skipper for to answer to my hail.

So as no one me engages,

Why, of course, my bit o' wages

I'd saved up for a rainy day is bound to quickly go ;

And my hopes, I own, is sinking,

For I somehow can't help thinking

That I shan't get the chance again to sing out "Yo, heave
ho !"

Yes, the times is changed completely since I first sailed on
the ocean,

For then a British ship, you see, was worked by British
tars,

And every British skipper would have scoffed the very
notion

Of having lots of furriners to man the capstan bars.

But now, I'll take my davy,

'Cepting sometimes in the Navy,

You will not find a British ship in which they do not stow
Heaps o' Danes, and Swedes, and Rooshians,
Greeks, Malays, and Fins, and Prooshians,

Who couldn't, for to save their lives sing out a "Yo,
heave ho !"

Why, the crews I used to ship with were all chaps with
bone and muscle,

And with lots o' pluck and courage, and with hearts to
England true ;

But what some calls "competition" has so changed the
whole position,

That now to serve for sailors any furrin' scum will do.

And if a crew you muster,

P'rhaps of English there's a cluster,

But there's Chinamen and Lascars, and there's Coolies in
a row,

All a-chattering in their lingo,

'Till it's precious hard, by jingo,

To hear aboard a British ship the good old "Yo, heave
ho !"

They say I shouldn't grumble, seeing that which I com-
plain of

Is all owing, as they tell us, to, "a known commercial
cause" ;

But it's not much consolation to a chap what fears starvation
To tell him that his sufferin's due to "economic laws,"

With such things I cannot wrestle,

But I know a British vessel

Is very, very different to what 'twas years ago ;

Since its crew now as a rule is,

Three parts furriners and Coolies

With scarcely British tars enough to give a "Yo, heave
ho !"

Now, of course, it may be cheaper, or, at leastways, for
the present,

To ship a lot o' furrin' trash, and sack my mates and
me ;

But I'm thinking in the future it may turn out most
unpleasant,

And that what's now the cheapest may the dearest
come to be.

Say, for instance, there was fighting,

And the time came for uniting

The Navy with the merchantmen to keep away the foe,
Do ye think the Greeks and Prooshians,

And the Chinamen and Rooshians,

Would be eager for to help you with a "Yo, heave ho" ?

Do ye think they'd care a button what became of our
old country,

Or raise their little fingers to help England rule the
seas ?

No, they'd all be in a flurry just to bolt off, hurry-scurry,
Would your Coolies and your Kroomen and your Arabs
and Chinese ;

Whilst the tars on whose assistance

May depend the land's existence

In the day of sore extremity, which it too soon may
know,

Will be found prepared no longer

England's Navy to make stronger,

Or to volunteer for service, with a "Yo, heave ho !"

Aye, the new crews may be cheaper, but I'd ask you
was it Lascars

And John Chinamen and such like that first England's
Empire made ?

Was it furriner's devotion sailed her ships o'er every
ocean,
And opened every corner of the world up to her trade?
For the sake, then, of the story
Of old England's naval glory,
You surely now some justice to our sailors ought to
show,

And let British brain and sinew
Still on British ships continue,
Nor let a furrin lingo drown the British "Yo, heave
ho!"

Truth, April 15, 1886,

—:O:—

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted.
At seven, while taunting the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

* * * * *

At last,—'twas in the month of May,—
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A.M. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

—

A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

(Adapted from *Dibdin to the sad Circumstances of the Day*.)

'Twas Prime Meridian, twelve at noon,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At eight she watched the rising moon,
With wringing hands, half broken-hearted.
At nine, while tautening the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, unless 'twas fancy:
At ten we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came. The theme of every tongue
Was the Meridian Conference. Weary
Of that at last, we piped and sung,
And chawed our quids in confab cheery;
But something weighed upon my mind,
The wildest dreams possessed my fancy,
And fate seemed whispering on the wind,
I ne'er again should meet my Nancy!

And now arrived the happy time
Which every true Tar's spirit rouses,
When safe at home (Meridian Prime)
We hoped to meet sweethearts and spouses.
But round and round the world went we,
Seeking that Prime Meridian! Fancy!
The *darned thing wasn't fixed*, ye see,
And I could not find home or Nancy!

It was, of course, the beastliest bore,
Those stupid Frenchmen had a notion
That fixing it on England's shore,—
England, whose vessels scour the ocean,
And who is owned to rule the waves,—
Insulted France! A foolish fancy!
The vanity to which they're slaves
Fooled them—and kept me from my Nancy.

We sailed about, all round we steered,
'Midst sunshine's gleam and tempest's rattle.
No Prime Meridian appeared!
The Conference was still at battle.
The Frenchman still maintained the strife
To please his egotistic fancy,
Kept many a Tar from his true wife,
And me from my beloved Nancy!

Alas! Confound the Frogs, I say!
Though fair the wind and fine the weather,
I cannot yet forecast the day
When Nance and I shall come together.
That Prime Meridian serves to floor
My fondest hopes, my warmest fancy.
It's still unfixed, and never more
I fear shall I see it or Nancy.

Punch. October 25, 1884.

—:O:—

THE LAST SHILLING.

As pensive one night in my garret I sate,
My last shilling produced on the table,
That adventurer, cried I, might a history relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.
Whether fancy or magic 'twas played me the freak,
The face seemed with life to be filling;
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
"Pay attention to me, thy last shilling!"

* * * * *

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

I HAD knocked out the dust from my pipe t'other night,
Old Time t'wards midnight was creeping;
The last smoke from its ashes had taken its flight,—
I felt neither waking nor sleeping;
When a voice, loud and hollow, and, seemingly, near,
You'll say 'twas a dream or a fable,
Directed towards me, said, audibly clear,
"List, list, list to me, thy oak table."

"I was once of the forest, the monarch so bold,
"Nor tempest nor storm made me tremble;
"And oft, very oft, the famed Druids of old
"Would under my branches assemble:
"Their mysterious rights they'd perform before me,—
"Those rites to unfold I am able,
"But be that now forgot, I was then an oak tree,
"And now I am but an oak table.

"When the axe brought me down, and soon lopped was
each bough,
"And to form a ship I was converted,
"Manned by true hearts of oak, the wide ocean to plough,
"And by victory never deserted,

"But, worn out by Time, and reduced to a wreck,
 "Bereft of my anchor and cable,
 "A carpenter bought me, and, with part of my deck,
 "Made what you see me now—an oak table.

"Now thrust in a corner, put out of the way,—
 "But I fear I your patience am tiring.
 "I expect nothing less than, some forthcoming day,
 "To be broke up and used for your firing."
 "No never," cried I, as I started awake,
 "I'll keep thee as long as I'm able
 "And each friend that my humble cheer will partake,
 "Shall be welcome around my oak table."

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;
 And should a footstep haply stray,
 Where caution marks the guarded way,
 "Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
 "A friend"—"The word." "Good night;" "All's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
 "What cheer? Brother, quickly tell ;
 Above—below." "Good night," "All's well."

THOMAS DIBDIN

THE EMPTY PURSE.

DESERTED by the waning purse,
 When frowns proclaim the worldling's curse,
 On garret's high poetic ground,
 The poor man walks his lonely round.
 And should some bailiff chance to stray,
 Where breaches mark the stairs' decay,
 Who's there? Ah me! these red capes tell,
 Pay this I can't; to jail—All's well!

Or gliding through this busy life,
 With doctors, nurses, babies, wife ;
 The careful wight patrols the shop,
 And guards the house from toe to top.
 And while his thoughts oft debt-ward veer,
 Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
 What cheer, old friend, old playmate tell?
 Cash low, child sick, wife cross—All's well!

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

ANOTHER PARODY.

DESERTED by declining day,
 When weary wights benighted stray ;
 From bush, or cavern, we appear,
 And scare the traveller's frightened ear
 With—"Stand or die, good night. All's well."

Or riding home from fair or feast,
 Some farmer plodding o'er his beast ;
 His wit o'erstopped by humming ale,
 While thus the joskins we assail ;
 "Down every stiver, quickly tell,
 Your watch, your purse, good night. All's well!"

ANONYMOUS.

ALL'S WELL.

HOT from the guard-room's reeking stew,
 His spongy great-coat sodden through,
 His head with senseless shako crowned,
 The sentry walks rheumatic round.
 And should civilian querist stray,
 And question in his saucy way,
 "What cheer, oh! Sentry, quickly tell."
 "In fact, all wrong: in word, All's well!"

From guard-bed comrades' steaming heap,
 Turned out all standing, half-asleep,
 Great-coat on back and stock on neck,
 His perspiration gets a check ;
 And while, half-starved, he dreams of beer,
 Could civil question catch his ear,
 "What cheer, ho! Sentry, quickly tell."
 "In fact, all wrong: in word, All's well!"

Punch. March 13, 1858.

MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND, NOR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM.

SINCE the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind
 And taught me how favoured by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune, I still was inclined,
 And impart to who wanted, what I wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
 And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give him."

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
 Or by poverty bow'd, tho' of evils the least,
 The smiles of a friend may invite to content,
 And we all know content is an excellent feast ;
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him.
 And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him."

THOMAS DIBDIN.

A NEW VERSION.

(Addressed to the shades of Dibdin.)

SINCE the first dawn of reason on—Dibdin—your mind.
 Very little experience, it seems, that you got :
 If you—after your fortune was shared—did not find
 That those you had shared it with, wanted you not
 It's a maxim of mine, if a friend you'd sift out
 From the crowd, do not test with too searching a sieve
 him,
 And this motto you then may adopt past a doubt—

"I shall not want a friend, while I've lots I can give him!"

But a grateful return of a farthing per cent
 When by poverty bowed, don't expect in the least :
 With the fact, that you've proved you're an ass be content,
 And we all know content is as good as a feast ;
 Yet it makes one a little inclined to dispraise
 To know from experience, as sure as you live, you
 Of this motto the truth will learn, some of these days,
 "May you ne'er want a friend—for no jot'll he give you!"

TOM HOOD, the Younger.

THE ARETHUSA.

(Words by Prince Hoare, F.S.A., Dramatic Author, born 1755, died December 22, 1834. Music by William Shield.)

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold—
 Huzza for the Arethusa !
 She is a frigate tight and brave
 As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch ;
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
 On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
 The English Channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in shore so about,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
 The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie—
 The Arethusa seem'd to fly :
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack ;
 Though the Frenchman laugh'd, and thought it stuff ;
 But they knew not the handful of men how tough
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France ;
 We with two hundred did advance
 On board of the Arethusa.
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, "Ho !"
 The Frenchman then cried out, "Hollo !"
 "Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee."
 "No, no !" says the Frenchman, "that can't be"
 "Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land ;
 We forced them back upon the strand ;
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight the Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his fav'rite lass,
 A health to the captains and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the Arethusa.

THE ARIEL'S CREW, SIR.

COME every jolly rower bold,
 Whose heart is cast in honour's mould,
 While Nuneham's glories I unfold,
 Huzza for the Ariel's crew, Sir.
 She is a vessel tight and brave
 As ever skimm'd the ruffled wave ;
 Her lads are staunch to their fav'rite launch,
 And when the race shall try our fire,
 Sooner than yield we'll all expire,
 The dauntless "Ariel" crew, Sir.

'Twas in the Regatta she went out
 In Nuneham's reach to cruise about,
 Three rival boats, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the "Ariel" crew, Sir ;
 The "Isis" bold straight ahead did ply,
 The sprightly "Ariel" seemed to fly ;
 Not an arm, nor a back, nor a nerve did she slack ;
 Though the foemen laugh'd, and thought it was stuff,
 Knowing not the handful of lads how tough
 Were the dauntless "Ariel" crew, Sir.

Eight strong-arm'd men on their oars did bend,
 The stoutest Oxford Town could send ;
 We eight bold youngsters did contend,
 The plucky "Ariel" crew, Sir.
 Our cockswain hail'd the "Isis," "Ho,"
 The Isis-men roared out "Hallo !" "
 "You'll ne'er win the cup, so you'd better give it up ;"
 "No, no," cries the "Ariel," "that can't be,
 For I mean to lug it along with me,
 For the use of the 'Ariel' crew, Sir."

The race was off the Nuneham shore,
 (Such a race as ne'er was seen before,)
 We pressed them hard, and beat them sore,
 The youthful "Ariel" crew, Sir.
 And now we've beat the rival crew,
 And shown what skill and pluck can do,
 Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass :
 Here's a health to Maclean and conservatives all,
 And may success and honour befall
 The lads of the "Ariel" crew, Sir, !

August, 1839.

G. V. COX.

[“Oxford, in the long vacation 1839, was enlivened by a Nuneham Regatta, a conservative festivity, at which Mr. Maclean (M.P. for Oxford City, and M.A. of Balliol College) was the presiding genius, as well as the chief payer of the piper. I am tempted to introduce here a parody on the famous song of ‘The Gallant Arethusa,’ in honour of the nine young gentlemen, natives of Oxford, who, as the crew of the ‘Ariel’ carried off the chief honours of this regatta.” p. 309, *Recollections of Oxford*. 1789-1860, by G. V. Cox.]

THE MAN WHO MENDED THE BOILER.

“Mr. Benbow, the engineer of one of the steamers in which the rescue of General Gordon was attempted, arrived in London yesterday. Mr. Benbow was engineer of the steamer on which Lord Charles Beresford performed his deeds of gallantry on the Upper Nile ; and among his friends he is popularly known as ‘the Man who Mended the Boiler.’ He has come to this country in response to an official telegram.”

COME, all ye Britons, brave and bold,
 Whilst I this story do unfold—

(A better tale is seldom told)

The Man who Mended the Boiler !
An Engineer as deft as brave,
With a name that smacks of the salt sea wave,
And a heart as staunch
As the hull of his launch ;
And whenever Britons must meet the foe,
May they have such fellows as brave Benbow,
The Man who Mended the Boiler !

'Twas with the Nile fleet he set out,
With Lord Charles Beresford, gay and stout,
Midst the cataract's roar, and the Arabs' shout,
The Man who Mended the Boiler.
Khartoum and Gordon ahead did lie,
When a plate in the boiler did start and fly,
With a puff and a crack,
And the pace did slack,
And the Arabs howled at that bang and that puff,
But they knew not that handful of tars so tough,
Nor the Man who Mended the Boiler !

Whilst the jubilant Arabs did howl and dance,
He surveyed the smash with a workman's glance,
And saw at once that they couldn't advance,
With a big blank hole in the boiler.
Did he turn up the job like a muff? Oh, no!
That wasn't the fashion of brave Benbow,
Midstream and still
He worked with a will
Through a dark Nile night and by morning's light,
He had patched up everything right and tight
The Man who Mended the Boiler !

The Arabs looked from the sandy strand,
And thought that the Britons were brought to a stand ;
But those Britons they did not understand,
Nor the Man who Mended the Boiler.
Up steam once more ! Midst a roar from the shore,
Away up the Nile the steamer bore.
Let each brim a glass,
Whether lad or lass,
In a health to Lord Charles and his gallant crew,
With a bumper to Benbow stout and true,
The Man who Mended the Boiler !

Punch. April 25, 1885.

—:O:—

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O !

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers ;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

* * * *

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent.
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent ;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O !

ANDREW CHERRY. (*Comedian.* 1762,-1812.)

THE NEW-BUILT PLAYHOUSE, O !

LOUD roar'd the watchman's rattle,
Dust-bells began the din,
Announc'd the hour of battle !
'Twas half-price rushing in :
Whilst o'er the rascal crew,
Vast consternation flew
At the fight,
On that night,
In the new-built playhouse, O !

The catcalls next shrill sounding
'Midst O. P.'s vocal strain ;
The magic dance, resounding,
Near rent the walls in twain !
Our victors strengthen'd grew,
O'er turned the Bow Street crew,
At the fight,
On that night,
In the new-built playhouse, O !

Then, must'ring up our forces,
Attack'd the thieves again ;
But numbered in our losses
A few brave O. P. men.
The victory was ours,
Brave O. P. loudly roars,
At the fight,
On that night,
In the new-built playhouse, O !

From *The Covent Garden Journal*. Vol. 2, (London 1810).
Containing an account of the O. P. (old prices) riots at the
New Covent Garden Theatre.

THE BAY OF CHELSEA, OH !

LOUD roar'd the smoking funnel,
The blacks came down in showers ;
The steam-pipe coughs like one ill,
The smoke above us lowers ;
The mud both thick and dark
Impedes our wretched bark :
There we lay,
Half a day,
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh !

Now dashed against the gravel,
We crumble, crash, and creak ;
At this rate we shan't travel
A mile within a week
Cries of "Return the fare !"
Now rend the startled air :
"Did we pay,
Here to stay,
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh !"

At length a wished-for wherry
'Long side of us drew nigh ;
The prospect made us merry,
The laugh rose loud and high ;
But when, alas ! we knew,
'Twould not hold half our crew,
None were gay,
As they lay
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh !

A little ease to give her
(To make her float we meant),

At once into the river
 Her heavy chimney sent.
 To swim she now appears,
 We give three hearty cheers,
 As we scud
 Off the mud,
 In the Bay of Chelsea, oh !

Punch 1847.

AIR, "The Bay of Biscay."

"I cut the ball right under
 At least an inch or more ;
 It was a fatal blunder,
 For forty was his score.
 I gave him in the dark
 Fifteen, so did remark,
 'Odds I'll lay
 Any day,
 If he'll give me a bisque, heigh ho !"

* * * *

From *Tennis Cuts and Quips*. London : Field and Tuer, 1884

—:O:—

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads ! 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year ;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,
 Hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready :
 Steady, boys, steady !

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away :
 If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore ;
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia, triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
 Her standard is justice—her watchword, "Be free ;"
 Then cheer up, my lads ! with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king."

Hearts of oak, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

A NEW SONG.

COME cheer up, my lads, 'tis to Freedom we steer ;
 No tyrant dictators shall manage us here ;
 No more shall they send vile dependents on Court,
 The birthright of Britons they ne'er will support.
 United by Freedom, in freedom remain ;
 See Fox still is ready,
 To our cause ever steady ;
 Huzza ! we'll elect him again and again.

Since first we adopted THE FOX,* as our choice,
 To injure the nation he ne'er lent his voice :
 His unshaken heart, stout, manly, and bold,
 Could ne'er be corrupted our cause to have sold.
 United by Freedom &c.,

* * * *

From *The History of the Westminster Election*. 1784.

COME, CHEER UP, MY LADS, MERRY CHRISTMAS
 IS NEAR.

COME, cheer up, my lads, merry Christmas is near,
 And I hope we shall all have a Happy New Year !
 Then eat your plum-pudding and drink your strong ale,
 And may plenty and peace, in old England ne'er fail ;
 O, still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd !
 Let's ever be ready, steady boys, steady,
 And true to ourselves we defy all the world.
 Oh, still may our flag, &c.

* * * *

There are five verses in all in this imitation, which may
 be found in Volume III. (page 37) of *The Universal Songster*.

ANOTHER NEW SONG.

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year.
 We'll rout the old soldiers in spite of their skill,
 And send Brougham and Creevey to make known our
 will.

CHORUS.—Then firm, my hearts of oak,
 Your votes give like Freemen,
 To Liberty steady,
 With hearts always ready,
 To fight and to conquer,
 Again and again.

M'Kerrell declares when the times have proved good,
 The people of England have *three times* too much food ;
 And Gladstone, his friend—deserter of our cause—
 The King's Jester has named, to help t'make our laws.

Then firm, my hearts of oak.
 Your votes give like Freemen,
 To Liberty steady,
 You'll always be ready
 To keep out a Canning,
 Again and again.

Then Tarleton comes forth with his vote-winning smile,
 "If I have turned my coat, my heart's yours all the
 while ;

"Besides, my good friends, by constantly turning
 "I must keep your interest on all sides from burning.

"Then listen to my ditty,
 "And send me up once more,
 "To changing sides steady,
 "I always am ready
 "To come to the side
 "I deserted before,"

Our wise Corporation, poor Gascoyne descry—
 His back one sad wound, and tearful his eye—

*Charles James Fox,

The flogging they gave him, his hopes had quite damped,
And the fear of defeat on his visage was stamped.

Cries Bourne, "My dear Gascoyne,
"Dor't take it so to heart.
"Indeed we didn't mean it,
"Let Hollingshead clean it,
"And then, my dear fellow,
"You'll soon lose the smart.

Then cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year,
We'll rout the old soldiers in spite of their skill,
And send Brougham an' Creevey to make known our will.

Then firm, my hearts of oak,
Your votes give like Freeman,
To Liberty steady,
With hearts always ready,
To fight and to conquer,
Again and again.

From *An Impartial Collection of Addresses, Songs, Squibs, &c., published during the Liverpool Election.* October, 1812.

(The candidates were the Right Hon. George Cannings
Lt.-General Isaac Gascoyne, Henry Brougham, Thoma
Creevey, and General B. Tarleton. George Canning and
General Gascoyne, both Tories, were elected.)

DOWN WITH THE LORDS.

UNFURL the old flag once again to the fore,
While firmly we march as our fathers of yore;
Our war-cry is "Freedom," our cause is our right,
Our well-trusted leaders are Gladstone and Bright.

Chorus.

Then down with the Lords! our duty is plain;
For the fray we are ready;
Steady, men, steady;
We have conquered before, and we'll conquer again!

The flouts and the sneers of these senators born,
And their impotent threats we can laugh them to scorn,
Arise, and like phantoms they'll fade from our view,
For we are the million, and they are the few.

What think they, these Peers, in their arrogant pride?
Are we slaves that their hauteur can put us aside?
Do they think that their cunning we cannot requite,
When they'd filch with their left what they'd give with
their right?

Rouse, brothers, rouse! 'tis our own that we claim,
And the power that they wield, why, it is but a name;
Then let them beware in their unsel array,
Ere a blast of our anger shall sweep them away!

JAMES TILSON WRIGHT,

The Weekly Dispatch. August 24, 1884.

TRUTH AND RIGHT.

THE day dawns upon us, the fight is at hand,
When the voice of the people shall ring through the land;
Peace, Progress, Reform and Retrenchment—our guide—
Shall be the man's watchword in whom we confide.

Chorus.

Truth and Right are our weapons, untarnished with stain;
Our forces are ready, trusty and steady—
We'll vote for the men who can lead the campaign,

Deserted, forgotten, our rights, long ignored,
Have been tossed to the winds for coercion and sword—
The yoke of taxation has burdened our isle.
Our trades and our industries ne'er seem to smile.

We will send forth the men who will zealously toil
To improve the condition of "sons of the soil,"
Whose hearts beat with ours, who know what we feel—
The labouring masses who grind at the wheel.

And men who are staunch to the cause they profess,
Who will grapple each task to relieve our distress,
Who can write on their banner—for ever unfurled—
"A prosperous country, at peace with the world!"

JESSE H. WHEELER.

The Weekly Dispatch. October 25, 1885.

GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

AROUSE, men of England, the strife's drawing near,
Stand fast for the Right and the man we revere,
'Tis but justice we ask for our friends o'er the waves:
Let Ireland be free, not a nation of slaves.

Chorus.

A fig for the Whigs, and for Salisbury's men;
They fear us already,
Steady, boys, steady,
For Ireland and Gladstone again and again!

Seceders may sneer at the chief they betrayed,
And boast how the game of the Tory they played;
Let them stand, hand in hand, where Coercion's in store,
Their names will be scorned when themselves are no more.

Chorus.

We care not for Whigs nor for Salisbury's men;
They fear us already,
Steady, boys, steady,
For Ireland and Gladstone again and again!

D. EVANS.

The Weekly Dispatch. June 27, 1886.

GLADSTONE'S MISTAKE.

AWAKE, sons of Britain, don't let it be said
When comes the election that Reason was dead.
'Tis important to all that a measure so rash
As Gladstone's should speedily fall with a crash.

Chorus.

He's made a mistake, though the greatest of men;
The bill's doomed already,
Then, Will, pray be steady,
You know you'll be sorry again and again.

Admirers of William, who cling to him strong,
All seem to imagine he cannot do wrong;
By sticking to him through this "mad-headed" plan
Gives rise to the thought that they worship the "man,"

Chorus.

He's made a mistake, so be honest, be men,
The bill's doomed already,
Be up and ready;
If not, you'll repent it again and again.

The Weekly Dispatch. July 4, 1886.

THE SKIPPER'S SONG.

(Air—*Obvious*.)

A DEATH on the ocean wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
For the Skipper whose owners save
On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap !
I've French, Dutch, Turk, and Greek,
Swede, Fin, and Portugee—
And all the lingoers they speak
Are heathen Greek to me !
So a death on the Ocean Wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
When I'm knived or knocked on the head,
Some night, when no watch I keep.

For they all of 'em wear long knives,
And some have got pistols too,
And mine and my mates' dear lives
Aren't worth a tobacco-screw !
They will take us unawares,
Like stuck pigs we shall die,
With no time to say our prayers,
And no chance to exchange "Good-bye,"
For a death on the Ocean Wave,
And a grave in the rolling deep,
Is the Skipper's whose owners save
On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap !

Punch. May 27, 1876.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAIVE.

(Composed by Mr. Twitters, after a rough passage from
Boulogne.)

A LIFE on the ocean waive,
Don't try for a home on the deep—
For your scattered senses rave,
If well you expect to keep.
Like a puppy whipt you'll whine,
For the fresh and wholesome shore.
Or, heaving upon the brine,
For a "Basin, steward," roar.
Then a life, &c.

On deck I tried to stand,
But I could not, with all my craft ;
I asked them to let me land,
But the feelingless sailors laughed.
For to me was the sparkling foam
Ipecacuanah tea.
Oh ! the tartar emetic's home
Is certainly on the sea.
So a life, &c.

The sky turned to black from blue,
And didn't the rain come down !
"You'd be better below," said the crew.
I only replied by a frown !
But my counsel now shall be,
Unless you, a madman, rave,
Don't live on the tossing sea—
A home on the billows waive.
Yes, a life on the ocean waive, &c.

From *The Man in the Moon*. Vol. 3.

I'M AFLOAT.

(The Premier's vacation parody on board Sir Donald
Currie's ship, "*The Pembroke Castle*.")

I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! on the swift rolling tide,
In the "liner" which Currie has lent me with pride.
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the Old Man is free.
I fear not my critics, I laugh at their jaw,
They shall find that for once I'm not easy to "draw ;"
For now at my breakfast no rage can I feel
At the journal report of some Tory stump squeal.

Quick, quick, stoke her fires, and come calm or
come wind,
I will warrant we'll soon leave land worries behind,
Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
I'm afloat ! I'm afloat ! and the Old Man is free.

Though that growler should carp, and this snarler be
heard,
The steamer, unheeding, skims on like a bird.
What to us is the shout of Conservative pain ?
As we're well out of hearing, it's uttered in vain.
The enemy's strokes ineffectively fall,
Be they never so smart they've no power to appal,
As with fresh air on deck, and snug comfort below,
Through the holiday waters right onward we go.

Hurrah ! then my mates, we may lounge, we may
sleep,
Party rancour is hushed, we're alone on the deep ;
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea—
We're afloat !—we're afloat ! and the Old Man is
free.

Funny Folks. September 22, 1883.

SONG OF THE PICKPOCKET.

THERE'S a flat, there's a flat, on the opposite side,
The country's his home, and his nose is his guide,
Quick, quick, trip him up, knock his hat o'er his eyes,
And we'll take out his wife on the ground as he lies.

I heed not the beaks, I fear not their claws ;
My object I'll compass in spite of the laws ;
I ne'er will give up to a tyrant of Peel's,
Nor yield to a soul while I still have my heels.

The Puppet Show. April 1, 1848.

I'M A SHOT.

I'm a shot, I'm a shot, I'm my Company's pride,
The range is my home, and my rifle my bride,
Up, up with the flag, let it wave o'er the plain,
I've hit the bull's eye, and I'll hit it again.

I fear not the serjeant, I heed not the cells,
I've a ball in my pouch on the target that tells ;
And ne'er as a slave, but a soldier I'll kneel
With a most inconvenient seat on my heel.
I'm a shot, I'm a shot, &c.

THE SONG OF THE FLOAT.

I'm a float ! I'm a float ; on the deep rolling tide,
I rest calmly still or triumphantly ride ;
The bright crystal flood is my natural home,
Be it smooth as a mirror, or flashing with foam.

My body's of cork, of an olive green hue,
And my tip as the needle magnetic is true.
I'm a float ! I'm a float ! and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

When Phœbus is bright and young zephyr at rest,
I lazily lie on the water's calm breast ;
And I think all the time how hot it must be
Over there where my master lies under the tree,
A shady old elm on the grass-covered ground,
Where the wopses and honey-bugs tumble around !
I'm a float ! I'm a float ; and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

When the sky like a friar is shrouded in gray,
And winds whistle wild o'er the watery way,
I top the white waves, or laugh in great glee,
As a ducking I get when they top over me.
And I think, oh ! how jolly my master must feel,
With the rain at his back, and the mud at his heel !
I'm a float ! I'm a float ! and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

Sometimes, when the water's not "soupy" in tint,
At the pebbly bottom I take a sly squint ;
And then, if I see a big scaly'un look
With a haif-doubting eye at the worm-covered hook,
A thrill of excitement runs all down my quill,
And, in spite of the water, I try to keep still.
I'm a float ! I'm a float ! and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

But then if the scaly'un goes for that bait,
To my master the news in a crack I relate—
Yes !—no !—eh ?—bravo ?—'bob !'—right under I go !
But I'm drawn up again in a minute or so.
Slow but sure towards land a forced passage I make,
A big golden carp pulling well in my wake !
I'm a float ! I'm a float ! and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

I'm a float ! I'm a float ! on the deep rolling tide,
I rest calmly still or triumphantly ride !
I'm the fisherman's friend, his mark on the stream,
No bite I let pass, from roach, perch or bream.
So all you gay rodsters, pray treat me with care,
For your pleasures and pains I'll happily share.
I'm a float ! I'm a float ! and I'm fair on the job,
If the fishes below only give me a bob !

The Angler's Journal. April 3, 1886.

—:O:—

OH ! DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT ?

Two parodies of this song were published by Ryle & Co.,
Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London, as street ballads.
Both were very coarse, one began :—

Now don't you remember old Alice, Ben Bolt,
At the cook-shop a little up town,
How she grinned with delight when you gave her the brass,
For the pannum you sent rolling down ?

The other commenced thus :—

Oh ! don't you remember sweet Sal, Harry Holt,
Sweet Sally wot lived at the Crown ?
How she danced all the night, and drank with delight,
Just to keep up her fame and renown.

WHEN "BOLT."

Oh ! don't you remember the days when "Bolt"
Was the dodge that did landlords so "brown,"
When on quarter day morns we have oft "shot the moon,"
And been off to a new part of town ?
The old watchman always would let us then bolt,
Of our actions no knowledge would own ;
But policeman are so wide awake now-adays,
We should surely be caught ere we'd flown.

Oh ! don't you remember our tradesmen, when "Bolt"
Was the way to stop duns for small bills—
When they knew that to claim their demands would entail
Declarations, court-fees, and such ills ?
The system has gone to decay, and when "Bolt"
Is the rule, or some game of the sort,
They straight bring an action, and us they can take
For contempt of a vile County Court.

Oh ! don't you remember the days when "Bolt"
Was the word that the billmen overthrew—
When we left our acceptance, ne'er fearing a writ,
And at Boulogne moustaches we grew ?
The sea is thought nothing, and now when "Bolt"
We do, we the law can't defy ;
For the New Law Procedure Act lets them pursue
The debtor where'er he may fly.

Diogenes. Vol. 3, page 132. March, 1854.

I have not met with any other parodies of *Ben Bolt*,
although it is probable that many have been written, as the
song was very popular some years since.

—:O:—

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
List, ye landsmen, all to me !
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies !

* * * * *

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer !

G. A. STEVENS (died 1784.)

CEASE, RUDE BOREAS.
(By a worried Editor.)

CEASE to bore us, and assail us,
Writers ! with your pens so free !
List the tale—though't won't avail us,
And our troubles you shall see !

While around us roars the thunder,
Of the Postman's double knocks ;
Till our Housemaid stares with wonder,
And our Tiger's nerves it shocks.

We have things oft sent that fright us,
And regard them all with scorn,
Pieces too that oft delight us,
And our breasts with rapture warm !
For the *first*—why we reject 'em
Or affront our readers sense,
For the *second*—we accept 'em,
Or we drive Subscribers hence !

Do not then too harshly judge us,
When we cast your trash aside ;
Or of feelings good begrudge us
The exercise, both broad and wide !
We're IMPARTIAL ! though you doubt us,
And to each give merit due ;
Full as honest—though you flout us.
As the mass of STOCKINGS BLUE !

The Monthly Belle Assemblée. September, 1836.

SONG FOR THE DOUCHE.

CEASE to lure us 'bout the ocean,
Neptune's is an easy couch,
Listen while a fellow patient
Sings the dangers of the Douche ;
Stripped and shivering—quite defenceless—
Stunned by its terrific roar—
Now you're shouting—now you're senseless—
Now you're dashed upon the floor.

Hark ! the bathman loudly bawling,—
"Stand up, 'twouldn't hurt a child ;"
Still in vain for mercy calling,—
"Bathman, please to 'draw it mild'."
Now 'tis over, rub and dress you ;
Now the nerves are in full play,
"Bathman I'm all glowing—bless you,
Can't I have one every day?"

Now all you in sick beds lying,
Victims to each false alarm ;
Pill and potion vainly trying
Only doing further harm.
Try the Douche, its shocks and terrors
Are but fancies of the brain,
They must smile at vulgar errors,
Who would health and strength regain.

Would you climb the rugged mountain,
Would you hear sweet warblers sing,
Come and taste the crystal fountain,—
Nature's pure life-giving spring ;
Breathe the tainted air no longer,
Leave your sickly painful couch,
Every bath shall make you stronger,
Nervous sufferers try the Douche.

From *Health and Pleasure, or Malvern Funch*, by J. B. Oddfish. (London. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1865.

—:o:—
"POLY."

(A new ballad of the Fleet, sung by a British Tar à propos
of the "Polyphemus.")

Do you want to know the ugliest craft
That ever put from port?

Well that's the *Poly*, the steel ram'd *Poly*,
And she's a rare rum sort.
Open your peepers and look my lads,
She's lobbing agen the quay,
The sootiest craft afore and abaft
That ever shamed the sea.
Afloat, afloat, d'ye call *her* a boat ?
Blac k'deck, no white sails furled !
Poly, grim *Poly*,
Tame as "loblolly,"
The ug iest craft in the world !

Do you want to know the latest thing
To make a true tar dull ?
Well, that's the *Poly*, this precious *Poly*,
And darn her dirty hull !
Come, you'll see the horror a lyin' there,
Like a porpoise heavy with grog ;
Her sides full of rivets, her turret of guns,
Her hull like a lifeless log.
Afloat, afloat, like a leaky boat,
Low down, no sail unfurled ;
Poly, grim *Poly*,
Our nautical folly,
The ugliest craft in the world !

Do you want a toast to-night, my lads,
Afore we says good-bye ?
Well, here's short life to the lumbering *Poly*,
And blarm her hulk, says I.
Fill your grog-glasses high, my lads,
Drink in sepulchral tones :
"May a storm soon send this confounded *Poly*
To supper with David Jones."
Afloat, afloat, is she worth a groat,
When the waves in heaps are hurled ?
Poly, black *Poly*,
Fraud melancholy,
The ugliest craft in the world !

Punch. July 23, 1881.

—:o:—

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

From the Opera of "The Americans."

RECITATIVE

O'ER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
Britannia mourns her hero, now at rest ;
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

AIR,

TWAS in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay ;
Each heart was bounding then.
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men

Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home and beauty.
Along the line this signal ran—
"England expects that every man
This day will do his duty."

* * * * *

England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty.

—:o:—
S. J. ARNOLD.

THE BATTLE OF SPITHEAD.

Recitative.

O'ER Thompson's nose, by Swiggins' fist imprest,
 Britannia weeps,—that face with bandage dress'd,
 But that bright nose shall never fade with years,
 Whose tip, once blue, now blue and red appears.

'Twas in the Spithead Bay
 We saw Bill Swiggins lay,
 He loudly swearing, then ;
 We owed him for a joke
 Which at the British Oak,
 He levell'd at our men—
 Our Thompson mark'd the wily knave,
 Three screams our outraged sweethearts gave,
 Nor thought of home or duty ;
 Before the shine this signal ran,
 "We owe a grudge to that 'ere man ;
 This day we'll spoil his beauty."

And now we ply the oar,
 And stretching from the shore,
 Our Thompson clove the spray ;
 His ship the Sarah named,
 Long Sarah had been famed
 For squabbles night and day ;
 But dearly was our victory bought,
 Our hero's nose a stinger caught,
 For Sarah, home, and duty ;
 He cried, as to his foe he ran,
 "We owe a grudge to that 'ere man,
 This day we'll spoil his beauty."

But, oh ! the dreadful wound,
 Which sent the "claret" round,
 The hero's nose received.
 Then, sinking on his side,
 "Our boat's going o'er," he cried ;
 "But long enough I've lived,
 I've black'd his other eye at last,
 Have had revenge for insults pass'd
 On Sarah, home, and duty !"
 Thus ends the row as it began—
 Portsmouth confess'd that each brave man
 Had spoilt the other's beauty !

Diogenes. July, 1853.

THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED.

(A Song for Scotland Yard. Air—"The Death of Nelson.")

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
 We heard Sedition blare ;
 Each heart was sickened then.
 We'd scorned the foreign Reds
 Who cracked each other's heads,
 But here were madder men.
 Henderson marked them howl and rave,
 But little heed that hero gave.
 Let Roughdom smash and loot, he
 Stirred not, appeared not, formed no plan.
 And London owned at least one man
 That day that shirked his duty.

And now the rabble roar,
 And plunder as they pour ;
 No Bobbies stop the way.
 London, for order famed,
 Is startled, shocked, and shamed
 By this disgraceful day !

Right dearly is experience bought,
 The maddened Mob surged, smashed, and fought,
 Unchecked, for drink and booty.
 From mouth to mouth the murmur ran,
 "London has found a trusted man
 This day has shirked his duty."

Pride feels a painful wound,
 Dismay is spread around ;
 Our trust has been deceived.
 But shirkers must be tried,
 If need be, thrust aside,
 Our credit be retrieved.
 Policedom's honour is at stake,
 Policedom from its drowse must wake,
 It guards home, wealth, age, beauty,
 From Chief to youngest guardian,
 London *must* know that every man
 Is equal to his duty !

Punch. February, 1886.

Innes's London Comic Songster—(London : Simpkin & Marshall, N.D.)—contained a coarse parody, entitled :—

PADDY'S GRAVE.

'Twas at the Pig and Cat
 Where Judy met her Pat,
 With his big nose so red :
 "Oh ! " says she, "you are untrue ;
 And faith, I'll punish you,"
 And then she broke his head !
 Her brother Ted was standing by,
 Who nately black'd her father's eye,
 For he was bold and frisky ;
 Yet through the bogs this was the cry,
 Ireland expects you won't be shy,
 But fight for love and whiskey !

(Two verses omitted.)

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
 Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
 But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can
 compare,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
 grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
 Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
 But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
 Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
 grenadiers.

Then Jove the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
 Brave Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
 And all the gods celestial, descending from their spheres,
 Behold with admiration the British grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
 Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades ;

We throw them from the glacis about the Frenchman's ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
grenadiers.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry huzza, boys, here comes a grenadier,—
Here come the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts
or fears.

Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the
British grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loopèd clothes.
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
grenadiers !

ANONYMOUS. (*Written about 1760.*)

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath old Marlborough ;
And still in fields of conquest,
Our valour bright has shown,
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
And Moore and Wellington.

Our plumes have waved in combats,
That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backwards from our shot.
In charges with the bayonet,
We led our bold compeers ;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For British Grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira,
To cheer their drooping hearts.
But English, Scotch, and Paddy whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano,
And Badajos's town,
Though raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

And what could Bonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British Grenadiers ?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awake the soul
Of British Grenadiers,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BROOK GREEN VOLUNTEER.

SOME talk of Alexander,
And some of Wellington,

Of Blucher and Lysander,
And of Napoleon.
But of all the gallant heroes,
There's none for to compare,
With his Quick march ! to the right about ! Face !
To the Brook Green Volunteer.

Without the least occasion,
He rushes to the field,
From peril of invasion
Old Hammersmith to shield.
The geese loud cackling round him,
The donkies braying near,
Appal not the truly British heart
Of the Brook Green Volunteer.

Retreating do not mention,
Nor talk of War's alarms,
When Duty cries, Attention !
And Valour, Shoulder Arms !
The soul despises danger,
The bosom knows no fear
Of that fine, handsome, spirited young man,
The Brook Green Volunteer.

In spite of vilest weather
Erect, and proud of mien,
Each night, for hours together,
He guards his native Green ;
Catarrh and cough defying,
No matter how severe ;
What a downright, thorough-going trump
Is the Brook Green Volunteer !

At this inclement season
The hero must be bold,
For no particular reason
To brave a death of cold.
Then yield the palm of glory,
And stand a drop of beer
To that gay, gallant, promising recruit,
The Brook Green Volunteer.

Punch. February 28, 1846.

This parody refers to the rumours of a threatened invasion of England by the Prince de Joinville, and ridicules the proposals then made to call out the Militia. There was another parody of this song in *Punch*, 1849, relating how two Grenadiers robbed two French National Guards during their visit to London. The parody, entitled "The Blackguard Grenadier," commenced thus :—

"Most regiments have some varlet,
Some rascal mean and base,
A stain upon their scarlet,
Their scandal and disgrace."

This disgraceful incident created great indignation, and there was a loud outcry as to the want of proper discipline amongst the Guards stationed in London. Yet they still enjoy the undeserved, and exceptional, privileges they then possessed, and are better fed, clothed, and paid than their comrades in the Line regiments.

THE GALLANT SPECIALS.

(During the Chartist agitation in 1848, about 150,000 men were sworn in as special constables.)

THEY may talk if they like of their Horse Guards Red,
They may talk of their Horse Guards Blue ;

They may boast if they please, of such troops as these,
And of all the exploits they'd do.
But London town acknowledges,
That in spite of their fine fal-de-rals,
They're not up to the mark, in the street or the park,
Of the gallant Spe-ci-als.

The Peelers, no doubt, are a stout brigade,
And partial to kitchen stuff ;
The Detectives, too, are by no means a do,
But perfectly up to snuff,
For what are they, I should like to know,
When the voice of duty calls,
To the jolly old bricks, who flourish the sticks
Of the Cockney Spe-ci-als ?

Oh ! 'tis they are the boys for the Chartist mob,
Who thought insurrection to hatch ;
And who spoke out so bold, in their John Street hold,
But funk'd when it came to the scratch.
Who swore that they did not care one whit,
For grapeshot, or rockets, or balls ;
But who cut right away, with the devil to pay,
At the sight of the Spe-ci-als.

The Man in the Moon, Vol. III.

THE THIEVISH PRIVATEER.

OH ! some talk about Jack Sheppard ;
Bill Sikes a hero call ;
And some speak of a worthy,
Whose name it is Sam Hall ;
But there's a thief in our belief
Whose crimes e'en worse appear,
Who in war's dark hour doth the ocean scour—
'Tis the thievish Privateer.

While nations are contending—
While principles at stake,
Upon the strife depending,
The world's foundation shake.
No thought has he of liberty,
No hopes of glory cheer ;
But alone for the pelf,
To enrich himself,
Fights the thievish Privateer.

* * * * *

Then shall we suffer longer,
That letters called "of Marque,"
Shall save from England's vengeance,
Each cut-throat pirate bark ?
Oh, no ! let's hope henceforth a rope
Shall be knotted 'neath the ear,
As pirates to hang
Every man of the gang
Of each thievish Privateer.

Diogenes, Vol. III., p. 122. March, 1854.

THE ORDER OF VALOUR (The V. C.)

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of HERCULES,
And many a great commander
As glorious as these ;
But if you want a hero
Of genuine pluck and pith,

It's perfectly clear there's none comes near
To full British PRIVATE SMITH.

Its easy to fight, with glory
At hand to gild your name,
And stick it up in story,
Among the sons of fame.
But SMITH, full British private,
Is expected to be brave,
With the cold "cold shade" above his head,
At his feet a nameless grave.

For Generals there's the peerage,
With grant of public tin ;
There's regiments for Colonels,
For Captains steps to win.
But for PRIVATE SMITH the utmost,
(If he avoided beer)
Was a Chelsea berth, and a pension worth
Some fifteen pounds a-year.

Till now the stars and garters,
Were for birth's or fortune's son,
And as oft in snug home-quarters,
As in fields of fight were won.
But at length a star arises,
Which as glorious will shine
On SMITH's red serge vest as upon the breast
Of SMYTH's scarlet superfine.

Though carpet-knights may grumble,
Routine turn up its nose,
Though CARDIGANS and LUCANS,
And AIREYS may oppose,
Yet shall the star of valour
Defy their scoffs and jeers—
As its bronze rays shine on plain SMITH of the Line,
And plain SMITH of the Grenadiers.

Too long mere food for powder
We've deem'd our rank and file,
Now higher hopes and prouder.
Upon the soldier smile.
And if no Marshal's bâton
PRIVATE SMITH in his knapsack bears,
At least in the War, the chance of the star
With his General he shares.

Punch. February 23, 1856.

There was another parody of the same song in *Punch*, February 27, 1858, complaining of the shameful manner in which our soldiers were then clothed, lodged, and fed. As most of the evils therein alluded to have been remedied, the parody is now obsolete. A parody entitled "Aitcheson's Carabineers," appears on page 112 of the 1869 edition of Logan's "Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs."

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER; OR, THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

SOME talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,—
The Chief whose martial dander,
Asked worlds to stand at ease—
The Sayers of the prize ring,
In high Olympian spheres,—

But both, I'll be bound, now-a-days would be found
Enrolled in the Volunteers.

Our soldiers they are heroes,
We know, in facing fire;
Our tars reduce to zeros
All fears the seas inspire.
But for going through fire *and* water,
—To say nothing of small boys' jeers—
There's no service, I swear, that can compare
With the London Volunteers.

In June we're now parading,
Last month was merry May,
But for Volunteer brigading
We've not had one dry day!
The aforesaid Alexander,
As a hero of *Greece* appears
Of our kin to be, for *dripping* are we
Poor London Volunteers!

Umbrellas and alpacas
We scorn, and oil-skin capes;
And the rain-drops from our shakos
May trickle down our napes.
We may continue drilling,
And manœuvring about for years,
But "*Wetter'uns*" some needn't hope to become
In the London Volunteers.

But yet there's no complaining;
Rheumatics we defy,
And though cats and dogs it's raining,
We keep our powder dry.
Little think the small boys shouting
"Who shot the dog?" in our ears,
What an inward fire flares up to inspire
Us London Volunteers.

Then a fig for showers and sneerers,
Let's show Sir Robert yet;
We can laugh at fire and fleerers,
As we've laughed at heavy wet.
And we hope to teach the foeman,
Who on our shore appears,
If home rains we've borne, French reins we scorn,
As London Volunteers.

Three cheers for all who're willing
To be wetted through and through!
For those who stick to drilling
Till all is damp and blue.
May none of us blow our heads off,
Whether privates or brigadiers,
And the Queen, I pray, have one dry day,
For reviewing the Volunteers.

Punch. June 16, 1860.

The first year of the Volunteer movement will be long remembered as an exceptionally wet season.

THE SOIREE OF THE CIVIL ENGINEERS.

SOME talk of Archimedes, and some of Euclid prose,
Of Dædalus, Hæphæstus, and such great swells as those,
But of all the men of genius there's none can prove a peer,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, of the Civil Engineer!

Those ancient men of science, ne'er saw the power of steam,
Or knew of bridges tubular across the ocean stream;

But ours are far more knowing :—their triumphs skill
appears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the Civil Engineers!

Oh! Jove the god of thunder, and Mars the god of war,
Old Neptune with his trident, Apollo with his car—
These heathen swells celestial in their respective spheres,
Can't come in competition with the Civil Engineers!

Whene'er their skill's demanded, great works are to be
made,
Their navvies march with pickaxe, with crowbar, and with
spade;
And soon the progress traces in cuttings, banks, and piers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, of the Civil
Engineers!

And when their Soirée's given, to George Street they repair,
And all the men most noted you're sure to meet with there;
The most distinguished people adorning modern years,
Are on the very best of terms with the Civil Engineers!

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to these,
Bright ornaments of science and progress, if you please,
For enterprise and genius we'll gladly raise three cheers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the Civil
Engineers!

Fun. June 9, 1866.

HAXELL'S VOLUNTEERS.

(Dedicated to the particularly active hotel service corps).

Come all ye dilettanti bold
Who fear not Gladstone's frown,
Announce yourselves as Cids enrolled
(The fee is half a crown.)
The uniform is cheap and bright,
And ought to last for years,
For it's likely they'll not have to fight
In the Haxell's Volunteers.

To stem the Russian's reeking tide
We've pilots stout of limb;
We've Forsyth, Wheelhouse on our side,
And Captain Bedford Pim!
The Bard of Peterborough-court
With odes our efforts cheers,
And music-hall *trouvères* support
The Haxell's Volunteers.

Think of old England's righteous claims,
Her noble-minded *fil's*;
Make haste and put down all your names—
They're just concluding peace!
For craven Muscovite and Slav
Are quaking with their fears;
Ah, what a muster we shall have
Of the Haxell's Volunteers!

So seize a gun, the times are ripe
For Englishmen to act;
You're bound to keep your names in type,
And eke your skins intact.
Perhaps there *may* be some brigade
Worth ours in distant spheres,
At least we're mighty in *parade*,
We Haxell's Volunteers.

Funny Folks. May, 1878.

Written during the War Fever, when some of the news-

papers were clamouring for war with Russia. It was then proposed to form a Corps of Active Service Volunteers, but the Government discouraged the idea.

STANZA BY A SERGEANT-MAJOR.

IN Egypt there's an old stream
A long time known to fame;
But now beside the Coldstream,
The Nile must yield his name.
For of all the finest fellahs
There's none for to compare
(With a right-fol-de-riddle-iddle-lol)
To the British Grenadier!

Punch, September 16, 1882.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF PEERS.

SOME swear by Wilfred Lawson,
And some by Labouchere,
And some applaud Joe Chamberlain,
While some by Bradlaugh swear.
Down, down with cant and caucas,
Let's greet the right with cheers,
And praise their pluck, and wish them luck,
The British House of Peers.

For when they were commanded
To pass a Franchise Bill,
They bade a tyrant Premier
Inquire the nation's will.
John Bright may rant like Rabshakeh,
And Rogers vent his sneers;
Let's praise their pluck, and wish them luck,
The British House of Peers.

The Morning Post. August, 1884.

THE ASTON RIOT.

(During the Birmingham Election in 1884.)

SOME talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
But Chamberlain's commander
Far, bigger far than these;
For he commands at his demands,
A power rather tough;
In the vulgar shape of that beastly ape
The blackguard Brummy Rough!

Chorus—With a blackguard Brum,
And a Brummy black,
And a blackguard Brummy Rough!

The Radical of Brummagem
Possesseth strength to bray,
With his beery mouth and black pipe stem,
In a beastly sort of way;
But we'd never known how bad he's grown,
Had he not shown such stuff
At the Aston storm, in his proper form,
As the blackguard Brummy Rough!

Chorus—With a blackguard Brum,
And a Brummy black,
And a blackguard Brummy Rough!

* * * * *

England. October, 1884.

"THE SONG OF MRS. JENNY GEDDES.

(Tune—"British Grenadiers.")

"SOME praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good
Queen Bess,
And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles;
But o'er all the world's brave women there's one that
bears the rule,
The valiant Jenny Geddes that flung the four-legged stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

"'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-
seven,
On Sabbath morn from high St. Giles', the solemn peal
was given;
King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray by
printed rule:
He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's danger in a stool!

"The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,
The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,
Fair-silken vested ladies, grave Doctors of the school,
Were there to please the King, and learn the virtue of a
stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's virtue in a stool!

"The Bishop and the Dean came wi' mickle gravity,
Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking in
their e'e;
Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in
briny pool;
They bore a book, but little thought they soon should feel
a stool.
*With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—they'll feel a four-legged
stool!*

"The Dean he to the altar went, and wi' a solemn look,
He cast his eyes to heaven, then read a curious-printed
book:
In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish
full;
Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the
stool!
With a row-dow—at them now!—firmly grasp the stool!

"As when a mountain cat springs upon a rabbit small,
So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gail;
Wilt thou say the mass at my lug thou Popish puling fool?
No! no! she said, and at his head she flung the four-
legged stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

"A bump, a thump! a smash, a crash! now gentle folks
beware!
Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through
the air,
With, Well done, Jenny! bravo, Jenny! that's the proper
tool!
When the Diel will out, and show his snout, just meet him
with a stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—there's nothing like a stool!

"The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange
fear,
The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,
The Bishop and the Dean went, in sorrow and in dool,

And all the Popish flummery fled, when Jenny showed the stool !

With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny show the stool !

“And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny’s valiant hand,

Black Prelacy and Popery she drave from Scottish land ;
King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a pedant-fool,

But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a stool !
With a row-dow—yes, I trow !—she conquered by the stool !”

By Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

The Inverness Courier. January 8, 1885.

OUR BRITISH PREMIER.

SOME talk of Bright and Cobden,

And some of Palmerston,

Of Chamberlain and Goschen,

And some of Hartington.

But of all old England’s heroes,

There’s none that can compare

To the Grand Old Man, the Grand Old Man,

Our British Premier !

Then up ! for now he bids us

To rout the renegades.

Our Hawarden star is quenchless

By “Harden Star-Grenades !”

Up, up ! with shouts and cheering

We’ll stun the traitor’s ear,

For the Grand Old Man, the Grand Old Man,

Our British Premier !

So, fill, fill up a bumper,

His health let none refuse ;

Who wears the high, high collar,

Who wears the plaided trews.

Long may he live—our jewel,

Our stone without a peer ;

The Grand Old Man, the Grand Old Man,

Our British Premier !

AMBULATOR.

Truth. July 15, 1886.

LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

O, LET me like a soldier fall,

Upon some tented plain !

This breast expanding for the ball,

To blot out every stain.

Brave manly hearts confer my doom,

That gentler ones may tell,

Howe’er forgot, unknown my tomb,

I like a soldier fell.

I only ask, for that proud race,

Which ends its blaze in me,

To die the last, and not disgrace,

Its ancient chivalry.

Although no banners o’er me wave,

No trumpet requiem swell

Enough, they murmur o’er my grave,

He like a soldier fell.

LET ME LIKE A FEATHER FALL.

YES, let me like a feather fall,

If tumble then I must ;

Not I desire that vulgar sprawl

To rudely kiss the dust.

No, I’ll recline as gracefully

As if ‘twas by a spell,

And they that stay and see shall say,

“He like a feather fell.”

Yes, from the pig skin I’ll descend.

And on the dust recline

So gently, that a smiling friend

May claim it all sublime.

But the pig skin I shall try to keep,

For to part like that’s a sell,

Yet they shall say, if we part that way,

“He like a feather fell.”

Yes, the vile cropper I despise,

The gentle I admire,

And all are free to criticise

The spill that I desire.

But when I tumble give the song,

And true that song shall tell,

How through what space, and with what grace

“He like a feather fell.”

Whizz ; the Christmas number of The Bicycling Times. 1880.

THE GIRLS THEY’VE LEFT BEHIND THEM.

OUR gallant Guards have marched away,

Each eye with pleasure flashing,

On Eastern shores to join the fray,

And give the Bear a thrashing.

To Englishmen they still are dear,

And absent ties shall bind them,

Thus our first care shall be to cheer

The girls they’ve left behind them.

* * * * *

(Two verses omitted).

Diogenes, Vol. III., page 104. 1854.

THE WIVES THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.

WE cheer our soldiers on their way.

We crowd and we huzza them,

And as they go to seek the fray

Effusively “Ta-ta” them.

Then ere they’re safe upon the foam,

And distance serves to blind them,

We cry, “Turn out of house and home,

The wives they’ve left behind them.”

And so our fighters meet the foe,

And bleed, should duty bid them ;

A thrust may come to lay them low,

Of life a bullet rid them.

Oh, gladly must these heroes face

The dangers that may find them,

Who know how we, to our disgrace,

Treat those they’ve left behind them.

We don’t think much of Tommy A.’s—

Indeed, we rather scout them

In times of peace—yet these are days

When we can’t do without them.

In future, let us recollect

This fact, and oft remind them

That England’s ready to protect

The wives they’ve left behind them.

Funny Folks. March 7, 1885.

A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of strife,
Where the English fought for the rescue, and the Arab stood for his life ;
When the crash of the battle is over, and healed are our wounds and scars,
There will live in our island story a Tale of the Tenth Hussars.

They had charged in the grand old fashion with furious shout and swoop,
With a "Follow me, lads !" from the Colonel, and an answering roar from the troop ;
From the Staff, as the troopers pass'd it, in glory of pride and pluck.
They heard and they never forgot it, one following shout, "Good luck !"

Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,
The man who'd led them often, but was never to lead again.
Think of the secret anguish ! think of the dull remorse !
To see the Hussars sweep past him, unled by the old White Horse !

An alien, not a stranger ; with heart of a comrade still,
He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will ;
And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,
He followed the Staff in silence, and rode to grand parade ;
For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the General's praise,
Who was called to the front that evening by the name of Trooper Hayes ;
He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed, alone,
And saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.

The General spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can—
"The Army's proud of your valour ; the Regiment's proud of their man !"
Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the General's praise,
Came a cheer, then a quick short tremble on the lips of Trooper Hayes.

"Speak out," said the kindly Colonel, "if you've anything, lad, to say ;
Your Queen and your dear old country shall hear what you've done to-day !"
But the trooper gnawed his chin strap, then sheepishly hung his head ;
"Speak out, old chap !" said his comrades. With an effort, at last, he said—

"There sits by your side on the Staff, sir, a man we are proud to own !
He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to groan ;
If I've done ought to deserve it,"—then the General smiled, "Of course !"
"Give back to the Tenth their Colonel—the Man on the old White Horse !

"I came to the front with my pals here, the boys, and the brave old tars,
I've fought for my Queen and my country, and rode with the Tenth Hussars ;

A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

(Not to-day, Baker.)

WHEN the train, on its lonely journey, was near to the scene of strife
Where the woman fought for her honour—far dearer to her than life ;
When the crash of the opening doorway left her standing outside the cars,
It gave to our island a story of one of the Tenth Hussars.

He was "charged" in the good old fashion, as one of the criminal troop,
With a "Follow me sharp !" from the "Bobby," which made him tremble and droop ;
And his staff, as the "Peeler" shewed it in glory of pride and pluck,
Was seen as he went to prison, but nobody cried "Good luck !"

Wounded and hurt she sat there, in silence of pride and pain,
Her womanhood all insulted, her honour left under a stain.
Think of her secret anguish ! think of her dull remorse !
When she got away from the fellow, who now rides an old white horse.

An alien, not a stranger, but yet 'twould be stranger still,
Tho' he's borne his rightful sentence, to hail him with right good will ;
For when Teb's battle was over, and thousands there were slayed,
He reached his port in safety, with few on the grand parade ;

But the Tenth had another hero, quite right for the General's praise,
A thick and thin thoro' Briton, his name was Trooper Blaze ;
He had never insulted a woman, and scattered unhorsed, alone,
He'd had saved the life of a pal of his, and managed to save his own.

The General spoke out bravely as ever a General can—
For once the swell and Private could speak as man to man ;
And across the lonely desert, at the close of the General's praise,
Came a shout of wonder that the swell could talk to Trooper Blaze.

"Speak out," said the splendid Colonel, "if you've anything, lad, to say ;
Your Queen and your dear old country shall hear what you've done to-day !"
But the Trooper knawed his chin-strap, and sheepishly hung his head ;
"Speak out, old man," said his comrades, and here's what he should have said—

"There sits on your side by the Staff, sir, a man whom the world has known
As not a protector of woman, when one's by herself alone ;
And all he's got he deserves it—the General smiled, "Of course ;"
And nobody thought the better of the man on the old White Horse !

"I've fought very well for my pals here, along with the boys and tars,
And I have never—no, never—dishonoured the Tenth Hussars ;

I'm proud of the fine old regiment!"—then the Colonel shook his hand—
 "So I'll ask one single favour from my Queen and my native land!

"If ever a man bore up, sir, as a soldier should with pluck,
 And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck—

That man he sits before you! Give us back, with his wounds and scars,

The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth Hussars!"

Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,

And was borne on the wings of mercy to the heart of his native land,

Where the Queen on her throne will hear it, and the Colonel Prince will praise

The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper Hayest

Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live;

For better than all forgetting is the wonderful word "Forgive!"

Punch. March 15, 1884.

THE "JINGO" WAR SONG.

"THE men of action got a nickname, they were dubbed the Jingo Party. The term, applied as one of ridicule and reproach, was adopted by chivalrous Jingoists as a name of pride. The Jingoists of London, like the Beggars of Flanders, accepted the word of contumely as a title of honour. In order to avoid the possibility of any historical misunderstanding hereafter about the meaning of Jingo, such as we have heard of concerning that of Whig and Tory, it is well to explain how the term came into existence. Some Tyrtæus of the tap-tub, some Körner of the music-halls, had composed a ballad which was sung at one of these caves of harmony every night, amid the tumultuous applause of excited patriots. The refrain of this war song contained the spirit-stirring words:—

'We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo! if we do
 We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.'

Some one whose pulses this lyrical outburst of national pride failed to stir, called the party of its enthusiasts the Jingoists. The writer of this book is under the impression that the invention of the name belongs to Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. The name was caught up at once, and the party were universally known as the Jingoists. The famous adjuration of the lady in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' had proved to be too prophetic; she had sworn 'by the living Jingo,' and now indeed the Jingo was alive."—*A History of Our Own Times*, by Justin McCarthy, M.P. 1882.

So much for the words, as to the melody, which was not unmusical, Sir William Fraser wrote to *Notes and Queries* in May, 1886, saying that it was taken from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. But next week the following denial appeared in *N. & Q.*, "I beg to state, as author and composer of the above song, that this statement is unwarrantable and devoid of truth, and in justice to my reputation as a composer, I must request that you will insert this my denial.—G. W. HUNT."

ON THE WARLIKE NEWSPAPERS.

We don't want to fight,
 But by Jingo! if you do,
 We've got the ink, we've got the pens,
 And we've got the papers too.

Punch.

But one has done that for the regiment"—then the Colonel shook his hand—
 "So I'll ask one simple favour from my Queen and my native land!"

"If ever a man did wrong, sir, as a thing devoid of pluck,
 And fought with a poor, weak woman, and trusted then to luck—

That man he sits before you, the hero of railway cars—

Don't let that man be e'er replaced to d—n the Tenth Hussars!"

Then a cheer went up from the regiment, and echoed across the sand,

And was borne on the wings of justice to a woman-loving land,

When the Queen on her throne will heed it, and the Colonel Prince won't dare

To reinstate a man who tried a lady to ensnare.

Let the aristocrats call "mercy," but let England's honour live—

There are crimes to be forgotten—there is one we can't forgive!

Valentine Baker, Colonel of the Tenth Hussars, was found guilty of having committed a dastardly attack on a young lady in a railway carriage, sentenced to imprisonment and dismissed from the English army. He subsequently took part in the Campaign, as an officer of the Egyptian government.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WITH THE RESERVES.

THERE'S Connaught does not want to fight,
 But, by Jingo, if he do;
 He has to be kept out of range,
 And out of danger too.
 He's been to battle once,
 But if report be true,
 When he marched upon the field the fight was over!

Truth. Christmas Number, 1886.

SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

(On the return of Lord Beaconsfield from Berlin with "Peace and Honour.")

SEE, the Conquering Jingo comes
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
 Let all Jingodom rejoice,
 And raise to heaven its cheerful voice.

Come and join the rabble rout;
 Gentiles, Jews, and Jingoists shout!
 Britons! hail his glorious feats;
 Drag him, drag him through the streets!

Safe from lowering Channel fog;
 Safe from Bismarck's biting dog;
 Safe from tedious long discussions
 With the Prussians, Turks, and Russians.

On his brow are leaves of laurel—
 Victor in the bloodless quarrel.
 Honour sits upon his crest,
 Secret treaties in his vest!

All his foemen swiftly dwindling,
 Dished by most successful * * *
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
 See, the Conquering Jingo comes!

The Echo. July 17, 1878.

LINGO.

THE DREAM OF THE BILIOUS BEADLE.

—:—:—

So many subscribers have asked for a copy of this clever parody of Thomas Hood's *Dream of Eugene Aram* that it is given here, although it somewhat interferes with the arrangement of the Song Parodies. "The Bilious Beadle" is admirably adapted for public recitation. The author, Mr. Arthur Shirley, is a well-known dramatist.

T'was in the grimy winter time, an evening cold and damp,
And four and twenty work'us boys, all of one ill-fed stamp,
Were blowing on blue finger tips, bent double with the cramp;
And when the skilley poured out fell into each urchin's pan
They swallowed it at such a pace as only boyhood can.
But the Beadle sat remote from all, a bilious-looking man—
His hat was off, red vest apart, to catch the evening breeze—
He thought that that might cool his brow; it only made him sneeze,
So pressed his side with his hand, and tried to seem as if at ease.

Heave after heave his waistcoat gave, to him was peace denied,
It tortured him to see *them* eat, *he* couldn't though he tried!
Good fare had made him much too fat, and rather goggle eyed,
At length he started to his feet, some hurried steps he took,
Now up the ward, now down the ward, with wild dyspeptic look,
And lo! he saw a work'us boy, who read a penny book—
"You beastly brat! What is't you're at? I warrant 'tis no good!
What's this? 'The life of Turpin Bold!' or 'Death of Robin Hood?'"
"It's *Hessays on the Crumplet*, sir, as a harticle of food!"

He started from that boy as tho' in's ear he'd blown a trumpet,
His hand he pressed upon his chest, then with his fist did thump it,
And down he sat beside the brat and talked about the crumplet.
"How now and then that muffin men of whom tradition tells,
Fortunes had made by pastry trade, and come out awful swells,
While their old patrons suffered worse than Irving in 'The Bells!'
And well, I know," said he, "forsooth, for plenty have I bought,
The sufferings of foolish folk who eat more than they ought.

With pepsine pills and liver pads is their consumption fraught,
Oh! oh! my boy, my pauper boy! Take my advice, 'tis best shun

All such tempting tasty things, tho' nice beyond all question,
Unless you wish like me to feel the pangs of indigestion!
One, who had ever made me long—a muffin man and old—I watched into a public-house, he called for whisky cold,
And for one moment left his stock within green baize enrolled.

I crept up to them, thinking what an appetite I'd got,
I gloated o'er them lying there elastic and all hot;
I thought of butter laid on thick, and then I prigged the lot!

I took them home, I toasted them, p'raps upwards of a score,
And never had so fine a feast on luscious fare before,
'And now,' I said, 'I'll go to bed, and dream of eating more.'
All night I lay uneasily, and rolled from side to side,
At first without one wink of sleep, no matter how I tried;
And then I dreamt I was a 'bus, and gurgled 'Full inside!'
I was a 'bus by nightmares drawn on to some giddy crest,
Now launched like lightning through the air, now stop'd,
and now compressed;
I felt a million muffin men were seated on my chest!

I heard their bells—their horrid bells—in sound as loud as trumpets,
Oh, curses on ye, spongy tribe! Ye cruffins and ye mumpets!
I must be mad! I mean to say ye muffins and ye crumpets!
Then came a chill like Wenham ice; then hot as hottest steam;
I could not move a single limb! I could not even scream!
You pauper brat, remember that—all this was but a dream!"

The boy gazed on his troubled brow, from which big drops were oozing,
And for the moment all respect for his dread function losing,
Made this remark, "Well, blow me tight, our Beadle's been a-boozing!"
That very week, before the beak, they brought that beadle burly;
He pleaded guilty in a tone dyspeptically surly,
And he lives still at Pentonville with hair not long or curly!

ARTHUR SHIRLEY.



BOB shave great GEORGE our King!
Make him look just the thing!
Bob shave the King!

Razor and razor rag,
Powder and powder bag,
Hold up your chin, my Lad,
Bob shave the KING!

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

THE subject of the following song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors. It is given in Volume II. of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, where it is stated that it was first printed in the reign of James the First. Bishop Percy says he found it among some poems and songs in a book entitled "*Le Prince d'Amour*," dated 1660.

It will at once be seen that it is the original of the more familiar song, *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, which immediately follows it, and which, has itself, been the subject of numerous imitations and parodies.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages ;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor
pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study filled full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his
looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde
blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose.
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son, his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;
Like a young courtier of the King's,
And the King's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,

And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or
care,
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor
wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er
stood ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays.
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five
days ;
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws and toys ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the
meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour* bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold ;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the King,
Or the King's young courtiers.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate ;
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountifull old rate ;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate.
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

His hall, so old, was hung around
With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers,
That had stood against old foes ;

*Alluding to the title of *Baronet* then newly instituted by James I., who created the first Baronet, Sir Nicholas Bacon, May 22, 1611. King James, being in need of money to suppress a revolt in Ulster, sold this new title somewhat indiscriminately, and so raised a large sum.

'Twas there "his worship" held his state,
In doublet and trunk hose;
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
To warm his good old nose.
Like a fine, &c.

When Winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He open'd house to all;
And though three score and ten his years,
He fleetly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer,
E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small.
Like a fine, &c.

But time, tho' sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
The old man—he must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly,
Gave up life's latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
And tears bedewed each eye.
For this good, &c.

Now surely this is better far
Than all the new parade,
Of Theatres and Fancy Balls,
"At Home," and Masquerade:
And much more economical,
For all his bills were paid.
Then leave your new vagaries quite,
And take up the old trade
Of a fine old English gentleman, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a prime new song,
That was made by a young chap's pate,
Of a fine young English gentleman,
Who'd come to an estate;
Who kept his hunters and his hounds
At a d——d expensive rate.
With servants gay, to drive away
The poor folks from his gate;
Like a fine young English gentleman,
Born in the modern times.

His study it was strew'd around
With what?—Lord only knows!
Foils, boxing-gloves, and pistols,
Which he us'd with friends and foes:
'Twas there "the squire" took his wine
And cigar whene'er he chose;
Perusing the *Court Journal*,
Or Blackwood's tedious prose.
Like a fine, &c.

He was, when merry winter came,
The gayest of them all;
At five-and-twenty he was seen
At ev'ry fancy ball.
At each theatre—masquerade—
This gentleman would call;
And while he feasted with the great,
He quite forgot the small.
Like a fine, &c.

But cash, alas! too soon takes flight,
And sov'reigns roll away;
And creditors, who have long bills,
At last will call for "pay;"
They came upon him tranquilly,
And caught him out one day;
"My cash is gone," he cried, "so I
Must in the Queen's Bench lay."
Like a fine, &c.

Now this he thought was better far
Than all the old parade—
Of taking tea in peace at home,
Along with some old maid.
It must be economical,—
The bills were all unpaid;
You cannot show me one, I know,
Who does so much for trade
As a fine, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FAST YOUNG UNDERGRADUATE.

I'LL sing you a modern song, that was writ by a man of
late,
Of an independent gentleman who had a small estate,
And kept up his rooms in Trinity at a d——d expensive
rate,
And was always on the books of the porter at the gate,
Like a fast young Undergraduate, all of the modern time.
(Chorus)—Like a fast, &c.

These rooms so fine were hung about with boxing-gloves
and sticks,
Wherewith when TOWN and GOWN was cried, he floored
the snobs like bricks;
And there he often used to sit, and his gin-and-water mix,
For he was *also* partial to the *flooring* of his lips.

(Chorus)—Like a fast, &c.

His custom was, when drunk, to go to Barnwell in a fly,
With Poll and Kate to joke and flirt, and that continually.
He was always getting into rows with the dons of Trinity.
For he never went to chapel but of necessity.

(Chorus)—Like a fast, &c.

But terms and seasons roll along: an idle man was he—
Examination came at last—he was plucked for his degree;
And when he mounted on the coach to leave the 'Varsity,
His creditors stood round about, a mournful sight to see.

((Chorus)—For this fast, &c.

But though this Undergraduate hath eloped and cut away,
But though other Undergraduates have got no cash to pay,
But though our credit may not be so boundless as before,
We've tradesmen left who'll credit give as they were wont
of yore,

(Chorus)—To *other* fast young Undergraduates,
All of the modern time.

From *The Individual*. Cambridge, November 29, 1836.

THE RAAL OULD IRISH GENTLEMAN, THE BOY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

I'LL sing you a dacent song, that was made by a Paddy's
pate,

Of a raal ould Irish Gintleman who had a fine estate,
Whose mansion, it was made of mud, wid thatch and all
complete,
With a hole at top thro' which the smoke so graceful
did retrate ;
Hurrah for the Irish Gintleman, the boy of the oulden
time.

His walls so cold were cover'd with the divil a thing for
show,
Except an ould shilaleh, which had knock'd down many a
foe,
And there ould Barney sits at ease, without a shoes or
hose,
And quaffs his noggin of potteen to warm his big red nose,
Like a fine ould Irish Gintleman, the boy of the oulden
time.

At Donnybrook his custom was, to be at every fair,
For tho' he'd seen a threescore years, he still was young
when there ;
And while the rich they feasted him, he oft among the
poor,
Would sing, and dance, and hurl, and fight, and make the
spalpeens roar,
Like a raal ould Irish Gintleman—the boy of the oulden
time.

But och ! mavrone ! once at a row, ould Barney got a
knock,
And one that kilt him—'case he couldn't overget the shock ;
They laid him out so beautiful, and then set up a groan,
Och ! Barney, darlint, jewel dear, why did ye die ? och
hone !
Then they wak'd this Irish Gintleman, the boy of the
oulden time.

Tho' all things in their course must change, and seasons
pass away,
Yet Irish hearts of oulden time, were just as at this day.
Each Irish boy he took a pride to prove himself a man—
To serve a friend, and bate a foe, it always was the plan
Of a raal ould Irish Gintleman, the boy of the oulden
time.

THE OLD AND NEW CANTAB.

THERE's a fine old song for fine old gents, with fine old
wine elate,
Of a fine old, etcetera—the rest I needn't state ;
And *Punch* unto that fine old air new-fashioned words
would mate,
Of the fine old Cantab as he was before this change of
late—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time !

His rooms their range of ballet-girls and running-horses
showed,
And a fox-brush, meant to indicate that up to hounds he
rode ;
There at vingt-un or loo he'd sit, until the cocks they
crowed,
Nor ever thought of how to pay the various ticks he
owed—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time !

From Eton or from Harrow he came cramm'd with longs
and shorts,
An ambition to drive tandem, and a taste for fruity Ports ;
And his hardest work was playing, till he deafened half
the Courts,

Concertos on the cornet, in keys of different sorts—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

As a Freshman he wore sober ties, and gave a Don the
wall,
But came out, his second year, in short coat and farcy
shawl,
And treated the authorities with no respect at all.
Was seldom seen at lectures, and never dined in Hall—
This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

So he managed to forget the trifling all he once did know,
And by a very narrow shave got through his little-go,
And then he took "a coach" with cram what brains he'd
left to stow—

Arithmetic to the Rule of Three, and some Algebra,
also—

This fine old Cantab as he was, all in the olden time.

Thus, loo, larks, liquor, and late hours, made time and
money fly,
Till when three years brought on the Poll, he was plucked
disgracefully,

And his disgusted gov'nor came and paid off, with a
sigh,

Ticks to a tune which nearly sucked the poor old pump
quite dry,

For his fine old Cantab of a son, one of the olden time.

But times are changed henceforth, we know ; for, from
eighteen-forty-nine,

The sons of Alma Mater must choose a different line ;
And if you try the Muses round, not a lady of the nine

Out of whom he won't be qualified with ease to take the
shine—

Our fine young Cantab that's to be, all in the future
time.

For reading and not racing he'll have to keep his book,
He'll blush at his own pink, and hang his tops upon the
hook ;

And if e'er he use a cue, 'twill be for motion's laws to
look ;

And for milk punch he'll drink his toast—and water from
the brook—

Our fine young Cantab that's to be, all in the future
time.

He'll put off the old Adam for the new one—Adam Smith ;
Political Economy will bring private, p'r'aps, therewith :
At Ge— or else The—ology he'll spend his pluck and pith,
Tea and Theorems ousting loo and lush, which will be all
a myth

To our new Cantab that's to be, all in the future time.

Save for studying the pendulum, he'll never try a tick ;
A novel definition he'll invent for the word "brick ;"
Not one who braves the Proctor, or bargee can slang or
lick,

But who digs up Hebrew roots like beans, and knocks off
Morals slick—

Such our new Cantab is to be, all in the future time.

Old Dons will shake their heads, no doubt, and the good
old days deplore,

When reading men were voted slow, and lectures all a
bore ;

But still let's hope that Cambridge will furnish, as of yore,
All the wisdom of our ancestors, and perhaps a leetle more,

To the fine new Cantab that's to be, all in the future
time !

THE FINE RICH JEWISH NOBLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine new song, that was penned by a
Christian hand,
Of a fine new Jewish Baron with a foreign name so grand,
Whose money heaped around him was as plentiful as
sand,
So he said, "By the beard of my forefathers, for the City
I will stand,

Like a fine rich Jewish nobleman,
One of a wealthy kind."

The Common-hall was crowded then with all the
Christian's foes,
And the Lord Mayor came forward there the Baron to
propose,
Loud shouted many a Hebrew voice; and many a Hebrew
nose
It's hook up-raised and Rothschild praised, the man the
Hebrews chose.

He was such a fine Jewish autocrat,
One of a wealthy kind!

When Manners came (a man whose name we all have
heard before)
And raised his voice, the Hebrew choice to negative once
more,
The Baron showed a wondrous zeal to help the voters
poor,
None seeking his Committee-room unpitied left the door,
Of this fine rich Jewish millionaire,
One of a wealthy kind.

But gold, tho' much, can't all things do, and money's
power will fly—
An English House of Lords again the Baron's seat deny!
He won't resign quite tranquilly, and still again will try,
But tho' his City friends may howl, they know it's "all
my eye,"

About this fine rich Jewish nobleman,
One of a wealthy kind.

But tho' Free-trade our land may crush (to Cotton Lords
the prey),
Still Christian is the Commons House that doth old
England sway;
Tho' Rome may thrive, and rank Dissent our Church
assail to-day,
Our Christian test no Jewish gold shall ever thrust away.*
Not for this fine rich Jewish nobleman,
One of a wealthy kind.

From *Protectionist Parodies*, by a Tory. Oxford: J.
Vincent. 1850.

* These ancient political prophecies are amusing reading,
but require some little explanation. In July, 1849, Baron
Lionel de Rothschild was elected M.P. for the City of
London, with 6,619 votes, whilst his opponent, Lord John
Manners, only polled 3,104. But Baron Rothschild was not
then allowed to take his seat, nor was it until he had been
thrice again elected M.P., that he was permitted to enter
the House of Commons in July, 1858. Shortly afterwards a
special act was passed permitting Jewish M.P.'s to omit
from the oath the words, "on the faith of a Christian;"
since then many eminent Jews have been elected to the
House of Commons, where they have generally supported
the party which formerly opposed, to the very utmost, the
extension to them of civil rights and political equality.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH INNKEEPER.

I'LL sing you a new song on a theme much stirred of late,
Of a fine old English Innkeeper, grown rather out of date,
Who keeps up his establishment in almost princely state,
And don't forget to charge you there at quite a princely
rate,

Like a fine old English Innkeeper, one of the
olden time.

His house, you're told, is fitted up "regardless of
expense,"
Although one half is obsolete, and t'other make pretence;
Exploded old four-posters, built in George the Second's
reign,
Mock plate to serve mock-turtle in, sham ice-pails for
champagne;

At this fine old English Innkeeper's, one of the
olden time.

The swipes he draws is sour enough to turn a navvy pale,
Tho' by a bitter railleury he calls it bitter ale;
And tho' perhaps you don't see half a waiter all the day,
For "attendance" quite as much as for a lawyer's you
must pay

To this fine old English Innkeeper, one of the
olden time.

Then if to wine your tastes incline some home-made Cape
you'll get,
Served up in a decanter like a vinegar-cruet,
As a "bottle of Madeira" this will in the bill be set,
And however nasty it may be a nice sum you're in debt,
To the fine old English Innkeeper, one of the
olden time.

And if your wife be with you, you must have a private
room,
And use a pair "of wax-lights" (with a muttoney perfume),
For which you'll pay a crown a day, and 'tis a burning
shanie

That whether they be lit or not, they're charged for just
the same,

By this rare old English Innkeeper, one of the
olden time.

But soon these fine old Innkeepers will find their race is
run,
For men are up and doing, and no longer will be done:
And shortly we may hope to see a really good hotel
Where we may be admitted, and not taken in as well,
As we were by our old Innkeeper, one of the
fleecing time,

Punch. October 29, 1853.

THE FINE OLD STANDARD TRAGEDY.

I'LL sing you a fine new song, tho' it's subject's out of
date,
Of a fine old standard tragedy that was once pronounced
first-rate,
To which our great-great-grandmothers would go in all
their state,
And drag their time out drearily, for 'twas "legitimate,"

Was this fine old standard tragedy, all of the
olden time.

This play so old was writ throughout in blank verse 'stead
of prose,

And in blank terms the characters detailed their loves
and woes ;
And there the audience sat it out, or took a quiet doze,
And roused themselves up vig'rously to see the dismal
close

Of this fine old standard tragedy, all of the olden
time.

When winter brought the theatres that open'd house to all,
Although one score and ten its scenes, through each they
yet would bawl :
Nor was the slightest interest e'er given to enthrall,
And, until five dull acts were o'er, the curtain would not
fall.

On this fine old standard tragedy, all of the olden
time.

But better taste must come at last, and *such* plays be put
by,
And empty houses soon proclaimed this tragedy must die ;
They gave it up right grudgingly, and not without a sigh,
And found they must at last look round for sterling
novelty,

Instead of standard tragedies, all of the olden
time.

And surely this is better far when managers are made
To shelve these tragedies that have of interest not a
shade ;
And much more economical—for actors then are paid—
Exchequers filled, and houses cramm'd, to see the dramas
play'd,

In place of standard tragedies, all of the olden
time.

From *Motley*, by Cuthbert Bede. London : James
Blackwood, 1855. (This Parody had previously appeared
in Albert Smith's *Town and Country Miscellany*.)

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH OMNIBUS.

I'LL sing you a new song at once, before it is too late,
Of a fine old public vehicle, grown sadly out of date,
Which, though a perfect nuisance in more ways than I can
state,

Is suffered in our thoroughfares still to perambulate.
A fine old English Omnibus, one of the present time.

Its windows old let in the cold whene'er the east wind blows,
And drip by drip the wet admit, whene'er it rains or snows ;
But how to get them open without breaking no one knows,
When with " 12 inside " the atmosphere a little " stuffy "
grows,

In this fine old fusty Omnibus, one of the present time.

Its cushions, when inspected in the light of other days,
With the richest (cotton) velvet of a crimson hue did blaze ;
But now their threadbare covering's a dingy brickdust red,
And what was horsehair stuffing once now feels like lumps
of lead,

In this rare old English Omnibus one that is past its
prime.

Its seats so close together bring the sitters nose to nose,
And everybody's forced to tread on everybody's toes,
Whence cheerful conversation springs, especially from those
Who've corns or gout, and glare about as though you're
mortal foes,

In this nice old City Omnibus, just to beguile the time.

Then if outside for air you'd ride, the clambering to your seat
Would, if performed at Astley's, be pronounced a " daring
feat ;"

For ere you're half-way up you hear them coolly cry " All
right ! "

And then the " knife-board " cramps you so, with pain you
can alight

From this height of inconvenience, the subject of my
rhyme.

And then the cad who tends the 'bus—his virtues who may
tell ?

How with his every breath there comes a fragrant beery
smell :

How when he's bound for Brompton he'll engage to put
you down

Within a " heasy walk " of any part of Camden Town,
By his fine old English Omnibus, one of the present time

Nor should our praises be withheld from him who holds the
reins,

Who constantly is pulling up for furtive " little drains : "

And 'specially on muddy days is rarely found to fail

Of stopping in mid street to pick up passengers who hail

This fine old English Omnibus : fun of the present time.

Now months have rolled since we were told this fine old
'bus must die,

That another and a cleaner its place was to supply :

Yet for that " good 'bus coming, boys, " all vainly still we
sigh,

And when we take our walks abroad that nuisance we espy—
The fine old English Omnibus : blot on the present time.

Punch. November 22, 1856.

THE FINE OLD BRITISH SUBALTERN.

I'LL sing you a right good song, made by an honest pate,
Of a fine old British Subaltern, whose pay was his estate,
And who grumbled at the service at a beautiful rate,
Because for his promotion he was made so long to wait,
This fine old British Subaltern, born in the olden
time.

His room, so small, was hung around with many a map
and plan,
Of sieges, storms, and battles, he had fought both boy
and man,

And every regulation sword worn since the world began,
And dresses of the nations of Bengal and Astracan.

This fine old, &c.

His room was open to a few each night when mess was
o'er.

To those who'd laugh at his old jokes he'd never close his
door,

And none of his *old* favourites e'er voted him a bore,
But kindly laughed at tales they'd heard a thousand
times before,

From this fine old, &c,

And every year to town he went to state his wretched
case,

And to Lord Fitzroy's *l'évee* never failed to show his face ;
And though he gets some promises, and time wears on
apace,

Still, still his name's reposing in it's old accustomed place,
This fine old, &c.

Then let us hope this fine old sub will be promoted yet,
Though in these days a company's no easy thing to get ;
Yet we will hope that by ill-luck he'll cease to be beset,
And look for his promotion in the very next *Gazette*,
This fine old, &c.

From *Wiseheart's New Comic Songster*. Dublin. No date.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER,

(*As he is to be.*)

I SING of one whom now that we've begun to educate,
The House of Commons lately made the subject of
debate :
Whose qualities each Member vied with each to numerate,
And what their fancy painted him I'll now proceed to
state ;

'Tis the fine young English Officer, as he is to
be—in time.

His head so old on shoulders young with knowledge
overflows,
Acquaintance with all sciences and arts its stores disclose,
All books and in all languages by heart almost he knows,
And he's able to write legibly, and what is more, compose :
Like a wise young English Officer, the reason of
my rhyme.

Italian, French, and Spanish, and Dutch, high or low,
he'll speak,
Count Troy-weight like a Trojan, tell the time of day in
Greek ;
And if to serve in India he be a chosen man, he
Will astonish all the natives in the choicest Hindostanee ;
Like a polyglot young officer, fit for the future
time.

Nor are his powers of body less than are those of his
mind ;
Quick eye, strong arm, and foot so fleet as ne'er to lag
behind ;
Good lungs, and constitution such as no fatigue can feel,
With iron nerves and sinews, and a heart as true as steel,
Has this brave young English Officer, to serve
us in his prime.

A Centaur in his horsemanship, an Angelo to fence,
In every manly pastime he makes way, nor makes
pretence ;
From battle-fight to fisticuffs good generalship he proves,
In glory's race a winner, and a "wunner" with the
gloves,
Like the plucky British Officer, of past and
present time.

He can draw with equal credit an earthwork or a cheque,
Keeps a spotless reputation, and accounts without a
speck,
Knows staff-duties and horseflesh, can out-bargain Greek
or Jew,
Has ready wit at his command, and ready money too :
This accomplished English Officer, one of the
coming time.

Punch. August 22, 1857

A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

Of woman's rights and woman's wrongs we've heard much
talk of late,
The first seem most extensive, and the latter very great ;
And Mrs. Ellis warns men, not themselves to agitate,
For 'neath petticoats and pinafores is hid the future fate
Of this wondrous nineteenth century, the youngest child
of Time !

The Turks they had a notion, fit alone for Turks and fools,
That womankind has no more mind than horses or than mules ;
But this idea's exploded quite, as to your cost you'll find,
If you intend to change or bend some stalwart female mind,
In this Amazonian century, precocious child of Time.

If by external signs you seek this strength of mind to trace,
You'll observe a very "powerful" expression in her face ;
The lady's stockings will be blue, and inky be her hand,
And her head quite full of something hard she doesn't
understand,
Like a puzzle-pated Bluestocking, one of the modern time.

And her dress will be peculiar both in fabric and in make,
An artistic classic tragic highly-talented mistake ;
Which is what she calls "effective," though I'd rather not
express
The effect produced on thoughtless minds by such a style of
dress,
When worn by some awful Bluestocking, one of the
modern time.

She'll talk about statistics, and ask if you're inclined
To join the progress movement for development of mind.
If you enquire what that means, she'll frown and say 'tis best
Such matter should be understood, but never be express'd,
By a stern suggestive Bluestocking in this mystic modern
time.

She'll converse upon æsthetics, and then refer to figures,
And turn from angels bright and fair to sympathise with
niggers,
Whom she'll style "our sable brethren," and pretend are
martyrs quite ;
And with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, she'll swear that
black is white,
Like a trans-Atlantic Bluestocking, one of the modern
time.

She never makes a pudding, and she never makes a shirt,
And if she's got some little ones, they're black and blue with
dirt ;
When the wretched man her husband comes, though tired he
may be,
She'll regenerate society instead of making tea,
Like a real strong-minded Bluestocking,
The plague of the modern time.

MORAL.

The moral of my song is this, just leave all "ics" and
"ologies"
For men to exercise their brains, on platforms and in colleges ;
Let woman's proud and honour'd place be still the fireside,
And still man's household deities, his mother and his bride,
In this our nineteenth century,
The favour'd child of Time.

FRANK E. SMEDLEY.

Gathered Leaves. London, Virtue Brothers, 1865.

(This parody originally appeared in *Mirth and Metre*.)

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN OF THE
PRESENT TIME.

I'LL sing you a fine old song, improved by a modern pate,
Of a fine Old English Gentleman, who owns a large estate,
But pays the labourers on it at a very shabby rate.
Some seven shillings each a week for early work and late,
Gives this fine Old English Gentleman, one of the
present time,

His hall so brave is hung around with pictures, all in rows,
Of oxen that have gained the prize at agricultural shows,
And pigs so fat that they can't see an inch before their nose ;
For the whole of his attention on his cattle he bestows,
Like a fine Old English Gentleman, one of the
present time.

In winter's cold, when poor and old, for some assistance
call,
And come to beg a trifle at the portals of his hall,
He refers them to the workhouse, that stands open wide
for all ;
For this is how the parish great relieve the parish small,
Like this fine Old English Gentleman, one of the
present time.

When any of his working men are bold enough to press
For a trifle more of wages in a season of distress,
He answers like a thorough-going man of business :—
"Must I pay this or that for work which I could get for
less ?"
Says the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the
present time.

But rolling years will onwards flow, and Time, alas ! will
fly,
And one of these fine days this fine Old Gentleman will die !
Ah ! will he then bethink him as he heaves life's last sigh,
That he has done to others quite as he would be done by ?
As the true Old Englishman did all in the olden time.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FINE YOUNG LONDON GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine new song all about a fine young spark,
Who's a fine Young London Gentleman quite up to any lark ;
Who takes supper very early, and breakfasts in the dark ;
Who's a real "dear old chappie," as I needn't p'raps
remark,

Of a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He'll bet in "monkeys," "ponies," though he has seldom
ready cash ;
If his Tailor isn't paid, yet he has rings and pins to flash ;
At his favourite burlesque theatre he's known as "such a
Mash,"
When to a fifth-rate Actress he bouquets down will dash,
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He round the corner hurries when the sparkling piece is o'er,
To see his favourite Beauties coming out by the stage-door ;
He will jostle with his fellows to obtain a smile—nay, more,
To simply stare at her he's seen some hundred times before,
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He will hie him off to Hurlingham to join the dove *battue* ;
He will "plank his pieces" down to join in battle with the
Jew ;

He will seek the same antagonist his "paper" to renew,
When he's had the bank at baccarat, or "lost the quids" at
loo,

Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He will say that port and sherry his nice palate always cloy ;
He'll drink nothing but "B. and S." and big magnums of
"the Boy ;"
He's the darling of the Barmaid, and the honest Waiter's
joy,
As he quaffs his Pommery "extra sec," his "Giesler,"
or "Irroy,"

Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

On a Racecourse he imagines that he knows what *he* is at,
He talks so scornfully of "mugs," and says he knows a
"flat ;"
So wisely speaks of "roping," and he always "smells a
rat,"
But it very often happens that he's put "into a hat,"
Is this fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

But there comes a time when barmaids and when theatres
are no go,
When the "Boy" is voted nasty, and burlesques con-
sidered slow,
When ev'rything too stale is, and when life has lost its
flow,
And the spirits once so high become dull, sluggish, bad,
and low,
Of the fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

Then he recognises sadly there are others come, like he,
To make merry with the "fizz," and likewise quaff the
"S. and B."
He is growing old and weary, having just turned twenty-
three,
Existence is so tedious, all "life" a vast *ennui*
To the fine young London gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

Punch. February 11, 1882.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENERAL.

I'LL sing you a good old song,
That was made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English General,
Of a very modern date,
Who helped to keep his country
In a fit defensive state,
And every quarter drew his pay
At a bountiful old rate—
Like a fine old English General,
One of the modern time !

How Horatio kept the bridge
In the good old times you've read ;
But this fine old English General
He kept, as a rule, his bed ;
For he suffered from obesity.
And had swimming in his head ;
Whilst the gout, like an active foeman,
About his body fled—
This fine old English General, &c.

But like a brave old warrior,
 Prepared to do and dare,
 This fine old English General,
 Kept ready his Bath-chair ;
 That if the foe should threaten,
 He to the front might fare,
 And with limbs swathed in flannel,
 The victory he might share—
 This brave old English General, &c.

He'd never been in actual fight,
 But had in fun fought hard ;
 And right through many a desperate night
 At the Bank had he kept guard ;
 Whilst many a day had he "relieved"
 In St. James's Palace Yard ;
 And once on duty in the streets
 Was wounded by a shard—
 This brave old English General, &c.

But though in no campaign he's been,
 Of medals he's a score ;
 And every year that he can live
 His honours will be more ;
 And should he reach four score and ten
 Still higher he will soar ;
 For he will be Field-Marshal then,
 Before his life is o'er—
 This fine old English General, &c.

Nor let the country mourn that she
 But one such General owns ;
 She has a hundred at the least,
 That scarce can move their bones ;
 A hundred gouty sons of Mars,
 Who, gulping down their groans,
 May from their beds command their troops
 Through patent Telephones—
 These fine old English Generals. &c.

From *Flinis*.

THE FINE OLD ATOM-MOLECULE.

(*To be sung at all gatherings of advanced Sciologists and "Scientists"*).

WE'LL sing you a grand new song, evolved from a 'cute
 young pate,
 Of a fine old Atom-Molecule of pre-historic date,
 In size infinitesimal in potencies though great,
 And self-formed for developing at a prodigious rate—
 Like a fine old Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

In it slept all the forces in our cosmos that run rife,
 To stir Creation's giants or its microscopic life ;
 Harmonious in discord, and coöperant in strife,
 To this small cell committed, the World lived with his Wife—
 In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

In this autoplasmic archetype of Protean protem lay
 All the humans Space has room for, or for whom Time makes
 a day,
 From the Sage whose words of wisdom Prince or Parliament
 obey,
 To the Parrots who but prattle, and the asses who but bray—
 So full was this Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

All brute-life, from Lamb to Lion, from the Serpent to the
 Dove,

All that pains the sense or pleases, all the heart can loathe
 or love,
 All instincts that drag downwards, all desires that upwards
 move,
 Were caged a "happy family" cheek-by-jowl and hand in
 glove,
 In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

In it Order grew from Chaos, Light out of Darkness shined,
 Design sprang up by Accident, Law's rule from Hazard blind,
 The Soul-less Soul evolving-against, not after, kind—
 As the Life-less Life developed, and the Mind-less ripened
 Mind,
 In this fine old Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

Then bow down, Mind, to Matter ; from brain-fibre, Will,
 withdraw ;
 Fall Man's heart to cell Ascidian, sink Man's hand to
 Monkey's paw ;
 And bend the knee to Protoplast in philosophic awe—
 Both Creator and Created, at once work and source of Law,
 And our Lord be the Atom-Molecule,
 Of the young World's proto-prime !

ANONYMOUS.

ON SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

YES, I'll sing you a good old song that, alas, seems out of
 date,
 Of a fine old English statesman who for long had served
 the State,
 And a sterling reputation had been able to create
 For his courtesy and honour and strict fairness in debate,
 Like a fine Old English Gentleman,
 One of the good old kind.

He never stooped to treachery, nor can he comprehend,
 How politicians can to tricks and throwing mud descend.
 Nor will he principle forsake nor sacrifice a friend,
 Though he is ready to the last his party to defend,
 Like a fine Old English Statesman,
 One of the good old times !

Truth Christmas Number, 1885.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

I'LL sing to you a brave new song, about the Grand Old
 Man,
 Whose tongue and pen are ever found to forward freedom's
 plan,
 Who in the march of liberty has always led the van,
 And ever stretched his strong right hand to help his fellow
 man.

This brave, true-hearted, Grand Old Man,
 Who stands up for the right.

This Grand Old Man wears on his brow no coronet of gold,
 He does not claim a long descent from titled rogues of old,
 He owns no broad domains for which he hath his country
 sold,
 But looks the whole world in the face, for honour makes
 him bold—

This brave, true-hearted, Grand Old Man,
 Plain Gladstone is his name.

In times gone by this Grand Old Man the cause of Free Trade led,
 With Bright and Cobden he has helped to give the poor man bread,
 And in dark homes of poverty, the light of plenty shed,
 And little children bless his name, for he their lips hath fed—

This brave, true-hearted, Grand Old Man,
 Who pleads the people's cause.

The page of knowledge to the poor had never been unrolled,
 And poor men's papers all were taxed to spare the rich man's gold,
 But the Grand Old Man removed the ban with purpose brave and bold,
 And now we've schools—and papers too—and what we have we'll hold—

Thanks to the brave and Grand Old Man,
 Who is the poor man's friend.

The Grand Old Man with tongue of fire St. Stephen's echoes woke,
 And wrong and cruelty stood ashamed whenever Gladstone spoke,
 And as his strong and brave right hand could fell the noble oak,
 So cowards and tyrants toppled down beneath the sturdy stroke

Of this brave, true-hearted Grand Old Man,
 Who fights in Freedom's cause.

With vision clear the Grand Old Man looked on Fair Erin's Isle,
 And saw the land lie desolate for many a barren mile ;
 He vowed he would our Sister save from force and fraud and guile,
 And Ireland's hills and fertile vales should wear their ancient smile—

So said the brave and Grand Old Man,
 Who is Green Ireland's friend.

Then weeping Ireland dried her tears, and took him at his word,
 She knew his cry of JUSTICE ! is far mightier than the sword ;
 His plan it shall not fade and shrink like Prophet Jonah's gourd,
 But triumph still till Briton's sons are all of one accord
 With the bold and faithful Grand Old Man,
 Who'll triumph in the end.

Then Britons rally round his flag and aid him in the fight,
 Though foes and traitors show their teeth he does not fear their bite,
 For tyrant lords must hide their heads before the people's might :

Then vote for the good old Liberal cause, for Justice and the right,

And for that brave and Grand Old Man
 Who pleads in Ireland's name.

J. F. B.

Published by the National Liberal Printing and Publishing Association, Limited. 1886.

AN OXFORD PARODY.

I'LL sing you a sporting song, for you all love well the chase,
 Of a gallant pack, and huntsman too, who go the fastest pace,
 He rides right bravely to his hounds, whatever be his steed

And says " Let scent be ne'er so bad, this day the fox shall bleed,"

Like a first-rate English fox-hunter,
 One of the present time.

His room at home is hung around with emblems of his pride,
 With sporting prints and fox's heads, which in good runs have died :

Th' Oxonians on hacks, in " teams," do gladly gather here
 To view his hounds and horses, and to taste the hearty cheer,
 Of this first rate, &c.

And when at break of early day he sallies to " the meet,"
 How well appointed ! ain't it, boys ? how sportsmanlike !
 how neat !

In Heythrop's grassy avenue, a goodly sight, I ween,
 Is Redesdale's lordly turn out, and the lads in Lincoln green !
 They're first-rate English fox-hunters,
 Men of the present time.

" The silent system " Jim forswears : how to his voice they run !

See now they're in the covert : look out, my boys, for fun !
 " The varmint " trembles as he hears the foe approaching nigh

And hopes it is the——* or else he sure must die
 For this first-rate, &c.

List ! list ! Old Vanguard challenges : the pack in turn reply :

And Jim's " Hark forward ! " now is heard as on they quickly fly :

He leads the van on Spangle : next Jack † upon his mare ;
 There's neither wall nor water shall stop the gallant pair
 Of first-rate, &c.

A check ! a check ! now freshman bold, " hold hard, Sir,
 if you please : "

Just watch Jim's clever casts, Sir, just watch his " busy bees : *

He has it now ! Right merrily " that sweetest music " rang ;
 So press your steeds, my gallant lads, and catch him if you can—

This first-rate English fox-hunter.
 One of the present time.

And now the pace doth tell a tale : press on, ye happy few ;
 'Tis forty minutes racing speed—we run him now in view ;
 His tongue hangs out, his brush lies low, whoop ! he's down,
 indeed !

Dismount, ye joyous ones, dismount ! and light the soothing weed,

Ye first-rate English fox-hunters,
 Men of the present time.

Thus, thus this gallant huntsman keeps up the merry game ;
 His head, his heart, his hand, my boys, for ever are the same
 And a parting toast I'll give you, with a ringing three times three,

May Jim long hunt " the Heythrop " and we be there to see
 This first-rate English fox-hunter,
 One of the present time.

From *Hints to Freshmen in the University of Oxford*.
 Oxford. J. Vincent. No date.

* A contiguous pack ; but very inferior.

† Jack Goddard, the first whip ; and the first of whips.

* The name which Jim bestowed on the " little pack," because they could fly and work all day.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I'LL sing you a good old song of the powerful Fourth Estate,
Of a bold and reckless Special of the very latest date,
Who is able countless horrors to in print accumulate,
And will wire false news from anywhere at the usual cable rate,

Chorus.—Like a Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

When on the war-path he proceeds and takes his daily rides,
The enemy sends shots at him, and then in terror hides,
As he clears whole batteries at once with the steed that he bestrides,
And from a hissing shell a light for his cigarette provides,

Chorus.—Does this Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

He knows not fear—'tis grand to see how he his nerves controls,
As midst the grape and canister, he calmly caracoles,
Whilst bullets in his pocket-book make inconvenient holes ;
And a well-pitched ball from out his hands the pencil often bowls,

Chorus.—Of the Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

When incidents are dull or few, he'll reckless lies invent,
Or he'll date his telegrams from towns to which he never went ;
To vilify a famous man he'll readily consent,
And will act on orders sent from home to any base extent,

Chorus.—Will this Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

He loves to don a uniform and swagger with the best,
And when no English are about wears medals on his chest ;
And for the news he cables home attention to arrest,
That British troops are cowardly curs he glibly will suggest.

Chorus.—Will this Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

He has an altogether strange and wondrous sense of sight,
For he can see a brilliant moon upon a moonless night ;
And has been known the lowest types of passion to excite,
By writing of a fabulous " Baboon and Potboy " fight.*

Chorus.—Has this Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

" Untamed and ancient Savages " he also can espy,
And many other curious sights—if no one else be nigh !
But, if he should have company, why, then, his magic eye
No longer non-existent moons and mortals can descry.

Chorus.—For this Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

When brought to mix with gentlemen, he acts in such a way,
That they are bound to rid themselves of him without delay ;
For he toadies to gain confidence, which straightway he'll betray ;
And there's no trick too mean for him to readily essay.

Chorus.—This Special Correspondent, one of the modern time !

In short, he's arrogant and false ; he gushes to excess,
He makes his facts to suit the views his master may express ;

His self-conceit's contemptible, so are his style and dress,
And he's brought already quite enough dishonour on the Press.

Chorus.—Has the Special Correspondent, all of the modern time !

Truth Christmas Number. 1882.

THE FINE YOUNG AGRICULTURIST.

THE winter comes, as winter came some fifty years ago—
Sometimes muggy, warm, and wet, and sometimes frost and snow ;

And, weather notwithstanding, comes the Christmas Cattle Show ;
But the modern English farmer our forefathers wouldn't know,

In the fine Young Agriculturist—one of the modern time.

He don't take days to travel up by daily coach and mail,
And stop at roadside posting-houses, drinking rum and ale.
Or waste his time to dine, and hear the landlord's oft-told tale,
But speeds at forty miles an hour to town express by rail.
This fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

In former days his dress was baggy sandy-coloured suits,
A great top-coat, with pockets deep, knee-breeches and top-boots,
And all his thoughts were how to grow the finest crops and roots,
And all his talk of ripening corn and rearing Christmas brutes.

Not the fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

But now the modern farmer is a transformation quite—
His coat made small, and cutaway—his trousers fitting tight.
His Balmoralish patent leather button boots are light,
A Champagne Charley glossy hat, curl'd brim, and small in height,

On this fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

The past young English farmer was so vulgar and ill-bred—
A gross, fat, clumsy lump of human nature over-fed ;
His goggle-eyes were lustreless—his bacon chops all red,
His hair hung coarse and shaggy all about his pumpkin-head.

Not the fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

But the modern English farmer, now, 'tis pretty well agreed,
Is a very different person—of a very different breed ;
He comes up to the Cattle Show a gentleman indeed,
And doesn't lounge about the town, and drink, and over-feed.

Not the fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

He's quite a genteel fellow, nothing " fast," and nothing " flash ;"
Can very soon distinguish good amusements from the trash ;
His nature full of spirits, and his pocket full of cash,
And he cultivates your friendship—and a very large moustache.

Does this fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

He talks to you of chemical manures—salts and phosphates,
Discusses freely politics of home or foreign states ;
In science, too, is well read up to hold out long debates ;
Can play the " fancy " science, too, for punishing rogue's pates

This fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

* An allusion to *The Daily Telegraph* (London), which had published a very sensational report of a fight between a man and a dog.

He's not a *Tony Lumpkin* now, to muddle time away
In public-house, or skittle-ground, and smoke the vulgar
clay.
But, having more refinement, can the game of billiards play,
Or join the ladies on the lawn at love-making croquet.
Can this nice Young Agriculturist, &c.

Look round, too, at his Christmas stock—the same improve-
ment own;
No longer for a tallow show the Christmas cattle grown:
No more beneath oppressive fat shall porkers lie and moan,
But well-developed form and flesh, and very little bone.
By this fine Young Agriculturist, &c.

Now, isn't this much better that the live-stock should be so,
Than as seen by our grandfathers some fifty years ago?
And may the price of butchers' meat a great deal cheaper
grow;
Then success attend exhibitors, and the Christmas Cattle
Show!

And the fine Young Agriculturist,
one of the modern time.

From *Banter*, Edited by G. A. Sala. December 9, 1867.

THE ROMANCE OF KELLY'S POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.

We hear of days long passed away, and glorious times of
old,
And how Young England's sons affirm we're getting dull
and cold;
But yet romance is not quite dead—in common daily life
She still exists; of which great fact you'll find examples
rife

In the Post-office Directory, all of
the present year.

The mighty minds of every age you'll meet therein
combined,
John Milton, as a tea dealer, in Marybone you'll find;
And Isaac Walton in the East, has stores of pens and
quills;
And Hogarth trades in ham and beef, and Butler deals in
pills,

In the Post-office Directory, &c.

(*The Author continues to string notable names together in this
style for six more verses.*)

In fact, there's nought or nobody the keen compilers spare,
And all we have immortalised are *bona fide*, there;
Just turn to the last copy, and you'll find them all forthwith,
Unless you chance to lose yourself amongst the tribes of
Smith,

In Kelly's last Directory, all of the
present year.

From *A Pottle of Strawberries*, by Albert Smith. 1848.

In the following notes, extracts are given from a few
parodies which are not sufficiently amusing to be quoted in
full.

An uninteresting political parody of the "The fine old
English Gentleman" in eight verses, is contained in a small
pamphlet entitled *Blasts from Bradlaugh's own Trumpet*,
published by Houlston and Sons, London, about 1883.

It commences thus:—

I SING a brand new song which may old faiths eradicate,

About the B. whose buzzing has been heard so much of late,
Whose craze it is to scheme to be Protector of the State,
And thinks that being bulky is the same as being great,
A much mistaken demagogue,
Of the self-anointed line.

The Christmas number of *The World* for 1885 had a
parody commencing,

"A good old English gentleman, all of the olden school,
Is a person who our sympathy commands"

which dealt with political topics; whilst the very unpoetical
subject of the Irish Land Acts was considered at great length,
and in a rather heavy style, in a parody which appeared in
Kottabos for 1881, over the signature M.

THE INDEFEASIBLE TITLE.

I'LL sing you all a song that was made by an honest pate,
Of a fine old Irish gentleman, who mortgaged his estate
To a bluff old English mortgagee, who swore he couldn't
wait,
But would sell the lands at any price and at an early date,
Like a business-like old Englishman, all of the olden time.

* * * * *
(Nine verses omitted.)

Kottabos was a small magazine issued from Trinity College,
Dublin, and published by William McGee.

A PARODY BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE following parody, written by Charles Dickens,
appeared in *The Examiner* for Saturday, August 7, 1841.
Mr. Forster thus refers to it in his *Life of Charles Dickens*:
"The last of these rhymes I will give entire. This has no
touch of personal satire in it, and he would himself, for
that reason, have least objected to its revival." There-
upon Mr. Forster quotes seven only out of the eight
stanzas he professes to give in full, omitting one which
quite destroys his assertion that there was no personal
satire in the parody. Mr. Forster was once described
by a cabman as "that 'ere harbitrary cove;" to give a
garbled quotation, and state that it is the entire poem
is indeed an arbitrary act. The following is a complete
reproduction of Mr. Dickens's parody:—

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

New version (*to be said or sung at all Conservative
Dinners.*)

I'LL sing you a new ballad, and I'll warrant it first-rate,
Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old
estate;
When they spent the public money at a bountiful old rate,
On ev'ry mistress, pimp, and scamp, at ev'ry noble gate,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old laws were garnished well with gibbets,
whips, and chains,
With fine old English penalties, and fine old English
pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood, once hot in rebel
veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old
gains,

Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

This brave old code, like Argus, had a hundred watchful eyes,
And ev'ry English peasant had his good old English spies,
To tempt his starving discontent with fine old English lies,
Then call the good old Yeomanry to stop his peevish cries,
In the fine old English Tory times ;
Soon may they come again !

The good old times for cutting throats, that cried out in their need,
The good old times for hunting men who held their father's creed,
The good old times when William Pitt, as all good men agreed,
Came down direct from Paradise at more than railroad speed.

Oh, the fine old English Tory times ;
When will they come again ?

In those rare days, the press was seldom known to snarl or bark,
But sweetly sang of men in power like any tuneful lark ;
Grave judges, too, to all their evil deeds were in the dark ;
And not a man in twenty score knew how to make his mark.

Oh, the fine old English Tory times ;
Soon may they come again !

(The following stanza was omitted by Mr. Forster.)

Those were the days for taxes, and for war's infernal din ;
For scarcity of bread, that fine old dowagers might win ;
For shutting men of letters up, through iron bars to grin,
Because they didn't think the Prince was altogether thin,
In the fine old English Tory times ;
Soon may they come again !

But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is strong-wing'd in the main ;
That night must come on these fine days, in course of time was plain ;
The pure old spirit struggled, but its struggles were in vain ;
A nation's grip was on it, and it died in choking pain,
With the fine old English Tory days,
All of the olden time.

The bright old day now dawns again ; the cry runs through the land,
In England there shall be—dear bread ! in Ireland—sword and brand,
And poverty and ignorance, shall swell the rich and grand,
So, rally round the rulers with the gentle iron hand,
Of the fine old English Tory days ;
Hail to the coming time !

The allusions contained in the sixth stanza require some explanation. In 1813 Leigh Hunt and his brother, as proprietors of *The Examiner*, were sentenced to undergo two years imprisonment, and each to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, for publishing an article in that paper containing the following remarks on the Prince Regent :—

“What person would imagine in reading these astounding eulogies in *The Morning Post*, that this ‘Glory of the people’ was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches ! That this ‘Conqueror of Hearts’ was the disappointment of hopes ! That this ‘Exciter of Desire’ (Bravo, *Morning Post* !), this ‘Adonis in Loveliness,’ was a corpulent man of fifty ! In short, this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true and immortal* Prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity.”

The Hunts were informed that if they would undertake to abstain from commenting on the actions of the Prince Regent for the future the sentence would be remitted. They declined to give the required undertaking, but paid their fines, and went to prison. The severity of the sentence caused great delight to the friends of the Prince Regent, and Theodore Hook wrote the following apropos parody of Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk :—

VERSES.

(Supposed to be written by the Editor of the *Examiner*, whilst in prison.)

I AM tenant of nine feet by four,
My title no lawyer denies,
From the ceiling quite down to the floor,
I am lord of the spiders and flies.

Oh, Justice ! how awkward it is
To be griped by thy terrible squad !
I did but indulge in a *quiz*,
And the Quorum have sent me to *quod*.

Dear scandal is out of my reach,
I must pass my dull mornings alone.
Never hear Mr. Brougham make a speech,
Nor get audience for one of my own !

The people, provokingly quiet,
My fate with indifference see :
They are so unaccustomed to riot,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Personality, libel, and lie,
Ye supports of our Jacobite train,
If I had but the courage to try,
How soon I would sport you again !

My ranklings I then might assuage
By renewing my efforts to vex,
By profaning the reverence of age,
And attacking the weakness of sex.

A libel ! what treasure untold
Resides in that dear little word,
More rich than the silver and gold
Which the Bank is reported to hoard !

But the Bench have no bowels for pity,
No stomach for high-season'd leaven,
And though we be never so witty,
They trim us when judgment is given.

O ye, who were present in Court,
In pity convey to me here
Some well-manufactured report,
Of a lady, a prince, or a peer.

Do my writings continue to tell ?
Does the public attend to my lines ?
O say that my Newspapers sell
Though the money must go for my fines !

How fleet is the growth of a fib !
The astonishing speed of its flight
Outstrips the less mischievous squib
Let off on a holiday night.

Then who would not vamp up a fudge,
When he knows how it helps off his papers
Were it not—that the thought of the judge
Overcasts him, and gives him the vapours ?

But Cobbett has got his discharge—
The beast is let loose from his cover :
 Like him I shall yet be at large,
 When a couple of years shall be over.]

For law must our liberty give,
 Though *Law* for a while may retard it
 Even I shall obtain it, who live
 By sapping the bulwarks that guard it.

Severe as was the punishment inflicted on the Hunts it did not have a deterrent effect; indeed the trial was a political blunder, it gave enormous publicity to a libel which would otherwise have been seen by few, and have soon been forgotten; it offended many, who whilst having no sympathy with the Hunts, were still in favour of a free Press; and finally it encouraged the publication and sale of many other attacks upon the Prince Regent, and his friends. The most active and zealous purveyor of this kind of literature was William Hone, of Ludgate Hill, who published numerous pamphlets, leaflets, parodies and squibs; most of these were written by Hone himself, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. The Prince Regent's personal appearance, his intemperance, his vanity, and his conduct towards his wife, were mercilessly exposed and ridiculed; whilst the actions of the ministry were also held up to public scorn and contempt.

Eventually the government took legal proceedings against Hone for publishing political parodies, namely, John Wilkes's Catechism, the Political Litany, and the Sinecurist's Creed.

There were three separate trials held in the Guildhall, London, on December 18, 19 and 20, 1817, and in each trial the Jury found a verdict of *Not Guilty*. Here, again, the government prosecutions defeated their own ends. Hone became the hero of the day, the martyr in the cause of the liberty of the Press; a large sum of money was raised for him by public subscription, and what was worse, the parodies were republished, and, owing to the publicity given to them by the trials, the sales were enormous. Even now these little pamphlets are eagerly sought after by collectors of literary curiosities, and of *Cruikshankiana*, especially those relating to the Prince Regent and his ill-treated wife. The most successful example of Hone's skill was a parody entitled "The House that Jack built," of which more than fifty editions were rapidly sold off. A few extracts will show the bitter tone of this parody; and Cruikshank's portrait of the *Dandy of Sixty* was scarcely more complimentary than Leigh Hunt's written description of the "fat Adonis of fifty." The subjects of Cruikshank's illustrations are given within parenthesis.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

(*A Temple of Liberty.*)

This is the WEALTH that lay in the House that Jack built.

(*Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, Bill of Rights.*)

These are the VERMIN that plunder the *Wealth*, that lay in the House that Jack built.

(*Court Officials, Bishops, Lawyers, Army, Tax-collectors.*)

This is the THING, that in spite of new Acts,
 And attempts to restrain it by Soldiers or Tax,
 Will poison the *I vermin*, that plunder the *Wealth*,
 That lay in the House, that Jack built.

(*A Printing Press,*

This is the PUBLIC INFORMER,
 Who would put down the *Thing*,
 That in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it by Soldiers or Tax,
 Will poison the *Vermin*, that plunder the *Wealth*,
 That lay in the House, that Jack built.

(*The Attorney General*)

These are the REASONS OF LAWLESS POWER,
 That back the *Public Informer*,
 Who would put down the *Thing*,
 That in spite of new Acts, &c., &c.

(*A Gaoler, an Artilleryman, a Horse Guard, and a Grenadier.*)

This is THE MAN—all shaven and shorn,
 All cover'd with Orders—and all forlorn ;
 THE DANDY OF SIXTY,

Who bows with a grace,
 And has taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace ;
 Who, to tricksters and fools, leaves the State and its treasure,
 And, when Britain's in tears, sails about at his pleasure,
 Who spurn'd from his presence the Friends of his youth,
 And now has not one who will tell him the truth ;
 Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,
 The Friends to the *Reasons of Lawless Power* ;
 That back the *Public Informer*
 Who would put down the *Thing*,
 That, in spite of New Acts,
 And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
 Will poison the *Vermin*,
 That plunder the *Wealth*,
 That lay in the *House that Jack Built*.

(*A crowd of starving people.*)

These are the PEOPLE
 All tattered and torn,
 Who curse the day wherein they were born,
 On account of taxation too great to be borne,
 And pray for relief, from night to morn :
 Who, in vain, Petition in every form,
 Who, peaceably meeting to ask for Reform,
 Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
 Who were thanked by *The Man*,
 All shaven and shorn, all covered with Orders
 And all forlorn ;
 THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
 Who bows with a grace, &c., &c.

* * * * *

The Report of Hone's three Trials is an interesting work, full of curious parodies, of which a detailed account will be given in the Bibliographical Volume of this Collection. But for the present Leigh Hunt, William Hone, George Cruikshank, and George, Regent, and King, must be dismissed, and Thackeray's burlesque Epitaph will fitly close this chapter.





GEORGE IV.

He never acted well, by man or woman.
 And was as false to his mistress as to his wife.
 He deserted his friends and his principles.
 He was so ignorant he could scarcely spell ;
 But he had skill in cutting out coats,
 And an undeniable taste for cookery.
 He built the palaces of Brighton

And of Buckingham,
 And for these qualities and proofs of genius,
 An admiring aristocracy
 Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
 Friends, respect the King whose statue is here,
 And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood ;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh ! the Roast Beef of Old England,
And, oh ! for Old England's Roast Beef !

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain ;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

But since we have learnt from effeminate France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance ;
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance,
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,—
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee and tea and such shiplops were known ;
The world was in terror if e'en she did frown,
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never returned back again,
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh ! then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were cooking, to set ourselves right,—
But now, we're a—hum !—I could, but Good night,
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

This song was first printed complete in Walsh's "Frisch Miscellany" about 1740. It was written and composed by Richard Leveridge, with the exception of the first two verses which were written by Henry Fielding, for a comedy entitled "Don Quixote in England." This piece was acted at the New-Theatre in the Haymarket, 1733.

KAIL-BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird
For a piece o' gude ground to be a kail-yard,
It was to the brose that they paid their regard :
O ! the kail-brose o' auld Scotland,
And O ! the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our Kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles, had vanquished our foes,
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose,
O ! the Kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their backs to be brose,
O ! the Kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is joined to the rose,
And the English nae longer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O ! the Kail-brose &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feed on a cog o' gude brose,
And, thanks be to heaven, we've yet plenty of those.
O ! the Kail-brose, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GROCER'S DELIGHT, OR A SUGAR PLUM FOR MASTER BILLY.

WHEN good George the Second did sit on the throne,
A Pitt we could boast, and a Pitt of our own,
A true Whig was he to the very back-bone,
Oh, the true Whigs of old England,
And oh, the Old English true Whigs.

He went to the city to dine with the mayor,
The King and the Queen, and the courtiers were there,
The people huzza'd him, which made the King stare.
Oh, the true Whigs, &c.

The feast of the Grocers is not the same thing,
His son, Master Billy, is all for the King,
And therefore a different song we must sing
Oh, the back-stairs of St. James's,
And oh, the St. James's back-stairs.

Billy bluster'd and vapour'd, and gave himself airs,
He spoke for the people, and swore he was theirs,
Till Jenkinson usher'd him up the back stairs.
Oh, the back stairs, &c.

Dundas is his counsel, and *Thurlow* his guide,
The lords of the bed-chamber with him divide,
The bishops, God mend'em, are all of his side.
Oh, the back stairs, &c.

He holds his head high and he talks very big,
For the Commons of England he don't care a fig ;
But the House of Lords swear he's an excellent Whig.
Oh, the poor Whigs of Old England !
And oh, the poor Old English Whigs.

Since the fortunate days of King William the Third,
When Nassau to Stuart was wisely prefer'd,
Such doctrines as these are, sure never were heard,
By the staunch Whigs of Old England,
By the Old English staunch Whigs.

Then as Billy* stands up for Prerogative strong,
If the Father was right, sure the Son must be wrong,
So let every Englishman join in my song,
Success to the Whigs of Old England !
Success to the Old English Whigs !

From *The History of the Westminster Election*, 1784.

OH ! THE WHITE VESTS OF YOUNG ENGLAND !

OH ! the vests of Young England are perfectly white,
And they're cut very neatly and sit very tight ;
And they serve to distinguish our Young Englishmen
From the juvenile MANNERS to CONINGSBY BEN ;
Sing, "Oh ! the white vests of Young England,
And Oh ! the Young English white vests !"

Now the Old English vest was some two yards about,
For Old England was rather inclined to be stout ;
But the Young English waist is extremely compress'd,
By the very close fit of the Young English vest.
Sing, "Oh &c."

* The Rt. Hon. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was second son of the famous Earl of Chatham who had advocated conciliatory measures in dealing with the American Colonies, a policy which was very distasteful to the King and Court. Whereas his son afterwards supported the views of the King in opposition to the majority in the House of Commons.

The Young English white vest, upon one little score,
May perhaps be considered a bit of a bore,
For it makes the resemblance exceedingly near
'Twixt the Young English Waiter and Young English Peer.
Sing, "Oh ! &c."

But what are the odds as concerning the vest,
So long as felicity reigns in the breast ?
And Young England to wear what it pleases may claim,
Let us hope all its tailors are paid for the same.
Sing, "Oh ! &c."

Punch 1844.

O ! THE BROWN BEER OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN humming brown beer was the Englishman's taste,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaste ;
Their breath smelt like roses whenever embraced ;
O ! the brown beer of old England,
And, O ! the Old English brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,
Our ancestors by their own fire-sides sat down,
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.
O ! the brown beer &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast ;
O ! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.
O ! the brown beer &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear,
Our sailors, each one, drank a jorum of beer
And sent them away with a flea in their ear.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer ;
Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer ;
Then preached against vice, *though courtiers were near*.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on scripture and fathers of old
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva and strong ratafee,
We are dwindled to nothing,—but stay—let me see
Faith, nothing at all but mere fiddle-de-dee.
O ! the brown beer, &c.

From *The Universal Songster*. Vol. III. ANONYMOUS.

THE FROG AND THE BULL.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing on the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England,
And O for Old England's Roast Beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame ;
Mamma, who stood by, like a cunning old dame.
Cried, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame,"
Oh, the Roast Beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventured more strong than the first,

Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
Oh, the Roast Beef, &c.

Then Britons, be careful, the moral is clear ;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose threats and bravadoes we never need fear,
While we have Roast Beef in Old England.
Sing O for Old England's Roast Beef.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BOILED BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

THAT mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,
And spoon-meat the Frenchman's was once understood,
And mess-bugles at dinner-time still stir the blood,
With "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England,
And Oh, for Old English Roast Beef."

Yes, "Oh, for Roast Beef," well our soldiers may sigh,
They may sniff it down areas, in cook-shops may eye ;
But save in that music, bid life-long good bye,
To the famous Roast Beef of Old England,
The mighty Old English Roast Beef.

For as if we'd ta'en lesson from soup-stewing France,
In our barracks Roast Beef is a dream of romance,
And the man who enlists is condemned in advance,
To sing, "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Blow that Old English Boiled Beef !"

If against civil broils barrack-rules still must preach,
And our troops rule the roast, but in figure of speech,
Then surely we're bound our mess-bugles to teach
To play "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Blow the Old English Boiled Beef !"

What's the odds if at *Bonilli* the soldier looks blue ?
'Tis the rule of the service, and can't be broke through.
Against roast, fry, or bake Colonel North in a stew
Would cry, "Where's the Boiled Beef of Old England,
Oh, where's the Old English Boiled Beef ?"

What with those leather collars, their throttles that lock,
And those weary camp-kettles, their hunger that mock,
Our poor British soldiers must surely hate *stock*.
And sing, "Blow the Boiled Beef of Old England,
Oh, Blow the Old English Boiled Beef !"

With the shako that lets the rain into his neck,
And the pack, pouch, and cross-belts, his breathing that
check,
And the barrack-room reeking like any slave-deck,
Keep up the Boiled Beef of Old England.
Keep up the Old English Boiled Beef,

At huge cost let recruits still be drilled, dressed, and taught,
To have them die off twice as fast as they ought,
Let General Routine still set reason at nought,
And sing, "Oh, the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Oh, the Old English Boiled Beef !"

By all means let our soldiers be served, in the way,
That famed Dr. Kitch'ner said cucumbers may,
First dress 'em with care, and then throw them away,
And sing, "Oh, the Boiled Beef of Old England,"
And "Oh, the Old English Boiled Beef !"

Punch. March 6, 1858.

THE PAUPER'S CHAUNT.*

O WE'RE very well fed, so we must not repine,
 Though turkey we've *cut*, and likewise the chine
 But, oh ! once a year we should just like to dine
 On the Roast Beef of Old England,
 Oh, the Old English Roast-Beef.

O, the gruel's delicious, the taters divine—
 And our very small beer is uncommonly *fine* ;
 But with us we think you would not like to dine,
 Without the Roast-Beef of Old England,
 Oh, the Old English Roast-Beef !

Our soup's very good, we really must own.
 But of what it is made arn't very well-known ;
 So, without any soup we would much rather dine
 On the Roast-Beef of Old England,
 Oh, the Old English Roast-Beef !

Mince-pies they are nice, and plum-pudding is fine,
 But we'd give up them both for " ribs " or " Sir Line,"
 If for once in the year we could but just dine
 On the Roast-Beef of Old England,
 Oh, the Old English Roast-Beef !

" Roast Beef and plum-pudding " is true Christmas fare,
 But they think that our *morals* such dainties won't bear.
 Oh, oh ! it is plain ne'er more shall we share
 In the Roast-Beef of Old England,
 Oh, the Old English Roast-Beef !

From *George Cruikshank's Omnibus*.

THE SIRLOIN SUPERSEDED.

ONCE mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food.
 It has now grown so dear that 'tis nearly tabooed.
 But Australian beef, potted, is cheap and is good.
 O, the Boiled Beef of Australia !
 And O, the Australian Boiled Beef !

It is capital cold ; it is excellent hot ;
 And, if a large number of children you've got,
 'Twill greatly assist you in boiling the pot.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

First-rate is Australian mutton, likewise,
 For curries, and rissoles and puddings, and pies.
 The thrifty good housewife no butcher's meat buys.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

It will make you a hash that is fit for a king.
 And the young ones all like it, and that's a great thing.
 So Paterfamilias it causes to sing,
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

For the small boys and girls eat the fat with the lean,
 Don't leave underdone, but their plates nicely clean—
 Where pigs are not kept which helps make all serene.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

Australian meat from the bone being free,
 The more economical needs must it be.
 As there are no joints there's no carving you see.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

* The Poor Law Commissioners had refused to allow any charitable person to send in supplies of roast-beef and plum-pudding upon Christmas Day to the inmates of the Workhouses.

The fleshpots of Egypt were once in high *ame* ;
 Australian fleshpots have more than the same,
 Old England's roast beef is now rivalled in name.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

The privileged victims who Income-tax pay,
 Whose earnings precarious are taken away,
 While ceasing to deal with a Butcher, can say
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

'Tis true that your servants, fastidious and fine,
 Australian meat in their folly decline.
 On skilligolee they hereafter may dine.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

Now pour out the wine which we could not afford
 Except for Antipodes' meat on the board.
 Its inventors' good health !—whilst my helping's encored.
 O, the Boiled Beef, &c.

Punch. August 24, 1872.

STIRRING THE PUDDING,

A Song for the Christmas Season.

THE National Pudding all parties protest
 By themselves is best planned, and compounded the best,
 And each eager spoon wielder will stoutly aver
 All would turn out quite well had himself but a stir.
 At the glorious Plum-Pudding of England,
 Old England's unequalled Plum-Pudding !

The Stirrers-in-Chief, who've their spoons in the pan,
 Have been stirring away on their own special plan
 For a tidy long time, and triumphantly say
 That no Season has shown, for this many a day,
 Such a splendid Plum-Pudding for England,
 Such a genuine English Plum-Pudding !

Well we know the old Saw about too many cooks ;
 But a Saw is not always so sage as it looks ;
 And a Pudding so big as JOHN BULL's may require
 All the hands and the spoons that toil on and ne'er tire
 Of stirring the Pudding of England,
 The mighty old English Plum-Pudding !

The proof of the Pudding's in eating, they say ;
 And JOHN BULL, who must eat it has likewise to pay ;
 And so, at this season, let's wish them success,
 And hope that among them they won't make a mess
 Of the rare old Plum-Pudding of England,
 The old English Christmas Plum-Pudding !

(Four verses omitted.)

Punch. Dec. 27, 1879.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

OH, Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 It is time that with zealous devotion,
 We saw to the Navy for thee.
 If tyrants thou still wouldst make tremble,
 Thou needest some armour-clads new,

Or else—it is vain to dissemble—
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue.
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue,
It's all up with the Red, White, and Blue;
It is useless to longer dissemble,
'Tis all up with the Red, White, and Blue.

Truth Christmas Number. 1884.

THE ELECTION,

GREAT, great is the task set before us—
Once more 'tis for us to decide
The men who shall freely rule o'er us,
And still by our bidding abide.
Then choose we the leaders whose story
Will ever bear telling anew,
Whose work in the past is their glory,
And stamps them as honest and true.

Chorus.

Then choose we the tried, wise, and true,
Then seek we the tried, wise, and true;
Let truth and consistency rule us,
And choose we the tried, wise, and true.

We know what the task is whose splendour
Our country will light on its way,
When Justice and Progress attend her,
And class has forgotten its sway;
When hope for the thousands who labour
Is real in their toil-weary view—
When right for each man and his neighbour
Shall end in a union that's true!

J. PRATT.

The Weekly Dispatch. October 25, 1885.

AN AMERICAN IMITATION,

OH, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garland of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it up to the brim,
May the memory of Washington ne'er wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever
And each to our colors prove true:

The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

—:0:—

THE ENGLISHMAN.

THERE's a paper bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a sorry lot;
On the English journals' scroll of fame
It seems but a dirty blot.
On the scribbling ones who by it live
I'll not waste word of song;
Nor for all the ex-Q. C.* could give
To that paper would I belong.
It's a scurrilous journal, deny it who can—
A disgrace to the name of ENGLISHMAN.

From *Faust and 'Phisto. 1876.*

THE JINGO-ENGLISHMAN.

(*New Version of an old Song, adapted to the tastes of the Patriot of the Period.*)

THERE's a Land that's Cock of Creation's walk,
Though it is but a tiny isle,
And to hear its brag, and its tall talk,
Might make e'en *Bombastes* smile.
It holds itself holiest, first in fight,
Most brave, most wise, most strong,
And will ne'er admit what it fancies right
Can by any chance be wrong.
'Tis the pink of perfection, deny it who can,
The Home of the Jingo Englishman!

There's a Flag that floats o'er every sea,
And claims to control the brine;
And if any dare hint that it makes too free,
The result is a deuce of a shine.
For the bouncing boys who walk the deck
Deem the Ocean their own little lot,
And if foreign fools at their pride should check,
They will catch it exceedingly hot.
Right-divine's in its bunting, deny it who can,
Is the Flag of the Jingo-Englishman!

There's a Heart that leaps with a generous glow
A paying cause to defend,
Lets interest rule it in fixing a foe,
And profit in choosing a friend.
It nurtures a deep and abiding love
For possession of power and pelf,
And deems that the duty all others above
Is enshrined in that sweet word "self."
'Tis a rare tough organ, deny it who can,
The Heart of your Jingo-Englishman!

The Briton may traverse the Pole or the Zone,
And annex on sea or shore;
He calls an immense domain his own,
But he means going in for more.

* Dr. E. V. Kenealy.

Let the wandering stranger seek to know
 To what charter such "rights" are owed,
 And a flush will rise to the Briton's brow
 As he answers— "You be blowed!"
 There's no end of a pull, deny it who can,
 In the words, "I'm a Jingo-Englishman!"

Punch. November 9, 1878.

THE CHANCERY COURT.

THERE'S a place that bears a well-known name,
 Tho' 'tis but a seedy spot;
 'Tis the first in the blazing scroll of shame,
 And who dare say it is not?
 Of the big-wigged ones who shine and live
 On laws, on "Flats" and fees,
 The choicest the Devil to earth can give
 In this little spot one sees;
 For a gem in its way, as we've always been taught,
 Is that grand Institution—a Chancery Court,

There's a thing that's a terror to every tongue,
 No matter when or where,
 And to treat that thing as a mere old song
 Is more than the richest dare.
 For the foolish spirits, who seek *that* Court,
 To its Vultures once fallen a prey,
 May struggle in vain to escape what they sought—
They never can get away.

'Tis a gem in its way, spite of evil repute,
 No friend sticks so close as a Chancery suit.

The Briton may traverse each legal port
 And pay, yet have something to spare;
 He may pass the "Insolvent Debtors' Court,"
 And merge at the most *nearly* bare.
 But if once in a Chancery suit he's caught,
 Though the world be all his own,
 In those hungry clutches, 'twill be as nought,
 And they'll fight for his skin and bone.
 For a gem in its way, spite of evil report,
 Is the sacred shade of a Chancery Court.

From *Grins and Groans*, Social and Political, (London,
 W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

RULE BRITANNIA.

Robert Southey calls this "the political hymn of our Country," and it may certainly be regarded as the British National Song. There has been some controversy as to its authorship, it is generally ascribed to James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," whilst others have assigned it to David Mallet. The arguments are too lengthy to be reproduced here, but the chief points of the discussion are to be found in letters from Mr. William Chappell, and Mr. Julian Marshall, published in "Notes and Queries," August 14, November 20, and December 18, 1886. Possibly both Thomson and Mallet joined in the composition of the *ode*

(as they styled it), but this question can now never be authoritatively settled. No doubt exists however that the music was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, and by it, and the chorus, Rule Britannia is known all the world over.

On the 1st August, 1740, a Masque styled *Alfred*, written by James Thomson and David Mallet, was performed in the gardens of Cliefdon House, in commemoration of the accession of George I., before the Prince and Princess of Wales. The plot of the Masque was based on the gallant struggles of King Alfred with the Danes, it abounded with patriotic allusions, and *Rule Britannia* was thus introduced in scene 5, Act 2.

"Here is seen the Ocean in prospect, and ships sailing along. Two boats land their crews. One Sailor sings the following ode; after which the rest join in a lively Dance."

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main;
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain;
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rules the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that rends the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame—
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign:
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
 Britons never will be slaves.

LATIN VERSION.

JUBENTE cum primum Deo Britannia
 Pelagi cavis recessibus caput extulit,
 Ei in manus hæc charta magna tradita est,
 Cælestiumque omnis melos cæcinit chorus;
Fluctus regas, domina regas Britannia;
Nunquam Britannus imperanti serviet.

Sua quamque gentium minus felicium
 Manet vicissim sors, jugum hostile: interim
 Tu, Nostra, pulcra, tu vigebis libera,
 Gens invidiana, gens timendaque omnibus.
Fluctus, &c.

Per damna tu cædesque surges celsior,
 Ferrumque opes dabit peregrinum tibi :
 Procella ceu, quæ miscet æthera et salum,
 Novas tuis vires ministrat quercubus.

Fluctus, &c.

Non te tyrannus perdomabit insolens,
 Ut sæviat thronoque te dejectum eat :
 Virtus tua, acriore calcare incita,
 Illi ruinam, gloriam tibi pariet.

Fluctus, &c.

Ruris colonos imperia beant tua ;
 Cives beant in urbibus commercia ;
 Tibi æquor omne obtemperabit subditum,
 Et omne, cuius alluit litus, solum.

Fluctus, &c.

Camæna, Libertatis usque hæc est comes,
 Viset tuam, visamque amabit insulam ;
 Felix nimis ! nam filias armat Venus,
 Et filias qui protegant, Mars filios.

*Fluctus regas, domina regas Britannia ;
 Nunquam Britannus imperanti serviet.*

From *Blackwood's Magazine*. April, 1819.

ELECTION SONG.

WHEN Canning's name was first proclaim'd,
 Resounding Mersey's strand along ;
 A man for worth and talents fam'd,
 This was the Freeman's fav'rite song :
 Hail great Statesman ! the Statesman of our choice !
 We bid thee welcome and rejoice !

The Candidates opposing thee,
 Must daily find their ardour cool ;
 Whilst thou our pride shall surely be,
 Declar'd triumphant at the poll.

Hail &c.

Still as their friends assemble round,
 With energy our cause to gain ;
 Thy foes shall sicken at the sound,
 To hear the Freeman's fav'rite strain.

Hail &c.

Our commerce round the world shall flow,
 Surpassing any former time ;
 To thee our native town shall owe,
 The right to trade to every clime.

Hail, &c.

From *An Impartial Collection of Addresses, Songs, Squibs, &c., published during the Liverpool Election, October 1812.*

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, impell'd by pride,
 Usurp'd dominion o'er the main,
 Blest peace she vainly threw aside,
 And gave her sons the galling chain.
 View, Britannia, Britannia view the waves,
 On which thy darling sons are slaves.

The nations now more blest than thee
 Shall see their haughty Despots fall,
 What time thy hapless fate shall be
 The scorn and pity of them all.

View, Britannia, &c.

Thy haughty Tyrants ne'er shall bend
 The glorious cause of Freedom down ;
 Their rage shall fan the sacred flame,
 And work their woes and her renown.

View, Britannia, &c.

Thee best becomes the contrite strain,
 For cities drench'd with human gore,
 For crimes which tinge the orient main,
 And banish peace from Africa's shore

View, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with Freedom found,
 Shall from thy venal court repair,
 To sing on Gallia's freer ground,
 Or breathe Columbia's purer air.

View, Britannia, &c.

From *The Wreath of Freedom, or Patriot's Song Book*.
 Newcastle 1820.

A CORN LAW RHYME.

WHEN Freedom's foes mock'd labours' groan,
 And, drunk with power, condemn'd the throne,
 God bade great William rule the waves ;
 And William scorn'd to govern slaves.
 Rule, great William, rule the free !
 William Britain's shield will be !

On their hard hearts they ground their words,
 And made them sharp as traitors' swords,
 But cower'd, like dogs, beneath his eye,
 When millions shouted to the sky,
 Rule, great William, rule the free !
 William Freedom's shield shall be !

He broke his bonds o'er Rapine's head ;
 "Free men ! Free bread !" great William said,
 And like a second Alfred stood,
 King of the happy and the good ;
 While the free, from sea to sea,
 Sang, Great William rules the free !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

In this, Elliott's wish was father to the thought, for William IV., did not live to see the repeal of the Corn Laws. Another long imitation of *Rule Britannia*, entitled "The Triumph of Reform," also appears amongst the *Corn Law Rhymes*, which were collected and published by Benjamin Steill, London, in 1844.

RULE SLAVEOWNIA.

(The National Hymn of the Confederate States.)

WHEN first the South, to fury fanned,
 Arose and broke the Union's chain,
 This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
 And Mr. Davis sang the strain :
 Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
 "Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves."
 The Northerns, not so blest as thee,
 At Aby Lincoln's foot may fall,

While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish fierce and free,
The whip, that makes the Nigger bawl,
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves."

Thou, dully savage, shalt despise
Each freeman's argument, or joke :
Each law that Congress, that Congress thought so
wise,

Serves but to light thy pipes for smoke.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever must have slaves."

And Trade, that knows no God but gold,
Shall to thy pirate ports repair :
Blest land, where flesh—where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that *air*,
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever shall have slaves."

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1861.

HOME-RULE HIBERNIA !

WHEN Faction at the De'il's command
Arose within the Em'rald Isle,
This was the chorus through the land,
And traitors sang it in this style :
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

The Scotchmen not so blest as thee,
Put up with Richmond at Whitehall,
Whilst thou, with flourish fierce and free,
Wilt have Home Rule, or none at all.
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

Still more cantank'rous shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each Parnell stroke,
Till Commerce from the country flies,
And all thy native banks are broke.
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

Thee haughty Viceroy's ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to rub thee down
Will but arouse the "pathriot's" flame,
And work their woe, but thy renown.
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

To thee belongs red Terror's reign ;
Thy cities shall with arson shine ;
All thine be the shillelah's bane,
And every head it circles thine.
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

Thee Furies, oft in Erin found,
To thy unhappy coast repair ;
Green Isle, with matchless folly crown'd.
And hearts that blackguard all that's fair.
Home Rule, Hibernia ! Britannia her rule waives !
Britons ne'er shall make us slaves.

Moonshine. January 2, 1886.

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS.

Competition Parodies in *The World*.

First Prize.

WHEN Beaconsfield, at civic board,
Uprose 'mid fellow-guests' acclaim,

This was the welcome London roared,
Filling a bumper to his name—
Hail, Imperial, Imperial Statesman, hail !
Thy majority shall never, never fail !

Let Gladstone boast of silver axe,
And prate of upas-trees cut down ;
Thine be the care of income-tax,
And thine be Turnerelli's crown.
So hail, &c.

'Great Gladstone, less astute than we,
From place and power defeated fell ;
I taught an Empire to be free,
And grow Conservative as well.
Then hail, Imperial freedom, hail !
My majority shall never fail.

Me dissolution ne'er shall shock,
Midlothian voters ne'er dismay ;
The epigrams I have in stock
Will serve me in the coming fray.
Then hail, &c.

"*Libertas et Imperium*,"
My watchword and my battle-call,
Will silence, when the elections come,
The loudest varlet of them all.
Then hail, &c.

Still more secure shall be my lease
Of Downing-street and county votes,
Whilst licensed victuallers increase,
And borough members turn their coats.
So hail, &c.

Here, when November days come round,
Is happiness enough for me :
Blest halls, where every bowl is crowned
With calipash and calipee !
Then hail, &c.

So Truscott,* when the circling year
Has withered all thy civic bays,
Again I'll sip my turtle here,
And sing again an Empire's praise.
Then hail, &c.'

COMMON PLEAS.

Second Prize.

WHEN on us burst, at thy command,
A party legend once again,
This was the cry throughout the land—
At least the Liberals sang the strain—
Fools ! how can ye, how can ye trust such
shaves ?
Jingoes ever will be knaves !

The motto duly blessed by thee,
Great Earl, and by thy Tory class,
Runs 'Government and Liberty'
(*Imperium et Libertas*).
Fools, &c.

* * * * *

(Six stanzas omitted).

LINDENFIELD.

The World. December 3, 1879.

A so-called comic song, entitled "*Brickbats never will be Slates*," was brought out about two years ago, but it possesses no literary interest as a parody.

* Lord Mayor of London

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE most remarkable feature about "God save the King," (or Queen) is the great uncertainty which exists as to its origin. There seems little doubt that the melody is German, but it is not known when, or by whom, it was imported, whilst the words have been handed down, with slight verbal alterations, since the days when James the First was congratulated on his escape from the Gunpowder Plot.

The words as they were then sung were written by Dr. John Bull, to whom some also ascribe the melody; Germans assert that it was imported into England by Handel, whilst others state that either Lulli, or Purcell, was the composer.

George Saville Carey claimed both the words and the melody as the productions of his father, Henry Carey (the author of "Sally in our Alley,") and one hypothesis is, that no other song writer could have been guilty of such atrocious rhymes as are to be found in the anthem:

Victorious.		Laws.
Glorious.		Cause.
Over us.		Voice.

There is no doubt that Henry Carey had some part in settling the words, as they are now known, whilst as to the melody the most likely supposition is that he adopted German music in honour of the House of Brunswick, for the same air was at once the Royal Hymn for Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, *Brunswick and Hanover*; the German version known as "*Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz*" is still the official anthem of the German Empire. This theory is far more probable than are the various other conjectures as to its origin, such as that it was either a Scotch, French, or Jacobite Song. The grand simplicity of the air is almost sufficient proof of its German origin, and it is far more probable that it was introduced here with the Hanoverian dynasty than that an English melody should have been adopted as the Royal Hymn by nearly all the states of central Europe.

A good many years ago it was stated in Edinburgh that the manuscript memoirs of the Duchess of Perth contained an account of the establishment of St. Cyr, in which she stated that—"When the most christian king Louis XIV entered the chapel, all the choir of noble damsels sung each time the following words, to a very fine air by the Sieur de Sully:—

Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roy !
 Grand Dieu, vengez le Roy
 Vive le Roy !
 Que toujours glorieux,
 Louis victorieux !
 Voez ses ennemis,
 Toujours soumis !
 Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roy !
 Grand Dieu, vengez le Roy !
 Vive le Roy !

The tradition is, that the composer Handel, obtained leave to copy the air and words, which he submitted to George the First as his own composition."

The importation of the air of "God save the King," appears undeniable, but it certainly did not come from France, neither is there anything to show that Handel passed it off as his own composition. Indeed in a court mainly composed of Germans, and before a German King, to whom the air must have been familiar from early childhood, such an attempt would have been ridiculous.

Many interesting facts bearing on these disputed questions will be found in an account of the National Anthem, entitled, "God save the King," by Richard Clarke; London, W. Wright, Fleet Street, 1822; also in "Old National Airs," by W. Chappell; "The Music of the Church," by Thomas

Hirst; and "An Introduction to the study of National Music," by Carl Engel, London, 1866.

These authorities are not agreed as to the origin of the melody, but they all assert that words, somewhat similar to those now in use, were written to congratulate James the First on his escape from the Gunpowder Plot, and were sung for the first time at an entertainment given to that King in July 1607 in the Hall of the Merchant Tailors' Company, in the City of London.

Indeed, the balance of evidence tends to prove that the song never was intended for the House of Hanover, whose anthem it has become, but for the Stuart family. Up to the time of Charles I. the national anthem—sung in honour of the king was "Vive le Roy"—an English song with a Norman burden. After the revolution that made Cromwell Protector, the Cavaliers, without utterly discarding the old song, made themselves a new one—"When the King shall enjoy his own again," which, with its by no means contemptible poetry, and its exceedingly fine music, kept up the heart of the party in their adversity, and did more for the royal cause than an army.

In the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when the King had come into the full possession of his own, the loyal song was, "Here's a Health unto his Majesty." Later on, when the Stuarts were in exile, it would seem that Carey revived "God save the King," but that it did not become popular until 1745, about two years after his death.

George Saville Carey in *The Balnea* (London, 1801) gives the following account of the origin of *God save the King*:

"In spite of all literary cavil and conjectural assertion there has not yet appeared one *identity* to invalidate the truth that my father was the author of that important song, some have given the music to Handel, others to Purcell, some have signified that it was produced in the time of Charles I. others James I. and some, in their slumbers, have dreamed that it made its appearance in the reign of Henry VIII. it might as well have been carried still further back, to the reign of song-singing Solomon, or psalm singing David. I have heard the late Mr. Pearce Galliard assert, time after time, that my father was the author of "God save the King"; that it was produced in the year 1745-6, and printed in the year 1750, for John Johnson, opposite Bow Church, in Cheapside. But for the satisfaction of my readers, I will insert the song of "God save the King," as it is printed in the original text, where it is called a song for two voices:—

I.

God save GREAT GEORGE our King
 Long Live our noble King,
 God save the King,
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

II.

O Lord our GOD, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On him our hopes we fix,
 GOD save us all.

III.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign,

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice
God save the King.

IV.

Lord grant that MARSHALL WADE,*
May, by thy Mighty aid,
Victory bring;
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God save the King.

There can be little doubt that Henry Carey was the author of the first three verses of this particular version of the song, but he could not have written the fourth verse, as he committed suicide in 1743, two years before the Scotch rebellion to which the verse refers.

The first time that the 'song or anthem of "God save the King"' was made known generally to the public was at the end of the month of September, 1745 after the young Pretender's forces had beaten Sir John Cope, and Prince Charles himself had made his triumphant entry into Holyrood Palace. "On Saturday night," says the *Daily Advertiser* of September 30th, 1745, "the audience at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to that house performing the anthem of 'God save our noble King.'" Another paper, the *General Advertiser*, of October 2nd, said—"At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, by desire, 'God save the King,' as it was performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was sung with great applause." That the song was a novelty is proved not only by these records, but by a letter from Benjamin Victor to David Garrick, bearing date October, 1745. The writer says—"The stage at both houses is the most pious as well as the most loyal place in the three kingdoms. Twenty men appear at the end of every play, and one stepping forward from the rest, with uplifted hands and eyes, begins singing to an *old anthem tune* the following words :—

'Oh, Lord our God, arise,
Confound the enemies
Of George our King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the King.

He adds, "These are the very words and music of an old anthem that was sung at St James's Chapel for King James II., when the Prince of Orange landed to deliver us from Popery and Slavery, which God Almighty, in his goodness, was pleased not to grant."

From that time *God save the King* became the recognised official and loyal song, or anthem, but it is, of course, incorrect to style it the *National Anthem*, in the sense that *Rule Britannia* is *National*, as it is simply a prayer for the Royal Family. Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote an impromptu verse, which was sung at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1800, on the night when Hatfield fired from the pit of that theatre at George III. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Sheridan's verse, as *poetry*, is immeasurably superior to the older portion of the anthem :—

"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
God save the King!

O'er him thine arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend
Our father, prince and friend—
God save the King!"

In 1795 *The Gentleman's Magazine* published the following Latin version :—

"DOMINE, SALVUM FAC REGEM.

O vivas, omnibus,
Salvus ab hostibus,
GEORGI, O REX!
Tibi victoriam
Deus, et Gloriam
Det, et memoriam
Optime rex.

Hostes, O Domine
Ut cadant omine
Horrido, da;
Praebe, coelicolens,
Deus omnipotens!
Atque omniens,
Auxilia.

Fiat clarissimus
Et beatissimus
GEORGIUS REX;
Cujus judicio,
Cujus auspicio,
Et beneficio
Floreant lex!"

On the accession of William IV. a new version of the anthem was prepared :—

GOD save our noble King,
William the Fourth we sing.
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Guard him from enemies,
Or make them fall;
May peace with plenty crown'd
Throughout his realms abound,
So be his name renown'd,
God save us all.

Or should some foreign band
Dare to this favour'd land
Discord to bring,
May our brave William's name,
Proud in the lists of fame,
Bring them to scorn and shame.
God save the King

Thy choicest gifts in store
On William deign to pour,
Joy round him tling;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

* Commander of the royal troops against the Scots in the 1745 rebellion.

VICTORY ! FREEDOM ! AND FOX.

BRITONS, let's all unite
In defence of our *right*
And *liberty* :
For us we'll distance drive
Scare-Crow Prerogative
Nor ever, whilst alive,
Cease to be free.

Time-servers, wond'ring, shall
View us determin'd all
Spite of the *Court* ;
Spite of their wily tricks,
And *Back-stair politics*,
Fox is the man we fix
On to support.

We, like *Sir Judas Wray*,
Will not our friends betray,
But, orthodox
In aid of *liberty*,
Let the whole nation see
True and staunch we will be
Ever to *Fox*.

Void of all treachery,
To guard our liberty,
Foremost stands *Fox* :
Let, then, be this our cry
Conquer, or let us die,
Huzza ! boys, VICTORY !
FREEDOM, and FOX.

From *The History of the Westminster Election*, 1784.

In 1790 Charles James Fox brought forward a motion in the House of Commons for the repeal of the test and corporation acts. Pitt and Burke opposed any such concession to the dissenters, and the motion was rejected by nearly three to one. A great agitation was got up, all over the country, by the Tory party, against the dissenters, who were ridiculed and abused in pamphlets, poems, and caricatures. Councillor Morfit, of Birmingham, composed a parody of *God save the King* which became very popular, it was extensively printed with a large caricatured representation of the chief dissenters brooding over sedition. It was entitled :—

OUR MOTHER CHURCH.

GOD save great George our King!
Long live our noble King,
God save the King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

Old mother Church disdains
The vile dissenting strains,
That round her ring ;
She keeps her dignity,
And, scorning faction's cry,
Sings with sincerity,
God save the King !

Sedition is their creed ;
Feigned sheep, but *wolves* indeed,
How can we trust ?
Gunpowder Priestley would
Deluge the throne with blood,
And lay the great and good
Low in the dust.

History, thy page unfold,
Did not their *sires* of old
Murder their King!
And they would overthrow
King, lords and bishops too,
And, while they gave the blow,
Loyally sing,

“ O Lord our God arise
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.”

OLD PRICES.

A parody of *God Save the King* circulated in Covent Garden Theatre, on the night of October 18, 1809, during the celebrated O.P. riots.

GOD save great Johnny Bull,
Long live our noble Bull,
God save John Bull.
Send him victorious,
Loud and uproarious,
With lungs like Boreas,
God save John Bull.

O Johnny Bull be true,
Oppose the prices new,
And make them fall ;
Curse Kemble's politics,
Frustrate his knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix.
Confound them all.

No private boxes let
Intriguing ladies get,
Thy right, John Bull.
From little pigeon-holes
Defend us jolly souls ;
And we will sing, by goles,
God save John Bull.

The Covent Garden Journal. Vol. II. London, 1810.

These volumes contain full accounts of the O.P. Riots in the new Covent Garden Theatre, which arose from some injudicious alterations made in the prices, and structural arrangements by John Kemble. He raised the prices partly in order to pay high salaries to Madame Catalani and other foreigners. The war cries of the rioters were “ Old Prices ! No Private Boxes ! No Catalani ! The English Drama !”, many songs and parodies were written to annoy Kemble, who had, eventually, to compromise matters, and Madame Catalani's name was withdrawn from the bills. This lady had a fine voice, but was so ignorant of the English language that the following version of “ God save the King ” was prepared to assist her pronunciation when she had to sing the solo :—

Oh, Lord avar God
Arais, schafter
Is enemis and
Mece them fol
Confond tear
Politekse frosstre
Their nevise trix
On George avar hopes
We fix. God save the Kin.

HAIL! MASONRY DIVINE.

HAIL! Masonry divine
 Glory of ages shine,
 Long may'st thou hold ;
 Where'er thy lodges stand
 May they have great command,
 And always grace the land :
 Thou Art divine.

Great fabrics still arise,
 And touch the azure skies,
 Great are thy schemes ;
 Thy noble orders are
 Matchless beyond compare,
 No art with thee can share,
 Thou art divine.

Hiram, the architect,
 Did all the craft direct
 How they should build ;
 Solomon, great Israel's King,
 Did mighty blessings bring,
 And left us room to sing,
 Hail! Royal Art.

From *The Universal Songster*.

GOD SAVE THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

GOD save the Rights of Man,
 Give him a heart to scan
 Blessings so dear :
 Let them be spread around,
 Where ever man is found,
 And with the welcome sound
 Ravish his ear.

See, from the universe,
 Darkness and clouds disperse ;
 Mankind awake ;
 Reason and Truth appear,
 Freedom advances near,
 Monarchs with terror hear ;
 See how they quake !

O'er the Germanic Powers
 Loud indignation showers,
 Ready to fall.
 Let the rude savage host,
 In their long numbers boast,
 Freedom's Almighty trust,
 Laughs at them all.

Let us with Spain agree,
 And bid the world be free,
 Leading the way :
 Let tyrants all conspire,
 Fearless of sword and fire,
 Freedom shall ne'er retire,
 Freedom shall sway.

Fame let thy trumpet sound,
 Tell all the world around,
 Tell each degree ;
 Tell ribbons, crowns, and stars,
 Kings, traitors, troops, and wars,
 Holy Leagues, plots, and jars,
 Spaniards are free.

God save the Rights of Man,
 Give him a heart to scan
 Blessings so dear :

Let them be spread around,
 Wherever man is found,
 And with the welcome sound
 Ravish his ear.

From *The Wreath of Freedom, or Patriot's Song Book*.
 (J. Marshall, Newcastle. 1820.)

SAVE YOURSELVES.

IN 1871, Mr. Gladstone addressed a large meeting of the electors of Greenwich on Blackheath. In the course of his speech he referred to the number of reforms that had been carried out during his political career ; but, he added, that whilst much remained to be done, we must not flatter ourselves that all the evils of humanity could be cured by legislation. He then quoted the first verse of the following parody, stating that he had met with it in a "questionable book." The "questionable book" was *The Secularist's Manual of Songs and Ceremonies*. Edited by Austin Holyoake and Charles Watts, with a Preface by Charles Bradlaugh. There was a loud outcry against Mr. Gladstone for quoting from such a source.

PEOPLE throughout the land,
 Join in one social band,
 And save yourselves ;
 If you would happy be,
 Free from all slavery,
 Banish all knavery,
 And save yourselves.

Why will you always toil,
 While others share the spoil ?
 Work for yourselves !
 Let them who live so high
 Work for themselves, or try,
 Tell them 'tis time to try
 To keep themselves.

Parsons and peers may preach,
 And endless falsehoods teach,
 Think for yourselves ;
 Then let your watchword be
 "Justice and Liberty"—
 And toil unwearely
 To save yourselves.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(For use in the Bradlaughable Republic.)

GOD = X. Title of *Freethinker's Text Book*.

"X" save our graceless Chief,
 Reward his unbelief,
 "X" save our B.
 O'er Church victorious,
 And Throne, once glorious,
 Now sole Lord over us—
 Xtol our B!

SCIENCE, our "X"! arise!
 Xplode B.'s enemies,
 And squash them small!
 Confound their politics!
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 Oh "X"! these heretics
 Xtinguish all!

Thy Xcellent gifts in store,
Great "X"! be pleased to pour,
On sacred B!
May he repeal the laws
Which make our conscience pause,
(Oaths merely move our jaws)
And win loud lip-applause.
"X"! (*pelled*) M. P.

From *Blists from Bradlaugh's own Trumpet*. London :
Houlston & Sons. About 1884.

"A clergyman—decidedly of the Church militant—sends us the following proposed 'national anathema.' His motto is from the 'Magnificat'":—

DEPOSUIT POTENTES DE SEDE.

Down with their lofty seats,
Down with their vain conceits,
Down with the Lords!
Confound their false pretence,
Confound their want of sense,
Confound their impudence,
Down with the Lords!

Down with their arrogant,
Reckless, extravagant,
Insolent words!
Shall they reject the bill?
Shall they dissolve at will?
Shall they obstruct us still?
Down with the Lords!

Commons of England, yet
Shall the proud Lords regret
Their futile aim.
Make then our hearts rejoice,
You are the People's choice,
You are the People's voice,
They but a name.

The Pall Mall Gazette. October 3, 1884.

GOD SAVE GLADSTONE.

GOD save the People's Friend!
May he our cause defend!
Trusted and brave.
Lengthen his span of years,
Deepen the tyrants fears,
Until the right appears,
Gladstone still save!

God save the noble band
Who long have led the van
Of Freedom's host!
May faith and courage be
Watchwords of Liberty!
Until the goal we see,
Each to his post!

Gladstone, the People's Friend!
Our aid we gladly lend
Thy work to do:
Yielding no inch of ground
He will his foes confound,
So shall our cause abound—
Liberty true.

From *Songs for Liberal Electors*. Manchester. A. Heywood
and Sons, 1885.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(*The Queen was to open Parliament on the 21st January.*)

SOON will our gracious Queen
In town again be seen—
Our long-lost Queen;
Let us be glorious,
Yea, quite laborious
With mirth uproarious
To—oo—oo greet our Queen!

Thus will Victoria Reg.
Give us this privilege
Too seldom seen.
For she (oh, great event!)
Hath stated her intent
To o—o—open Parliament—
O—o—oh! gracious Queen!

Hail, then, with all your pow'r,
That joyous brief half-hour,
When she'll be seen!
Thanks to our politics
(Which, through our M.P.'s tricks,
Often are in a fix)
We—e shall see our Queen!

Fun. January 20, 1886.

ADDITIONAL VERSE COMPOSED ON THE
QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

O, GRANT our earnest prayer,
Smile on the Royal pair,
Bless Prince and Queen!
May Albert's name be dear
To every Briton's ear,
The peasant and the peer—
God save the Queen.

A JUBILEE VERSION.

The Vicar of Ryde, at the conclusion of an entertainment recently held at the Town Hall, Ryde, in aid of parochial charities, called upon the audience to join in singing the National Anthem, and "gave out" an additional verse which had been written "for the occasion." was as follows:—

GOD bless her Majesty,
In this her Jubilee,
Long may she reign!
May she be near to us,
Ever more dear to us,
Oftener appear to us,
God save the Queen!

Truth. February 17, 1887.

AN IMPROVED "NATIONAL ANTHEM."

At the opening of the People's Park, Manchester, by Prince Albert, a greatly improved "National Anthem" was sung, it would make an excellent substitute for the objectionable old version. As an improved "National Anthem," perhaps there is none more worthy than the following, by Mr. W. E. Hickson, and its adoption would be an excellent Jubilee memento:—

GOD bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;

May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

Thro' every changing scene
O Lord preserve our Queen,
Well may she reign.
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in the nation's love
Her throne maintain.

May just and prudent laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our Isle;
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.



THE SONGS OF

Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

Although Mr. W. S. Gilbert has long been before the public as a dramatist and humorous author, his chief title to fame rests upon the long series of successful comic operas produced either at the Opera Comique, or the Savoy Theatre. In all of these the quaint fancies and humorous dialogues of Mr. Gilbert, were supplemented by the brilliant and tuneful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Their creations, placed upon the stage with attention to every detail, and interpreted by a powerful company, have, for the last ten years, been the chief theatrical attraction, of a lighter sort, in the metropolis. The following is a list of these operas, with

parodies of some of the favourite songs contained in them :—

Thespis ; or, The Gods grown old.

Trial by Jury. A novel and original dramatic Cantata. Opera Comique Theatre. 1876.

The Sorcerer. A modern Comic opera 1877. It was in this opera that the inimitable actor, Mr. George Grossmith, made his first appearance on the stage in the part of "*John Wellington Wells, a dealer in magic and spells.*"

H.M.S. Pinafore ; or, The Lass that loved a Sailor. An entirely original Nautical Comic opera. Opera Comique Theatre. May 25, 1878.

The Pirates of Penzance ; or, The Slave of Duty. An original Melo-Dramatic opera. Opera Comique Theatre. 1880.

Patience ; or, Bunthorne's Bride. An Æsthetic opera. Opera Comique Theatre. April 23, 1881.

Iolanthe ; or, The Peer and the Peri. An entirely original Fairy opera. Savoy Theatre. November 25, 1882.

Princess Ida ; or, Castle Adamant. Savoy Theatre January 5, 1884.

The Mikado ; or, The Town of Titipu. An entirely original Japanese opera. Savoy Theatre. March 14, 1885.

Ruddygore ; or, The Witch's Curse. An entirely original Supernatural opera. (The leading word in the title was afterwards altered to *Ruddigore*.) Savoy Theatre. January 22, 1887.

TRIAL BY JURY.

THE JUDGE'S SONG.

WHEN I, good friends, was called to the Bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby !

Chorus.—A couple of shirts, &c.

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury ;
For I thought I never should hit on a chance,
Of addressing a British jury—
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water ;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

Chorus.—So he fell in love, &c.

The rich attorney he jumped with joy,
And replied to my fond professions :
"You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy
"At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions.
"You'll soon get used to her looks," said he,
"And a very nice girl you'll find her !
"She may very well pass for forty-three
"In the dusk, with a light behind her !"

Chorus.—She may very well, &c.

The rich attorney was good as his word ;
 The briefs came trooping gaily,
 And every day my voice was heard
 At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
 All thieves who could my fees afford
 Relied on my orations,
 And many a burglar I've restored,
 To his friends and his relations.

Chorus.—And many a burglar, &c.

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys—
 An incubus then I thought her,
 So I threw over that rich attorney's
 Elderly, ugly daughter,
 The rich attorney my character high,
 Tried vainly to disparage—
 And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
 This Breach of Promise of Marriage!

Chorus.—And now, if you please, &c.

W. S. GILBERT.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

'Mr. Herschel's motion for the abolition of actions for breach of promise of marriage, excepting where actual pecuniary loss had been incurred, was carried in the House of Commons by a substantial majority. He thus addresses an aspiring youth of the Temple:—

WHEN you, my friend, are called to the Bar,
 Your wit may be fresh and hearty ;
 You may be, as many young barristers are,
 A somewhat jocular party.
 But you won't, in the course of your legal journeys,
 Be required to cross the water
 To plead, as advised by 'cute attorneys,
 For somebody's jilted daughter.

A 'cute attorney jumps with joy
 When he hears a maid's confession,
 And chuckles to think how he'll bully the boy,
 In revenge for his retrogression.
 "You'll get big damages, sure," he'll say,
 And cautiously remind her
 That her mother should bring her to court on the day,
 And her brother stand close behind her.

No, no. You won't grow rich as the Gurneys
 Through accustomed legal slaughter ;
 To the courts no more shall 'cute attorneys
 Bring somebody's jilted daughter.
 That species of extortion I
 Most heartily disparage,
 And mean that henceforward no judge shall try
 A Breach of Promise of Marriage."

Funny Folks. May 17, 1879.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.

THE MAHDI OF MID-LOTHIAN.

(*The Mahdi and Chorus of Radicals.*)

The Mahdi—I am the Mahdi of Mid-Lothian.

Chorus— And a very queer Mahdi too.

The Mahdi—You are very, very rude ;
 And I'd have it understood

I command a motley crew.
 Though a Tory I was born,
 My creed I have forsworn,
 And am a Rad of a deepish dye,
 I never turn my coat
 With a view to catch a vote,
 And I never tell a big, big—official state-
 ment.

Chorus— What, never?

The Mahdi—No, never,

Chorus— What, never?

The Mahdi—Well, hardly ever.

Chorus— Then give three cheers for the Grand Old
 Man,
 The Grand Old Mahdi of Mid-Lothian ;
 Then give three cheers for the Grand Old
 Man,
 For the Mahdi of Mid-Lothian.

The Mahdi—I've trimmed my sails to satisfy you all.

Chorus— And we never knew what you meant.

The Mahdi—Why, that's my little game
 But I tell you all the same
 You are most impertinent.
 An insincere excuse
 I never, never use,
 Whatever the emergency.
 And I never, never ape,
 In any form or shape,
 The conduct of the late Lord B.

Chorus— What, never?

The Mahdi—No, never.

Chorus— What, never?

The Mahdi—Well, hardly ever.

Chorus— Then give three cheers for the Grand Old
 Man,
 The Grand Old Mahdi of Mid-Lothian ;
 Then give three cheers for the Grand Old
 Man,
 For the Mahdi of Mid-Lothian.

Manchester Courier. 1885.

H.M. HOME RULE CORPS.

Captain Gladstone—

I am the captain of this Home Rule Corps !

All— And a right good captain too !

Captain— You're a very mix'd lot,
 Some are cold, some are hot,
 But you're safe "pretty far" to go.

All— We're a very mix'd lot,
 Some are cold, some are hot,
 But we're safe "pretty far" to go.

Captain— I care for no Whig mutineer,
 For "three courses" I can steer,
 Bold pilot in extremity,
 I've never miss'd my mark,
 With Tory, Turk, or Bismarck.
 Nor lost the Lib'ral ship at sea !

All— What, never?

Captain— No, never !

All— What, NEVER?

Captain— HARDLY ever !

All— Hardly ever lost ship at sea !
Then give three cheers and one cheer more,
For the hardy captain of this Home Rule Corps.

Captain— I'll do my best to satisfy you all—

All— But will you satisfy Parnell ?

Captain— That is neither here nor there,
I play upon the square,
And will "box the compass" well !

All— We're neither here nor there,
He plays upon the square,
And he'll "box the compass" well

Captain— Veil'd words I never use,
Nor Lib'ral trust abuse,
Whatever the emergency ;
Lose my temper I may,
But friend nor foe can say
I ever do it with a big, big D—

All— What, never ?

Captain— No, never !

All— What, NEVER ?

Captain— HARDLY ever !

All— Hardly ever does it with a big, big D—
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the well-bred captain of the Home Rule
Corps.

All— For he is the captain of this Home Rule Corps ;
And a right good captain too !

Captain— I've had many a sore fall,
Ere made captain of you all,
But you're a promising crew !

All— He's had many a sore fall,
Ere made captain of us all,
And we're a promising crew.

Captain— I'll hit upon a plan,
To please the Parnell clan,
Yet keep united Nations Three ;
They'll play Parli'ment for diversion,
Ne'er bother 'bout coercion
Nor brick-bat Constabul'ry !

All— What, never ?

Captain— No, never !

All— What, NEVER ?

Captain— HARDLY ever !

All— Hardly ever brick-bat Constabul'ry !
Then give three cheers and one cheer more,
For the daring captain of this Home Rule Corps.

The North British Daily Mail. February 8, 1886,

GIANT LANDLORD.

I'm the curse of my country, the terror of all,
Especially those who are feeble and small ;
I'm a grabber of land, and the people know me
As a big-acred Landlord and J. of the P.

Yes, I am a J. of the big, big P.,

And a very funny J. I'm too ;

For I never, never saw any practice in the law,
And I never know what to do.

But the clerk to whom I look, finds the law out in a book,

And he whispers what it ought to be ;
And the pris'ners at the bar,
Who or what-so-e'er they are,
They never mercy get from me !

Jack— What, never ?

Giant L.—No, never !

Jack— What, never ?

Giant L.—No, never !

No, never mercy get from me !

Jack and the Villagers—

Then give three groans, and three times three,
For the cruel J. of the big, big P.
Aye, give three groans, and three times three,
For the J. of the big, big P.

Truth. Christmas Number. 1884.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SONG.

WHEN I was a lad I served a term
As clerk to a decent attorney's firm ;
But the trammels of the office were so vile a bore,
That I longed to be stepping from the big front-door !
I slipped through that portal so readilee,
That now I am a noble and, to boot, K.G. !

As novel-writer I made such a mark,
That a Seat was discovered for the lawyer's clerk ;
Then I sneered and flouted with a smile so bland,
Till at last I had the Tories in my own right hand !
I chaffed my opponents in a style so free,
That now I am a noble, and a big K.G. !

By "slanging" Liberals I made such a name,
That a full-blown Premier I soon became ;
With a "brute majority" to dance to my flute,
I made an Indian Empress, and an Earl to boot !
And that smart, Imperial juggle did so well for me,
That now I am a noble and, you know, K.G. !

I grew so trusted that I was sent
To the Congress, Britain for to represent.
I cut up Turkey and insulted Greece ;
But you know I collared Cyprus, and I "brought
back peace."
For a "peace with honour" they rewarded me
By making of a nobleman a brave K.G. !

Now, statesmen all, whoever you may be,
If you're wishful to emulate this "big, big D.,"
If your souls are not fettered to the Lower House,
Be careful to be guided by the rule of *nous* :
Stick close to the Crown, and never chop down
trees,
And you all may be noblemen, and all K.G.'s.

Funny Folks. September 7, 1878.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

WHEN he was a lad he served a term
On a big canal with a boatman's firm :
With a heart so free, and a will so strong,
On the towpath drove two mules along ;
And he drove those mules so carefuller
He's a candidate now for the Presidenclee,

As a driver boy he made such a mark
He came to the deck of the inland barque
And all of the perils to boat and crew
He stood at the helm and guided thro'.
He stood at the helm so manfullee
He's a candidate now for the Presidencée.

He did so well with the helm and the mules,
They made him a teacher of district schools ;
And when from college in a bran new suit,
A Greek professor at the Institute,
Where Greek and Latin he taught so free
He's a candidate now for the Presidencée.

The song traces General Garfield's history through ten stanzas, and closes in this moral and improving strain :—

Now boys who cherish ambitious schemes,
Though now you may be but drivers of teams,
Look well to the work you may chance to do,
And do it with a hand that is kind and true.
Whatever you do, do it faithfulee,
And you may aspire to the Presidencée.

From a United States pamphlet, entitled *Republican Campaign Songs*, 1880.

A political parody of the same original, but of purely local interest, was published in *Melbourne Punch*, August 26, 1880, describing the career of Mr. Berry, an Australian politician.

LITTLE PRIMROSE'S SONG.

(After Little Buttercup.)

Lord B.— A many years ago,
When I became a Tory,
My brain was all aglow
With dreams of fame and glory.

Ministers— Now hear his artless story !
When he became a Tory
He dreamt of fame and glory
A many years ago.

Lord B.— One tender thought I "nussed"—
To gain a high position,
And mix with upper crust
Was ever my ambition.

Ministers— Now, hear his frank admission !
To be a sham patrician
Was always his ambition
A many years ago.

Lord B.— Oh, bitter was my lot !
Oh, vast was my vexation !
They never once forgot
My former humble station.

Ministers— Oh, what humiliation !
They seized on each occasion
To mock his humble station
A many years ago.

Lord B.— But soon I made a hit,
And nobody could doubt it :
They cheered my ready wit,
They couldn't do without it !

Ministers— Now this is all about it—
He'd wit and none could doubt it,
Nor could they do without it
A many years ago.

Lord B.— My Party wanted power,
And I so aptly taught it,

That in a lucky hour
To Office back I brought it.

Ministers— So artfully he taught it,
That back to Place he brought it ;
Now who'd have ever thought it
A many years ago ?

Funny Folks. March 6, 1880.

DUET.

(By two Persons of Quality.)

First Person of Quality.

YOUR Grace, we have important information—
Sing hey, the silly Liberal that you are !—
About a certain intimate relation
Between the artful Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the artful Afghan,
The crafty, treacherous Afghan,
The sneaking, dangerous Afghan, and the CZAR !

Second Person of Quality

My Lord, in your romantic vein you're speaking—
Sing hey, the wily Hebrew that you are !—
We don't believe there's any kind of sneaking
Between the virtuous Afghan and the CZAR.
Sing hey, the virtuous Afghan,
The well-intentioned Afghan,
The harmless, truthful Afghan, and the CZAR !

First Person of Quality.

Your Grace has not a spark of patriot feeling—
Sing hey, the factious Radical you are !—
Or you'd know we cannot letters be revealing,
That touch a friendly Potentate, the CZAR.
(*Con expressione.*)
Sing hey, the friendly Monarch,
The much-respected Monarch,
Our best of foreign relatives, the CZAR.

Second Person of Quality (Con furia).

My Lord, we give you fair and timely warning—
Sing hey, the Tory criminal you are !—
We'll talk to the Electors, one fine morning,
About the ill-used Afghan, and the CZAR.
(*Lagrimando.*)
'Bout the poor ill-used Afghan,
The much malignèd Afghan,
The loyal faithful Afghan, and the CZAR !

Punch. March 13, 1880.

The Tichborne Claimant wrote :—"It is a fine thing to be an Englishman. Fool that I used to be to think so ! I should feel prouder now if I could say I was an American Indian. For if ever a man felt ashamed to own a country as his native land, I do this."

"For he himself has said it,
That it's much to his discredit
That he's an Englishman.
He would rather be a Rooshan,
A Turk, or Greek, or Prooshan,
Or else Red In-di-an ;
And his future aspirations
Will be turned to other nations,
Not to be an Englishman."

Funny Folks.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

SONG FOR A POLICEMAN.

HEM ! I represent the law,
 'Sent the law.
 Of the Beak upon the Bench, well, I'm the claw,
 I'm the claw.
 I'm a terror and a snare
 To all not upon the square ;
 And some envy me my uniform of blue,
 Yes, they *due*,
Many envy me my uniform of blue.

Duty calls me on some roads,
 On some roads,
 Where, I own, I meet with pleasant episodes,
 Episodes ;
 Where the housemaids have good looks,
 And obliging are the cooks,
 With no beastly barracks near to make e'm rue,
 Make 'em rue ;
 Yes, it's valued then, this uniform of blue.

For the credit of the Force,
 Of the Force,
 A proper pride I cultivate, of course,
 'Vate, of course ;
 But, though sad, it must be told,
 All that glitters is not gold,
 And the statement Mr. Gilbert made is true,
 Made is true,—
 No ! it's *not* all joy to wear this dress of blue.

Judy. July 11, 1883.

Song.—BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHEN a Prince is not engaged in his employment—
 His employment—
 Such as laying by the score foundation stones—
 'Dation stones,
 His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
 'Cent enjoyment,
 For the cares of Princely etiquette atones—
 'Quette atones—
 When he's finished holding Levée's for his mother—
 For his mother,
 And has done official duties for the day—
 For the day,
 He contrives his Princely weariness to smother—
 'Ness to smother,
 By indulging in a visit to the play—
 To the play !

So he's often at one playhouse or another—
 Or another,
 When there is no public dinner to be done—
 To be done ;
 And take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 A Prince's lot might be a sadder one—
 Sadder one !
 When there's no official business to be done,
 A Prince's life might be a sadder one !

Truth Christmas Number. 1884.

AN ELECTION EFFUSION.

WHEN the Free and Independent goes a voting—goes
 voting,

He is very apt to make his presence felt ;
 And election-news is nowadays denoting—a denoting,
 'That a nasty knock to Gladstone he has dealt—
 Amid the Separation dust, and smother—dusty smother,
 The Unionists their task have bravely done,
 Taking one consideration with another—with another,
 They all wisely took the tip of Mr. FUN—wondrous FUN !
 When preserving of the Empire's to be done—to be done,
 It's always safe to follow Mr. FUN.

Fun. July 21, 1886.

THE WHEELISTS' CHORUS.

WHEN the city man has finished his employment,
 —His employment ;
 When anxiety and all its cares are o'er,
 —Cares are o'er ;
 He devotes his mind to wheeling as enjoyment,
 —As enjoyment
 And voteth all his business is a bore,
 —Is a bore.
 His feelings he'll with difficulty smother ;
 —Culty smother ;
 When after all his daily toil is done,
 Toil is done ;
 Taking one consideration with another,
 With another ;
 The Wheelist's lot it is a happy one,
 Happy one.
 When the enterprising Wheelist's not a wheeling,
 Not a wheeling,
 When the Wheelist isn't occupied on wheels,
 —Pied on wheels,
 He loves to saunter in the evening early,
 Evening early,
 And listen to the distant village peals,
 Village peals.
 When the tourist's not engaged in his vocation,
 His vocation.
 He loves to go a touring in the sun,
 In the sun ;
 Taking all things into due consideration,
 —Sideration,
 The Wheelist's lot it is a happy one,
 Happy one.
 ALFRED GIBBONS.

Wheeling Annual 1885.

Another very long song, on the same model, was printed
 in *Wheeling*, January 14, 1885, signed G. F. Benson.

SONG AND CHORUS.

(*Picked up near the Opera Comique.*)

WHEN Lord Beaky's not engaged in lamentation—
 Lamentation,
 He's tearing all his pretty curly hair—
 Curly hair ;
 When Northcote can control his agitation—
 Agitation,
 He is asking "How the rabid nation dare ?"
 Nation dare ?
 When the enterprising Cross is not a-sobbing—
 Not a-sobbing,

When Manners is not making dismal rhymes—
Dismal rhymes,
The former big big D's his water-jobbing—
Water-jobbing,
The last inveighs 'gainst *Telegraph* and *Times*—
-graph and *Times*.
When Smith has finished dancing in ill-humour—
In ill-humour,
He grinds his little tootsicums like fun—
-cums like fun ;
Oh ! despite the Disappointed Party's rumour—
Party's rumour,
The Tories' lot is not a happy one—
Happy one !

Funny Folks. April 24, 1880.

THE SECRETARY'S SONG.

I.

WHEN a fellow finds in Tennis his enjoyment,
Or maturing his pot-hunting little plans,
If the Secretariat duty's his employment,
He had rather it were any other man's.
He wishes he'd a cousin or a brother,
Who would do the little job and think it fun,
Oh, take one consideration with another,
His official lot is not a happy one ;
Ah !

When a Secretary's duty's to be done,
His official lot is not a happy one.

II.

When the cunning young mug-lumb'rer's not mug-lumb'ring,
 When the shirker doesn't fail to come to time,
 Still the Secretary mustn't be caught slumb'ring,
 Nor waiting for the distant village chime.
 When the players fall a-wrangling with each other,
 Or the Referee's dry sherry short has run,
 Oh, take one consideration with another,
 His official lot is not a happy one,

When the Secretary's duty's to be done,
His official lot is not a happy one.

III.

When the grass is very hard, or wet and sloppy,
 Or your spikes are ploughing furrows in the ground,
 Every ball will be "found dead," or much too hoppy,
 And, of course, will "hardly ever" fairly bound,
 Then you'll surely find the cause of all the bother
 In the Secretary's duty badly done;
 Oh, take one consideration with another,
 His official lot is not a happy one.
 Ah!

When the Secretary's duty's to be done,
His official lot is not a happy one.

IV.

When the weather is propitious, bright, and sunny,
Our tournament successfully we hold ;
Then how gleefully we gather up the money,
And the Secretary gladly counts the gold.
But, when clouds and wind and rains the heavens smother,
Then the Secretary's blamed for lack of sun :
Oh, take one consideration with another,
His official lot is not a happy one.

When the Secretary's duty's to be done,
His official lot is not a happy one.

From *Tennis Cuts and Quips*. London, Field and Tuer.

THE WHEELIST KING.

(Parody on "The Pirate King."—*Pirates of Penzance*.)

Oh, better far to ride a bike
Through the air on a frosty night,
And catch the breezes as they blow
Till cheeks all ruddy and a glow,
You feel as though you're a man of might,
And fly through the air as a thing of light,
Than stay at home and mope away
The length'n'g night of a winter's day.
For I am the wheeling king.
I am the wheeling king,
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be the wheeling king.

Oh, better far the path to ride
Of cinders, merrily side by side,
And rank as a racing man of might,
Than dwindle away a summer's night.
For honour is due to racer brave,
And scoff the reward of the moping slave ;
So still I'll ride, and the song I'll sing
Will be that I'm the wheeling king.
For I am the wheeling king,
I am the wheeling king,
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be the wheeling king.

A. GIBBONS.

Wheeling Annual. 1885.

PATIENCE;

OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE!

THIS delightful opera was produced on Saturday, 23rd April, 1881, at a time when the Æsthetic movement was the talk of London, and Mr. Burnand's vamped-up old play, with the new and meaningless title, *The Colonel*, was drawing crowded houses. The plot of *The Colonel* was taken from Mr. Morris Barnett's *The Serious Family*, produced in 1849, whereas Mr. Gilbert's plot was entirely original, and although it was not performed until April, 1881, the libretto of *Patience* was completed in November, 1880.

In both pieces the main idea was to ridicule Æstheticism and the Æsthetes; in *The Colonel* this was effected by representing the movement as a sham, and its votaries as humbugs and swindlers; in *Patience* the style, manners, and conversation of the extrême Æsthetes were so gently and gracefully exaggerated, that even the most Utter and Intense amongst them could scarcely take offence at its lively sarcasms.

The excitement about Æstheticism has now subsided, but the beneficial results of this artistic movement are to be seen on every side. In house building, furniture, and decoration ; in china, pottery, and glass, even in ladies costumes, far more taste and skill are now displayed than prior to this much ridiculed Renaissance of Art and Culture, which was in-

augurated by the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, consisting of Dante Gabriel Rossetti; W. M. Rossetti; William Morris; John Ruskin; Holman Hunt; and Thomas Woolner.

Further details on this subject would be out of place in this collection, but a full account will be found in *The Aesthetic Movement in England*, published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner, London, 1882.

THE COLONEL'S SONG. (*Patience.*)

WHEN I first put this uniform on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
"It's one to a million
That any civilian,
My figure and form will surpass.
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And I've plenty of that, and to spare,
While a lover's professions,
When uttered in Hessians,
Are eloquent everywhere!"
A fact that I counted upon,
When I first put this uniform on!

Chorus of Dragons—

By a simple coincidence, few
Could ever have reckoned upon,
The same thing occurred to me too,
When I first put this uniform on!

* * * * *

THE IMPECUNIOUS OFFICER.

BUT I'm bound to confess that it comes rather hard
Upon those who've not much but their pay,
To have all the Horse Guards commands to regard
As to how we've ourselves to array.
It is now—let me see—close on twenty-one years
Since I had my regimentals to don;
And, oh, how they've changed them,
And re-re-arranged them,
Since I first put this uniform on.

The Duke, our commander, an excellent man,
Has seemingly spent all his days
In trying original methods to plan
For putting on lace in new ways;
For cutting out tunics and altering caps,
To similar lengths he has gone;
Scores of times he has changed them,
And re-re-arranged them,
Since I first put this uniform on!

Truth, Christmas Number. 1882.

SONG BY PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

"WHEN I first had the garments to don,
Which are worn by the Highlander bold,
The kilt I'd to wear
Left my kneecaps so bare,
That I shiver'd and shook with the cold!
But for dear mamma-in-law's sake,
I continued to shiver and shake;
Yes, though the keen breeze
Seem'd my marrow to freeze,
Her favour I knew was at stake

And 'twas this that I reckoned upon,
When I still kept that uniform on.

"But though I continued to wear
Those very remarkable clothes,
I am sorry to say
There was scarcely a day
That I did not use strong (German) oaths
For the mists were so damp and so chill,
And the wind grew so cuttingly shrill,
That at length I was fain
To in sorrow complain
That the kilt would me certainly kill—
A fact p'rhaps not counted upon
When they put me that Highland dress on.

"Yet though I the tartan foreswore,
And the kilt and the philibeg too,
And was able to shirk
Both the sporrán and dirk,
And the bonnet of Roderick Dhu,
Yet still I in public, 'twas clear,
In *some* uniform must appear;
So my mother-in-law
Colonel Atherley saw,
And I soon was a bold Volunteer!
The Colonel, by fiction polite,
Of the valorous Fifth Isle of Wight.

"But when I its uniform donned,
Of a dull and invisible green,
With green, too, for facings,
And few tags or lacings,
I own that I thought it looked mean,
Compared with the liveries splendid
Of those on the Queen who attended.
Aye, I felt it was hard
That the Yeoman on guard
Had a costume that mine far transcended;
Whilst the flunkies, I had to confess,
Beat me too in the matter of dress.

* * * * *
"And so it at length was agreed,
When we many projects had weigh'd,
For me to petition
A Captain's Commission
In Her Majesty's Household Brigade;
And as it was felt the jack-boot
Would my legs most undoubtedly suit;
And that I to assume
The cuirass and the plume
Was fine enough, past all dispute,
'Twas further decided that I
The Life Guards to join should apply.

"Meanwhile, though, I'm sorry to say,
There has been some strange opposition;
And I haven't as yet
Been enabled to get
This much-desired Captain's commission;
And so I at present don't dare,
The uniform, handsome, to wear,
But still must be seen,
In my Volunteer Green,
Whene'er in State functions I share;
A fact I think well to disclose,
To those who my purpose oppose.

"And I, amongst these, I am told,
Not only M.P.'s must include,
But the officers, too,
Who essay to taboo

What they call my attempt to obtrude,
But, surely, they will not maintain
Their attitude now I've made plain
Why it is that I fear
To in public appear
As a Volunteer Colonel again.
No; when they my plight think upon
They'll let me their uniform don!

Truth. March 4, 1886.

WHEN I FIRST PUT JOE'S UNIFORM ON.
(*Dissident Liberal.*)

WHEN I first put Joe's uniform on,
I said as I looked in the glass,
"A conscience that's hearty
Should rise above Party,
And trust for support to the Mass.
Independence of spirit is rare,
But I'll prove that of that I've to spare,
While a patriot's pleadings,
Though backed by secedings.
Are eloquent everywhere!"
A fact that I counted upon,
When I first put Joe's uniform on!

Chorus of other Dissident Liberals—

By a simple coincidence, few
Could ever have reckoned upon,
The same thing occurred to me, too!
When I first put Joe's uniform on!

I said, when I first put it on,
"It is plain to the veriest dunce,
That every voter
With duty for motor,
Must plump for the Empire at once!
They will see that a statesman debased
By our Chamberlain squad has been placed
In an odd situation
To pass Separation.
Which will surely be quite to their taste.
Yes, that's what I counted upon,
When I first put Joe's uniform on!

Chorus of other Dissident Liberals—

By a simple coincidence, &c.

But alas! now it's come to the pinch,
I discover, unfortunate man!
That the Lib'ral elector
Is not an objector
To Gladstone's deplorable plan.
He ranks me with Tories—oh, dear!
Nor do arguments specious appear
To gammon the Caucus
That's striving to baulk us,
And my chance in especial to "queer"!
Which I never counted upon
When I first put Joe's uniform on!

Chorus of other Dissident Liberals—

By a simple coincidence, few
Could ever have reckoned upon,
I damaged my prospects—like you—
When I first put Joe's uniform on!

Funny Folks. June 26, 1886.

Another parody of this song appeared in
The Wheel World for June, 1882.

THE COLONEL'S SONG.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,
Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
Take all the remarkable people in history,
Rattle them off to a popular tune.
The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the *Victory*—
Genius of Bismarck devising a plan;
The humour of Fielding (which sounds contradictory),
Coolness of Paget, about to trepan.
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer and take off the scum,
And a heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

*Chorus—*Yes! yes! yes! yes!
A Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

* * * * *

ADVISE TO A SHORTHAND JENIUS.

I.

If you want a resiet for a novel stenografy,
a paragon sistem, fonetik and true,
and which in a trise shal extinguish Phonography,
list, and I'll tel you just what you shud do.
Note what inventions old authorz hav hit upon,
boldly appropriate all that you kan;
take the quintessens ov all that you've lit upon,
arranje it anew on a different plan;
shuffel the strokes til you've got a new alfabet;
skatter the dots here and there for the vowelz:
the serkelz and kurvz you must mix up yourself a bit;
abbreviate words by ejekting t heir bowelz;
lengthen your outlinex to make an addition;
shorten them now to show an omission;
kompile a whole pajeful ov neat intersektionz;
ov rulez and exseptionz make bulky kollektionz;
ov frazez and grammalogz next ad a few;
turn on some digrafts and poligrafz too.
Take ov theze elements all that's most horribel;
stir them together in fashion deploribell;
set them to simmer, and take of the skum;
and a new shorthand sistem'z the re-sid-u-um.

Yes, yes, yes, yes!
A new shorthand sistem'z the re-sid-u-um!

II.

If you want a resiet for th' advertisement part ov it,
don't let dul modesty stand in the way.
Write a tall prefase, extolling the art ov it;
'gainst every rival most loudly inveigh:
announs that none other dezervz popularity;
state that ther'z everything exsellent in it,
that its writerz' attain an astounding selerity—
nine hundred and ninety-nine wordz in a minit!
Next kritisize Pitman in language sensorious;
deklare that hiz sistem'z playd out and effete,
that your own method'z quickly bekuming viktorious,
and wil soon make Phonography take a back seat.
What tho your outlinex be shocking monstrositiz,
useles, exsept az sublime kuriositiz;
what tho your sistem abound with absurditiz
so that when a sign'z written you kan't tel what word it iz:
pen pamflets, and posterz, and frendly reviewz;
hand-billz and serkularz widely diffuze.
If singly theze elements don't seem respektabel,
mix them together in fashion delektabel,
set them to simmer, and take of the scum,
and a short span ov fame iz the resid-u-um.

Yes, yes, yes, yes!
A short span ov fame is the re-sid-u-um.

From *The Phonetic Journal*, 1886.

BUNTHORNE'S SONG.

If you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line
 As a man of culture rare,
 You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms,
 And plant them everywhere.
 You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases
 Of your complicated state of mind.
 The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter
 Of a transcendental kind.
 And everyone will say,
 As you walk your mystic way,
 "If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep
 for me,
 Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep
 young man must be!"

* * * * *

THE CULTURED ASSISTANT.

If you want to cut a shine in Professor Attfield's line
 Of high-class pharmacy,
 You must get up all the germs and the new-notation terms
 Of everything you see.
 You must learn about the daisies, and cram botanic phrases
 On every flower you find.
 If you've only got a smattering, be everlasting chattering
 To expose your "cultured mind."
 And every one shall say, as you walk your mystic way,
 "If this young man converses in terms that are far too deep
 for me,
 Why, what a pharmaceutically-deep young man, then, this
 young man must be."

Be sure you never praise those very ancient days
 When trade was sure to pay,
 But make them plainly see that eighteen eighty-three
 Is "culture's" palmist day.
 Of course you will pooh pooh what'er they used to do,
 And pronounce it crude and mean,
 And declare "that oil and smalts, or pennyworths of salts,
 Are things you've never seen."
 And everyone will say, as you walk your mystic way,
 "If that's not good enough for him, that is good enough
 for me,
 Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth
 must be."

You must study sight and sound, for these, it has been
 found,
 Are required in making pills;
 And in keeping up your stock, the philosophy of Locke
 A wondrous power instills.
 And mind you never drop a word about the "shop"
 For it's plain as plain can be,
 You bid farewell to trade, when acquaintance has been made
 With high-class pharmacy;
 Though employers oft may say, as you walk your "cultured"
 way,
 "If he's content with scientific lore, he'll certainly not suit
 me,
 For a money-making, practical, and business man my kind
 of man must be."

PHIL. BOSECIC.

From a Chemical Journal.

—————:C:—————

DUET.

Patience and Grosvenor.

Grosvenor—

PRITHEE, pretty maiden—prithee tell me true,
 (Hey, but I'm doleful, willow willow waly!)

Have you e'er a lover a dangling after you?
 Hey, willow waly O!
 I would fain discover
 If you have a lover?
 Hey, willow waly O!

Patience—

Gentle Sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—
 (Hey, but he's doleful, willow willow waly!)
 Nobody I care for comes a courting me—
 Hey, willow waly O!
 Nobody I care for
 Comes a courting—therefore,
 Hey, willow waly O!

* * * * *

When *The Times* had some pretensions to the title of the leading English newspaper, it was known as "The Thunderer of Printing House Square," but it has recently been re-christened *The Blunderer*; or, *the Political Weathercock*, a name which recalls the subsidiary titles Mr. Gilbert gives to all his operas. The silly misprints, and other errors, which are to be found daily in *The Times* show the careless manner in which it is edited, whilst several disgraceful hoaxes practised upon it by the compositors on its staff, prove how unpopular the management must have been, and that a chronic state of nuttyness existed in Printing House Square. One of these practical jokes was perpetrated on *The Times* by an audacious compositor, who altered an advertisement which appeared on Tuesday, February 21, 1882, so that it read:—"On the 20th instant, at — Park Lane, W., the wife of ALBERT EDWARD, of a son." Whilst a still worse hoax appeared in *The Times* of Monday, June 12, 1882, in an advertisement of a book entitled *Every-Day Life in our Public Schools*, which title was amplified in a manner never contemplated by the editor.

But the grossest case of all was that contained in the report of a speech delivered at Burton-on-Trent by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, then Home Secretary. This speech was reported at length in *The Times* of Monday, January 23, 1882, and thousands of copies were sold before the infallible authorities found out that the pompous Sir W. V. Harcourt's speech had been adorned, by their compositors, with flowers of speech of a very unclassical nature. Every effort was then made to call in the unsold copies, but the mischief was done, and for weeks *The Times* was the laughing stock of London, and fabulous prices were given for copies containing the objectionable paragraph.

DUET.

Mr. Gladstone, and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt.

Mr. Gladstone—

PRITHEE, Vernon Harcourt, prithee tell me true
 (Hey, but it's shocking, willow, willow waly!)
 Did you speak the words attributed to you?
 Hey, willow, waly, oh!
 I should like to know, sir,
 How far did you go, sir?
 Hey, willow, waly, oh!

Sir W. Vernon Harcourt—

Gentle chief, my words may frolicsome have been
 (Hey, but it's surprising, willow, willow, waly!)
 Yet to such a length I did not go, I ween.
 Hey, willow, waly, oh!
 There was nought indecent,
 In my speech so recent,
 Hey, willow, waly, oh!

Mr. Gladstone—

Prithee, Vernon Harcourt, will you *sell* to me
(Hey, but I'm anxious, willow, willow, waly !),
The paper, where reported, I your speech shall see ?
Hey, willow, waly, oh !
Anything, I'll pay you ;
What's your price ? Come, say you ;
Hey, willow, waly, oh !

Sir W. Vernon Harcourt—

Gentle chief, although to purchase you design
(Hey, but it's tempting, willow, willow, waly !)
My paper's not for sale, so I fear I must decline ;
Hey, willow, waly, oh !
Money will not buy it,
It's no good to try it ;
Hey, willow, waly oh !

(*Together.*)

Sir W. V. Harcourt—

Though to use such words would very wicked be.

Mr. Gladstone—

(Hey, but it's shameful, willow, willow, waly !)
Printed in *The Times*, they'd most amusing be !

Sir W. V. Harcourt—

Hey, willow, waly, oh !
I shall get a chaffing,
All the world is laughing ;
Hey, willow, waly, oh !

The Sporting Times. January 28, 1882.

A DUET OF THE DAY.

(In consequence of the numerous applications which have been made at the Home Office for an appointment to the place of public executioner, the Secretary of State has published a statement that it is neither his right, nor his duty, to make such appointment, as the selection in reality rests with the Sheriffs.)

Candidate—

PRITHEE, Secretary, what's the latest news ?
(Hey, but I'm eager, willow, willow waly !)
Has another Marwood stepped into *his* shoes ?
Hey, willow waly, O !
Never mind the pang, man—
Have they got a hangman ?
Hey, willow waly, O !

Secretary of State—

Gentle sir, the post unoccupied you see—
(Hey, but he's eager, willow, willow waly !)
But you'll p'raps explain now why you're teasing *me*—
Hey, willow waly, O !
Kindly, please, inform one
Why you come and storm one,
Hey, willow waly, O !

Candidate—

Prithee, Secretary, give the place to me—
(Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow willow waly !)
I may say, at once, I shall scrag 'em properlee—
Hey, willow waly, O !
Only deign to try me,
Come, you can't deny me,
Hey, willow waly, O !

Secretary of State—

Gentle sir, although I honour your design—
(Hey, but he's hopeful, willow, willow waly !)
I've not the appointment, and so I must decline,
Hey, willow waly, O !
To sheriffs straightway go you—
Observe the door I show you.
Hey, willow waly, O !

Funny Folks. September 22, 1883.

A NEW DUET FROM "PATIENCE."

Salisbury—

PRITHEE, gentle working-man, once my bugaboo,
(Hey, but he's civil, isn't he now, rale-y ?)
Are there any Radicals dangling after you,
Hey, willow waly, O !
I would fain climb over your shoulder into clover,
Hey, willow waly, O

Working-Man—

Noble lord, my vote is quite unpledged and free,
(Hey, but he's civil, isn't he now, rale-y ?)
The Rads don't seem to care for to take the stump for me,
Hey, willow waly, O !
And what you are there for—oh, well I know the wherefore,
Hey, willow waly, O !

Salisbury—

Prithee, gentle working-man, won't you vote for me ?
(Hey, but I'm hopeful, willow waly),
And leave the Grand Old Man at home to chop his tree,
Hey, willow waly, O ?

Truth. November 15, 1883.

TRIO IN "PATIENCE."

(*Duke, Colonel, and Major.*)

It's clear that Mediæval art alone retains its zest,
To charm and please its devotees we've done our little best.
We're not quite sure if all we do has the Early English
ring ;
But, as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of
thing ;
You hold yourself like this,
You hold yourself like that,
By hook and crook you try to look both angular and flat.
We venture to expect
That what we recollect,
Though but a part of true High Art will have its due effect.
If this is not exactly right, we hope you won't upbraid ;
You can't get high Æsthetic tastes, like trousers, ready made.
True views on Mediævalism, Time alone will bring,
But, as far as we can judge, it's something like this sort of
thing :
You hold yourself like this
 &c., &c.

THE TROUBLESOME TRIO,

*Appearing nightly during the Performance of "Impatience,"
at St. Stephen's.*

WE'VE long opined the House should prove a sort of
hornet's nest ;

At least to turn it into one we've done our little best ;
And though our pranks upon ourselves no credit seem to bring,
Still, when the Grand Old Man's our game—we're up to anything !

We gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that ;
We yawn or laugh : sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat ;

And, if he make a slip,
We roar and yell and skip,
And trust our brass may muster pass
Somehow for Statesmanship !

If you should think our posturings our Party but degrade,
Reflect, "Our Party's" but ourselves, and we're all ready made :

Tact, reason, judgment to their work, wise politicians bring,
But when the Grand Old Man's the butt—why, fools can have their fling.

So, we gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that ;
We yawn and laugh ; sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat ;

And, if he make a slip,
We have him by the hip !
By Jove, our brass, though not high-class,
Is all our Statesmanship.

It isn't that we really mean to irritate the Chair,
Or worry old Sir Stafford till he's fit to tear his hair,
Nor o'er our friends do we desire our party mud to fling,
But when the Grand Old Man gets up—we're up to anything !

So, we gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that,
We yawn, we laugh ; sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat ;

And, if he make a slip,
Like Cannibals we skip,
And show the House what depths of *nous*,
Has Jingo Statesmanship !

Punch. November 11, 1882.

The cartoon at the head of this parody, drawn by Sambourne, represented Lord Randolph Churchill, with a note of interrogation ; Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, with a peacock's feather ; and Sir Drummond Wolff, with a sunflower ; clad in *Patience* costumes, and adopting the attitudes assumed by the Duke, the Colonel, and the Major, when singing the original trio.

SONG.—THE SOCIAL BELLE.

It's clear, if I'm to hold my own, I must, with ardent zest,
To supplement my natural charms attempt my artful best.
What Nature's done is very well, but Art can do yet more
To round, to smooth, to renovate, to polish, and restore.

So I lace myself like this (*does so*),
I pad myself like that (*does so*).
Make what is angular look round, and what bony is look fat.
I hair-pin on this hair (*does so*),
Frisettes I stick in there (*does so*),
And to be in the fashion quite this bird-cage thus I wear.

I take my blushes from a box, complexion from a jar,
My dimples are to order made (a guinea each they are),
My curls were purchased through the Stores (a very cheap job lot),

The alabaster of my neck is four-and-six per pot.
And I line my eyes like this (*does so*).
I mark my veins like that (*does so*),
Fill up this wrinkle so, lay this excrescence flat (*does so*)

I fix and I cement (*does so*),
I powder, puff, and scent (*does so*),
Until, at last, my form is fit in public to present !

Truth. Christmas Number, 1884.

—:O:—

"THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" ON MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN IN 1885.

WHEN first I went to Parliament I gazed with mock humility,
On Gladstone and on Hartington, on Derby and on Bright ;

I followed their directions with unquestioning docility,
And said that what they bid me do must certainly be right.

I flattered all and each of them,
And daily did beseech of them
Some counsel or advice, which I accepted with civility.
I hastened to defer to them ;
When talking, I said "Sir" to them ;
And all my early conduct was remarkably polite,
I bowed to them,
Kowtowed to them,
Each day from morn till night :
I laughed with them,
And chaffed with them,
And played the parasite.

But as the proverb predicates, complete familiarity
Affects a man's ideals with a kind of moral blight :
And G. and H. and D. and B. (observe the singularity !)
Revealed defects of character that shocked their proselyte.
I could no longer follow them, or go to them as reference ;
Their methods, I discovered, differed totally from mine :
And therefore I reluctantly, and quite against my preference,
Informed them, "Either you or I, good people must resign."

They simply would not hear of it :
They had the greatest fear of it :
They treated what I said to them with unaccustomed deference :
They never would demur to me :
They even whispered "Sir" to me ;
And one and all they flattered me, and asked me home to dine.
They bowed to me,
Kowtowed to me :
And how could I decline ?
I sneered at them
And jeered at them,
But went, and drank their wine.

Don't talk to me of impudence, deception, or audacity.
I worried them, I flurried them, I worked upon their fears :
And now they duly recognise my value and capacity,
And meekly let me lead them by their noses and their ears.

—:O:—

"WHO ARE THEY?"

A VERY long-nosed young man,
An evil-disposed young man,
An oily-tongued, empty pate,
Down with the Church and State—
Brother to Dilke young man.

A very astute young man,
A remarkably 'cute young man,
A very good act is his
Gainst corrupt practices—
Try it at Taunton young man.

A "Rabbit and Hares" young man,
Confront-me-who-dares young man,
A modern Trebonius,
Mighty Pomponius—
Take-care-of-himself young man.

A slap-at-the-Crown young man,
A levelling down young man ;
A robbery, jobbery,
Quakery, snobbery,
Chamberlain-Bright young man.

A dignified grand young man,
A lord of the land young man ;
A stand-no-rebukery,
Heir to a dukery,
Devonshire House young man.

A genial and kind young man,
Who does all the good that he can ;
But the job quite bewilders
Poor darling old Childers,
Our army reform young man.

A stolid and square young man,
A troubled-with-care young man ;
A buckshotty, bullety,
Utter utility,
Message-of-peace young man.

A plausible, bland old man ;
A shifty-as-sand old man ;
To aid Revolution
Laws, Land, Constitution,
He'd fling to the winds, old man.

The Morning Post. January, 1882.

THE FLIPPITY-FLOP YOUNG MAN.

I ONCE was a matter of fact young man,
And thrived on port and sherry ;
But now I'm a kind of a cracked young man,
The reverse of or-din-ary.

I flip and I flop (*echo*)
All over the shop (*echo*)
And take it for granted you can ;
I'm a very Sunflowery, Aprily showery,
Eastcheapy, Towery man.

Chorus—

I'm a very æsthetic young man,
A non energetic young man,
Slippity sloppity over the shoppity,
Flippity flop young man.

I once was a hymny and tract young man,
And sternly opposed to stooping ;
A kind of a stick up the back young man,
But now I incline to drooping,
Consummately if (*echo*)
On no account stiff (*echo*)

I scarcely know how I began ;
I'm a bitter and mildy, naturey childy,
Oscary Wyldy-y man.

Chorus—

I'm a Fuller's earth colour young man,

A greeny and "yuller" young man :
Pretty externally "Patience" and "Colonelly,"
Utterly, utter young man.

I once was a cobby and hack young man.
And a little bit calico bally,
A picture card out of the peck young man,
And frequently Music Hally.
I'd sing and I'd shout (*echo*)
"Poor 'Liza" about (*echo*)
And after the ladies I ran,
Said Jenny to Amily, Oh, he's a jammily,
"Morally, family man."

Chorus—

But I'm now a good goody young man,
A head rather "Woody" young man :
Body quite rickety, pose plas-tickety,
Never go wrong young man.

I once was a three-and-six dinner young man,
And at table knew which was the best end ;
But now you would not find a thinner young man
Tho' you walk from the East to the West End.
Two steps and a stop (*echo*)
A skip and a hop (*echo*)
I require but a puff and a fan ;
I'm a Regent Street cuttery, skip o'er the guttery,
New bread and buttery man.

Chorus—

I'm a worship the lily young man,
Crutch and tooth pick-a-dilly young man,
Cracked in the filberty, Burnand and Gilberty,
Strike you with paper young man.

HARRY ADAMS.

This song was set to music by E. Jonghmans, and published by Francis, Bros. & Day, London. There were also some additional verses, but they were inferior to the above.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

A DOWN-with-the-Tories M.P.,
A never-drink-spirits M.P.,
A won't-touch-a-drop-ery
Ginger-y, pop-ery,
Friend-to-the-pump M.P.

Judy. October 5, 1881.

F. C. BURNAND.

A THREEPENNY *Punch* Young Man,
A Happy-Thought Young Man ;
A try-to-make *Punch*,
The best of the bunch,
But bad is the best Young Man.

HENRY IRVING AND MISS TERRY.

A very-much sought Young Pair,
An angular, well-matched Pair ;
A worship-the-Bard,
Whilst he proves a safe card,
Then fall back on Wills Young Pair !

GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH.

A very acute Old Pair,
A ranting and roaring Pair ;
A bawling, fanatical.
Send-round-the-hat-i-cal,
Pick-up-the-pence Old Pair !

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

A caught in the act D. T.,
A swiftly-condemned D. T. ;
A basely sensational,
False informational,
Properly hanged D. T. !

MR. GLADSTONE.

A regular Grand Old Man,
An easily-drawn Old Man ;
A *noli-me-tangere*,
Quickly-made-anger-y,
Not to be chaffed Old Man.

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

A reckless and fierce Old Man,
A not-mind-a-fib Old Man ;
A Schouvaloff-Treatery,
Up-to-deceitery,
Berlin fiasco Old Man !

SIR STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

A worthy but weak Old Dame,
A limp and defied Old Dame ;
An often-defeated,
Ungratefully-treated,
Can't-manage-her-brats Old Dame.

Truth. Christmas Number, 1882.

AN AMERICAN IDEAL.

A COMMON-PLACE young girl ;
A decidedly rare young girl ;
Stay home at night,
Do what is right.
Help-her-old-mother young girl.

A hard-to-find young girl ;
A reader-of-fact young girl ;
An extra-poetical,
Anti-aesthetical,
Care-nothing-for-novels young girl.

A minus her bangs young girl ;
A show-on-her-brains young girl ;
With an unpowdered face ;
One that don't lace,
A dress-for-her-health young girl.

An up-in-the-morning young girl ;
A help-in-the-wash young girl ;
One that can rub,
Not afraid of the tub,
A roll-up-her-sleeves young girl.

A quiet-and-modest young girl ;
A sweet-and-pure young girl ;
An upright, ambitious,
Lovely, delicious,
A pride-of-the-home young girl.

A remarkably scarce young girl ;
A very much wanted young girl ;
A truly-American,
Too-utter paragon,
The kind-that-I-like young girl.

New York Independent.

IOLANTHE ;

OR, THE PEER AND THE PERI.

—:O:—

PLAYERS AT PLAYING.

Chorus of Fashionable Amateurs.

WHEN upon the stage we play,
Tantantara !
Our acting that of pro's surpasses,
Yaas !
So pro's and public, please, make way,
And view us through your opera-glasses,
Tantantara ! Make room !

Bow, bow, ye playhouse-loving masses,
We're taught by "coaches" and in classes,
Such the power of brass is, that, although we're asses
To act we all presume.

Though we boast high rank and station,
Acting is our recreation,
And we startle all the nation,
Tantantara ! Make room !

Solo.

Spurn not the wealthy swell
(Whose mind's affected),
Nor with disdain rebel
Pro's self-elected.
Once we would sink with shame
If actors near us came,
Now by rich swell and dame
That art's respected.
We swells ! We swells !
Fair actresses would once select
And them "protect,"
But now we act ourselves—we swells !

Chorus.

In tragedy and comedy to shine is our intention.

Swells.

Yaas, yaas—for acting is in vogue ;
And we hope the pwo's appreciate our gwacious con-
descension.

Pro's.

To Colney Hatch you ought to be removed, *we* say,
You noodles pay to act, and of engagements you de-
fraud us,
And often through your little game adversity has gnawed us.

Swells.

But look how it amuses us, and how our fwiends applaud
us—
Besides, it is "the thing," you know, at acting now to play.

When we seek the "coach" or the S.D.A.,
And wish some famous part to play,
The "coach" wesponds to us, "Just so ;
At a matinée you must show.

"To a matinée you must go,
Sir (or ma'am) of highest quality,
You'll appear at the Fwivolity,
At a matinée you shall show !"

Then each of us fwom gay Belgwaviat
Thinks himself the Stage's saviah ;
And all our fwiends their plaudits thunder,
Voting each of us a wonder.

—:O:—

Pro's and Public.

When Billy Shakespeare ruled the stage
 In good Queen Bess's reign,
 The swells did not to act attempt;
 But they wern't then, as now, exempt
 From anything like brain,
 And yet Thalia won her bays
 In quaint Queen Bess's glorious days.

When David Garrick drew the town,
 With Woffington la belle,
 No Upper-Ten folks paid to play,
 And yet the Drama, strange to say,
 Succeeded very well,
 It did without the swellish craze
 In David Garrick's glorious days.

And then again, in later times,
 (Say, up at Sadler's Wells),
 The Drama, somehow, kept alive,
 And still it managed to survive
 Without the aid of swells,
 And actors won renown and praise
 In dear old Samuel Phelps's days.

Carados.

To escape there is a way :
 Don't go !
 Whene'r these idiots play,
 Don't go !

They've L. S. D.,
 These would-be pro's
 Each fancies he
 Great genius shows.

 But no :
 Take warning from this lay :
 Don't go !

The Referee. April, 1883.

CARADOS.

—:O:—

THE LAY OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

A LORD Chief Justice, by common consent,
 Is Law's most lovely embodiment ;
 For the Chancellor, though a thing of dread,
 Is a sort of a perfunctory figurehead.
 And that is why the American Bar
 Have selected *Me* to travel afar.
 A very agreeable jaunt, and one
 That will lead, I trust, to some excellent fun,
 And furnish a capital holiday
 For a most mellifluous Lord Chief J.
All—And furnish, &c.

But though the compliment implied
 Inflates me with legitimate pride,
 It nevertheless can't be denied
 That it has a—ahem !—dangerous side.
 For I'm not so old or melancholic
 As to be quite proof 'gainst the love of frolic,
 And there'd be the deu—well, a certain risk,
 If the Lord Chief Justice began to *frisk*.

A possibility, I should say,
 For a peripatetic Lord Chie J.
All—A possibility, &c.

I must keep on myself strict watch and ward,
 Lest in more than one sense I should be abroad ;

*Lord Coleridge.

For the *Themis* young of America
 Is a very agreeable girl, they say ;
 She has affable manners—and customs free—
 And—*she laughs at wigs* ! Oh ! deary me.
 I must be as careful as careful can be,
 Lest I should forget Law's dignitee.

'Tis a sore temptation to throw in the way
 Of such a susceptible Lord Chief J. !

All—'Tis a sore temptation, &c.

Punch. September 1, 1883.

A SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR.

"That is a specimen of the complaints which are poured
 into the letter-box of a susceptible Chancellor of the Ex-
 chequer."—*Mr. Goschen at the Mansion House.*

THE cry is still "They come," and I
 Could almost wriggle with agony,
 For while one man would a tax impose,
 Another, remission would fain propose ;
 One worthy our tea would from duty free,
 And another would tax up our mild Bohea ;
 While many would gladly change the law,
 And put the screw upon whisky raw.
 Which is exasperating, for
 I'm such a susceptible Chancellor.

Then, in the interest of the rats,
 I'm asked to discourage the spread of cats ;
 While a widow lady whose dog is blind
 Protests the afflicted should not be fined ;
 The naughty, some say, a tax should pay
 Whenever they go to see the play ;
 And broadly speaking, the wickeder you,
 The worse the penance you ought to do.

Which is to me distressing, for
 I'm such a susceptible Chancellor.

The Liverpool Weekly Post. April 2, 1887.

—:O:—

THE SONGS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

The Church.

WHEN I went to the Church, as a very young man,
 (Said I to myself, said I)
 I'll work on the good old pluralist plan
 (Said I to myself, said I).
 I'll marry the daughter of Bishop or Dean ;
 To the best paying side in church politics lean,
 And whatever the work, remain idly serene
 (Said I to myself, said I).
 And I've managed, I fancy, to do what I say,
 For you see what I am by my apron to-day ;
 And if you but look at the papers you'll know
 To what bigoted lengths I am willing to go.
 It is true I'm too weak to my diocese work,
 But no one can say my chief duty I shirk.
 No, I quarterly draw my prelatical pay,
 In the fine, old, full-flavoured Episcopal way !

The Army.

WHEN I took my commission as a silly young man
 (Said I to myself, said I),
 I will certainly work on a Barnumesque plan—*

* A skit on Lord Wolseley.

(Said I to myself, said I).

I will flatter my General, get in a clique,
My own self-advancement at all times bespeak,
And to puff my own bravery always will seek

(Said I to myself, said I).

So I did it, and thus, as you see me to-day,
Have worked very high in the Army my way,
And now am quite busy in doing my best
The course of my rivals to forthwith arrest;
By striving that they, although equally wise,
May no army discover in which they can rise.
Yes, thanks to the fads in which I persist,
Our army, I take it, will not long exist.

The Law.

When I went to the bar as a priggish young man

(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll work on the regular, old legal plan,

(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll take more briefs than I can read through,
Nor care though my clients my carelessness rue.
I will stick to my fees whatever I do

(Said I to myself, said I)

Well, I think I have managed to score a success,
And have ruined more clients than ever you'd guess;
And besides, when a chance was presented to me,
I my politics changed and became an M.P. ;
And my coat having turned ('twas a very slight wrench),
I soon shall be called as a judge to the bench,
From there to pass sentence, for many an act
In no wise so bad as my deeds were in fact.

Medicine.

When I hospitals walked as a merry young man

(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll proceed to success on a Specialist plan,

(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll stick to one part of our wonderful frame,
And, spite of my fellow-practitioners' blame,
I think it will bring me both lucre and fame

(Said I to myself, said I).

The result, I am glad to report, has been good,
For I've earned the large fortune I said that I would,
And as to my fame, it is easy to tell
From the way that I'm hated I've won that as well.
So jealous, in fact, are my rivals, I think
They hardly from my vivisection would shrink,
In order to find, by their treatment of me,
Where this Nerve most successful they grudge me
can be !

Truth Christmas Number. 1883.

SOME NEW YEAR'S EVE RESOLVES.

SAID a Barrister, low to himself, said he,
"Next year I will keep no unearned fee,
I will hold no briefs that I cannot read,
Nor sully my 'silk' with dishonest greed.
Next year I will not be paid for work
Which I know full well that I mean to shirk.
Nay, more, I will make my clerk return
Those cheques which now in my pocket burn.
Aye, straight is the course that I mean to steer
Through the Legal Terms of the Glad New Year !"

* * * *

Said a British General, "I will try
To learn that the Alphabet's not all 'I,'

With the year now dawning I mean to seek
To become less bumptious and grow more meek ;
And learn to remember in former days
There were Generals, too, who deserved some praise ;
And that British soldiers could fight and storm,
Though nought had been heard of my reform.
Yes, all that the Army esteem most dear
I will cease to vex in the Glad New Year !"

Said a West-end Tradesman, "I hereby vow
That reckless credit I'll not allow,
Nor will I make up for it e'er again
By the shameful profits that I maintain ;
Nor will I longer essay to trade
By adulteration's scurvy aid ;
No ! I henceforth what is pure will sell,
And the demon of commerce forthwith expel,
Resolved to my vows to close adhere
Through the coming months of the Glad New
Year !"

Said a Jerry Builder, "Next year shall see
No Jerry dwellings put up by me !
I will purchase no fever-reeking site ;
Nor, having bribed to the left and right,
Will I there run up those frail abodes
Which the life of each hapless tenant loads
With cramps and chills and with torture grim,
'Till Death itself seems a boon to him ;
No, I as a fiend will not appear
In the happy days of the Glad New Year !"

Said a City Alderman, "I will try
My enemies' sneers to falsify ;
I'll curb, as much as ever I'm able,
My gluttonous taste at the Civic table ;
I'll do my best, too, myself to force
To become less bigoted, dull, and coarse ;
I will also strive to promote no job,
And to cease the poor any more to rob.
'Though, I'm bound to add, I already fear
I've promised too much for the Glad New Year !"

Said a Man of Fashion, "Hereby I swear
To think much less of the clothes I wear ;
To gamble less when I cannot pay,
Less spirits to drink, less slang essay ;
The spiteful talk of the Club to ban,
To take my sport as becomes a man,
To shoot no pigeons, to sell no race,
Nor a gentleman's name to in aught disgrace :
All this I swear, so I think 'tis clear
I have much to change in the Glad New Year !"

Truth. January 3, 1884.

SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I.

(As sung by Mr. Henry Irving.)

WHEN I took to the stage as a gifted young man,
Said I, &c.,
I'll act on a new, if peculiar plan,
Said I, &c.
I'll never consider the rôle that I play,
My method need change to a different way,
From the path that I've chosen I never will stray,
Said I &c.

The public are ready for anything new
Said I, &c.,

When heaven glows
With heat intense,

And grass ne'er grows
 In any sense,
 We ply the hose
 At great expense !
 When eager calls
 And fervent prayers
 For brand-new balls
 Are heard from players,
 The onus falls
 On F. H. Ayres.
 Oh, Mr. Ayres,
 Vendor of balls sewn-under,
 How are they made,
 Or sold, or paid
 For, at such price, I wonder ?

III.

Fame's made or marr'd
 At Wimbledon,
 And matches hard
 Are deftly won,
 And scored on card,
 Ere set of sun :
 But no young gent
 Scores with such art
 A tournament
 In every part
 As heaven-sent
 Young Mr. Schacht.
 Oh, Mr. Schacht,
 Type of Lawn-tennis umpire,
 Perched up on high,
 In summer sky,
 No grasshopper could jump higher !

IV.

The lists are set,
 The ties are drawn,
 And anxious yet,
 Ere morning dawn,
 We pray, no wet
 May spoil our lawn.
 The play begins,
 Without a flaw,
 The fastest spins
 We ever saw ;
 The fav'rite wins,—
 'Tis still Renshaw !
 Oh, Will Renshaw,
 Type of Lawn-tennis champions,
 None e'er so quick
 The world to lick
 From Land's End to the Grampians !

From *Tennis Cuts and Quips*. (London : Field & Tuer, 1884.)

—:O:—

PRINCESS IDA.

THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

As Sung by Mr. Henry George, the "Land Nationalization"
 Comique.

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am :
 I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other sorts are sham.
 Each stupid freak of Fortune and each soc-i-al defect
 By my lectures and my volumes I endeavour to correct ;
 To all their little grievances I ope the people's eyes,
 And pretty plans to crucify the landlords I devise.

I love my fellow creatures—I do all the good I can—
 Yet Property declares that I'm a disagreeable man !
 And I can't think why !

To Smith and to Ricardo I've a withering reply ;
 Malthusians I always do my best to mortify ;
 Political economy I skilfully dissect,
 And crevices within its mail I'm ready to detect.
 I know everybody's income and what everybody earns,
 And I prove that honest labour doesn't win its due returns ;
 But to benefit humanity, however much I plan,
 Yet Property will have it I'm a disagreeable man !
 And I can't think why !

I'm sure I am no Marat, I'm as gentle as can be ;
 The guillotine in Leicester Square I should regret to see.
 I merely want the populace to grab all "real estate,"
 Without regard to owners' cry of "Please to compensate."
 To those same owners' prejudice, I know a thing or two ;
 I can show them to be curses of the nation—and I do.
 But though I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
 Yet Property asserts that I'm a disagreeable man—
 And I can't think why !

Funny Folks.

THOSE CLEVER CONSERVATIVES.

"Mr. J. W. Harris won Poole for the Conservatives by
 declaring to the working classes that the Liberals had
 brought the bad trade, and the Tories would revive the
 industry of the place, and make everybody rich."

If green Cheddar you desire
 From the moon—from the moon —
 They'll supply what you require
 Very soon—very soon.
 Then they hope to fill lean purses,
 Lacking pence—lacking pence—
 With the coin Weg-born reverses
 Steal from thence—steal from thence.
 And as harvests shirk a nation
 'Neath Sol's ban—'neath Sol's ban,
 To aid farmers by taxation
 They've a plan—they've a plan.
 They've a firmly-rooted notion
 They can bridge Depression's ocean,
 And they'll set all trades in motion,
 If they can—if they can !
 These are the phenomena
 That Poole expects to come in a
 Crack or a jiffie
 Now that Harris is M.P.

As for failure, they forswear it,
 So they say—so they say,
 And prosperity they'll "square" it,
 Some fine day—some fine day.
 When the voter they would "sell" him—
 Not too "fly"—not too "fly"—
 "The Millennium's," they tell him
 "By-and-bye—by-and-bye !"
 So each newly-joined aspirant
 To their clan—to their clan—
 Must pooh-pooh Hard Times, a tyrant
 Known to man—known to man.
 They mock at him and flout him,
 And they chaff the Rads about him,
 For they're "going to do without him"
 If they can—if they can !
 These are the phenomena, &c.

From *Funny Folks*. May 3, 1884.

Another parody, of the same original, appeared in *Pastime*,
 February 13, 1884, relating to the London Athletic Club.

A WASTED "INFANCY."

(The Lay of a Man of Forty.)

I WAS not so very old,
 Twenty years ago !
 Quite an "infant," I am told,
 Twenty years ago !
 How I *might* have gone the pace
 At the cost of tradesmen base,
 If I'd only had the face
 Twenty years ago !

But I was a trifle shy,
 Twenty years ago !
 Let the golden time slip by,
 Twenty years ago !
 Didn't buy on tick, alas,
 "Necessary" things *en masse*—
 All which branded me an ass,
 Twenty years ago !

Funny Folks. April 5, 1884.

THE SCUTTLE.

OF all the plans there are on earth
 For Statesmen still to cherish O
 Commend me to the Premier's own
 Whose glory ne'er will perish O !
 O the Scuttle, the base, ignoble Scuttle,
 Chosen fad of Lib and Rad,
 Our dear old Gladstone's Scuttle O !

Forth, forth, from Egypt let us slope
 As fast as we can manage O !
 And let the Mahdi work his will
 The B.P.'ll pay the damage O !
 O the Scuttle, the base, ignoble Scuttle,
 Chosen fad of Lib and Rad,
 Our dear old Gladstone's Scuttle O !

Forth from Afghanistan as well
 In spite of all our bunkum O !
 The only way to beat the Russ
 Is evermore to funk 'em O !
 O the Scuttle, the base, ignoble Scuttle,
 Chosen fad of Lib and Rad,
 Our dear old Gladstone's Scuttle O !

So wheresoever threats a foe,
 Or dangers England worry O !
 We will surmount them all by flight
 And out of trouble hurry O !
 O the Scuttle, the base, ignoble Scuttle,
 Chosen fad of Lib and Rad,
 Our dear old Gladstone's Scuttle O !

Moonshine. May, 1885.

THE ARGOSY BRACES

YE who are cumbersome and slow,
 Awkward and ungainly,
 We would have you know
 The cause is BRACES ! mainly
 Those of the old fashioned type,
 Impeding every movement.
 Really the time was ripe
 For marvellous improvement.

Then if you're tired of the vice-like gripping
 Grasping, clutching, and irritating slipping,
 And your principal complaint
 Is physical restraint,
 You needn't have a taint
 Of it now.

But when you're next engaged in shopping,
 Into a hosier's go you popping,
 Give the "ARGOSY" a trial ;
 Then with a placid smile,
 Cast off the old ones vile,
 As we do.

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL !

(After King Gama's song in the "Princess Ida.")

SCENE.—*Dromore. Leaders of the Local Orange Lodges discovered in Council.*

First Orange Leader.

COMMON sense we bar,
 That is not our bent ;
 On the whole we are
 Not intelligent.

Chorus of Leaders.

No, no !
 Not intelligent !

Second Orange Leader.

But with spiteful heart,
 Play we here anew
 Our abusive part—
 Insult is our cue !

Chorus of Leaders.

Yes, yes !
 Insult is our cue !
 Bigots fierce and strong, ha ! ha !
 For the strife we burn ;
 Who is in the wrong, ha ! ha !
 We have no concern.
 So we wreak our spite, ha ! ha !
 Little care we, then,
 Who is in the right, ha ! ha !
 For we're Orangemen !

Chorus of their followers who have gathered round.—

They are men of might, ha ! ha !
 Bigots, moved by spite, ha ! ha !
 Ready for the fight, ha ! ha !
 Ready for the fight !

Solo.—THE HON. COLONEL KNOX.

"If you give me your attention I will tell you what I am ;
 I'm a genuine Orange patriot ! all other kinds are sham.
 I adore my dear old country, and most viciously I try
 To thwart the plan of statesmen who would peace to her
 supply ;
 I am full of true devotion to my Queen, and so I use
 The most offensive epithets her Viceroy to abuse,
 See how I love the Irish ! Why, their massacre I plan,
 Yet Liberal papers say I'm such an extremely dangerous
 man !

And I can't think why !

"I'm so loyally patriotic that I strive with all my might
 My Monarch's chief advisers to humiliate and spite ;
 I so yearn to see my Ireland free, and Protestant, and
 great,

That I'd blast its hopes with bloodshed and its people
decimate.

No greater stickler for the Law was ever known than I,
So long as it allows me its provisions to defy,
Or assists me in developing some ultra-Orange plan ;
Yet moderate critics say I'm such a very odious man !
And I can't think why !

"I am always for upholding Ulster's right to freely meet,
To walk with yellow banners, and the noisy drum to beat ;
Aye, sweet Freedom is the birthright of us Orangemen so true :

But it is not meant for rebels like Parnell and his black
crew.

So with pistol and shillelagh I would quickly smite them
down,

If they dare to hold a meeting or perambulate a town ;
Thus you see I try to make myself considerate as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disingenuous man !

And I can't think why

"I'm blind to every party sin, and personal defect,
But ready any Land League fault most sternly to correct ;
'Gainst Orangemen's besotted crimes I closely shut my
eyes,

But mark the slips of Nationalists with most severe
surprise.

And when their foul abuse of us I hear them trying at,
Why, I feel they ought to know *we* claim monopoly of that !
But although I've acted in this way since manhood I
began,

Yet people will insist I'm such an undesirable man !

And I can't think why !

"So come, my worthy farmers and poor peasants, look at
me,

And try if you as spiteful and intolerant can be ;
Denounce the things in others *you* do without demur,
And make repeated efforts their passions fierce to stir.

Be prejudiced as I am, my spite and malice share,
And as becomes true patriots, for civil war prepare.
In short, I'd have you act upon my patriotic plan,
Though everybody says I'm such a bad, contentious man,
And I can't think why !"

Final chorus of Orange Leaders.

Yes, with spiteful heart
Here we've played anew

Our abusive part—
Insult is our cue !

Yes ! yes !
Insult is our cue !

Truth. January 10, 1884.

THE MIKADO.

"JAMWILLOW."

[According to the *Times* correspondent at Suakin, the frequent "jamming" of the Martini-Henry rifles was due to the defective cartridge in use. The cartridge is regarded, as "a theoretical one ;" and a theoretical cartridge might as well be a blank one at once.]

On a battlefield gory a soldier was seen,

Who sang "Willow, jamwillow, jamwillow ;"

And I said to him "Warrior, what do you mean

By your 'Willow, jamwillow, jamwillow' ?

Act at once, since the foe is approaching," I cried,

"You had better take aim, or they'll humble our pride."
With a shake of his helmet, the fighter replied,
'Oh, willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !'

He pulled at the trigger again and again,

Singing, "Willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !"

But, alas ! all his struggles were clearly in vain,

Oh, "willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !"

He threw down the arm, and a "Drat it !" he gave ;
Then he turned and he ran, though undoubtedly brave,
And he shouted, while striving his bacon to save,

"Oh, willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !"

Now, I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name

Isn't Willow, jamwillow, jamwillow ;

That a cartridge defective had made him exclaim,

"Oh, willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !"

And if something's not done by the War Office—why,

We shall suffer defeat in the sweet by-and-bye,

And our soldiers will wail as they perish or fly,

"Oh, willow, jamwillow, jamwillow !"

Funny Folks. May 9, 1885.

THE "WATERBURY" MAIDS.

THREE little maids from school are we,
Proper and good, as we ought to be ;
The reason why, you will shortly see,

Three little maids from school.

We were once "real wild," we "took the bun"

For mischievous pranks and daring fun,

So they put a *watch* on us, every one,

Three little maids from school.

Three little maids so quick and wary.

The best of all watches was necessary,

That's why they picked out the "*Waterbury*,"

Three little maids at school.

But now we are all "real nice," you know,

And always act as our watches go,

Not the least bit "fast," but by no means "slow,"

Three little maids from school.

From three little maids take these away,

And three little maids would be all astray—

For we'd never be up to the time of day,

Three little maids from school.

Three little maids, delightful very,

Laughing always, so bright and merry,

Everyone with a "*Waterbury*,"

Three little maids from school.

SEWING.

On a seat in the garden

A sweet pretty maid

Was sewing, so sewing, so sewing

And I said to her, "Dearest one !

Why thus so staid ?

So sewing, so sewing, so sewing.

Is it stitching for somebody over the sea,

Or a slipper you're making for impudent me ?"

But without looking up she continued to be

Sewing, so sewing, so sewing.

And she sighed a deep sigh as

She sat on that seat

So sewing, so sewing, so sewing ;

And her forehead was flushed with

A feverish heat,

So sewing, so sewing, so sewing.

But she still maintained silence
And answered me naught,
Though a smile or a whisper was all that I sought.
She was certainly angry at having been caught
So sewing, so sewing, so sewing.

But when Dick had come back from
His voyage at sea,
She was sewing, so sewing, so sewing ;
And the slippers were finished,
As such work should be,

By sewing, so sewing, so sewing.
Now a wedding took place,
But alas ! 'twas not mine ;
And when Dick is away, if the weather be fine,
She will sit on that seat and her fingers incline
To sewing, so sewing, so sewing.

From *Gems*. SAM'L. PEEL.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

THE flowers that bloom in the pot, tra-la,
Have the bulge on the flowers of Spring,
For whether its cold or its hot, tra-la,
They're placed in temperate spot, tra-la,
And in this have a very soft thing ;
So they don't care a jot
If it freezes or not,
For they feel pretty certain that they have the pot,
Tra-la-la la-la, tra-la-la-la-la.
Oh, theirs is a fortunate lot.
Rare Bits. February 5, 1887.

THE SPRING CLEANING.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
You buy for the girl you adore,
For a beautiful smile they bring, tra-la,
And cause her your praises to sing, tra-la,
Till you wish that you'd only bought more,
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is as welcome 'as flowers that bloom in the Spring.

The blushes that bloom on her cheek, tra la,
Are painted the men to deceive ;
If you doubt, just notice this week, tra la,
When her curls on your arm a rest seek, tra la,
How the blushes will soil your coat-sleeve.
And that's what we mean when we angrily speak :
A brush for the blushes that bloom on her cheek.
The flour that blooms in the spring, tra la,
We find in confectioner's cakes
The children unto 'em will cling, tra la,
Though they're spongy and tough as a string, tra la,
And simply are leathery fakes !
And that's why we're sad when they pass us a thing,
Made out of the flour that blooms in the spring.

The houses we clean in the spring, tra a,
Give a blow to all social sunshine,
And we profanely say as we sing, tra la,
That we'd like to be hanged on a string, tra la,
But we find that it's useless to whine.
And this is the refrain that we dolefully sing,
Oh, bother the houses we clean in the spring.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.
Quips (Liverpool.) March 4, 1887.

VERSES ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

At this General Election some have met with their rejection,
Who never will be missed, who never will be missed !

At last they've been found out, although they've long escaped
detection,
And we've scratched them off the list, we've scratched
them off the list,
There's the foul-mouthed Joseph Leicester sent to "studdy"
at his ease,
With Rogers, whose crude Billingsgate has somehow failed
to please ;
And Joseph Arch the humbug, who against the labourers
votes,
Has leisure now to understand what's meant by "hinds"
and "goats ;"
And Gibb, and Firth, and plenty more, we've scratched
them off the list,
But they'll none of them be missed, they'll none of them be
missed !

But some there are who've scrambled through we well could
do without ;
Though they're still upon the list, they're still upon the
list !
The traitors who have managed to escape the general rout,
Though they never would be missed, they never would be
missed !
First, there's the Grand Old Madman and his silly little
son,
And that "genial ruffian," Labby, with his weak attempts
at fun ;
There's Bombastes Falstaff Harcourt, and J. Morley, prince
of prigs,
Flabby Childers, blatant Russell, half a dozen recreant
Whigs,
And all those empty Gladstone bags who've got upon the
list ;
Oh, they'd none of them be missed, they'd none of them be
missed !

W.
St. Stephen's Review. July, 1886.

Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Warrington, have
published a small pamphlet describing the
manufacture of their "Sunlight Soap." It con-
tains "A respectful Per-version of the Mikado,"
from which the following extracts are given, by
permission of Messrs. Lever Brothers :—

SONG—BY A LADY OF QUALITY.

As some day a washing soap that is harmless may be found,
I've got a little list ! I've got a little list
Of gowns and things all stowed away, as safe as under-
ground.

Which have constantly been missed ! How much they've
all been missed !

There's my charming Dolly Varden, which, alas !
is rather soiled,

My parasol of once white lace, though dirty, it's
not spoiled.

My chintzes and chinchillas, China crape, and cream
brocade,

My bombazines and silks of every style, and sort,
and shade ;

That fetching little bonnet too, in which I first was
kissed,

They've all of them been missed ! They've all been
sadly missed.

Chorus—She's got 'em on her list ! She's got 'em on her list ;
And they've all of 'em been missed ! They've all
been sadly missed.

One day a friend said Sunlight Soap I really ought to try,
And as she did insist, I hunted up my list ;

For, hearing her experience, I remembered with a sigh,
 How much they'd all been missed ! How much they'd
 all been missed.
 So I sent at once for Sunlight Soap, and soon un-
 picked the lace,
 From that old discarded sunshade and I tacked it
 in its place ;
 Round a muslin-covered bottle, as their little books
 direct,
 And used the Sunlight Soap with most astonishing
 effect,
 The lace washed quite as good as new—encouraged
 to persist,
 I wondered if it would restore the other things I'd
 missed.

Chorus—She hunted up her list ! She got her little list,
 And wondered if it would restore the other things
 she'd missed.

So one by one I brought to light the things I'd laid aside
 For I'd got them on my list ! They were all upon my list ;
 The same success attended each experiment I tried,
 And they'll never more be missed They'll never more
 be missed !
 The finest fabrics were unharmed, the tints re-
 mained intact,
 You may think I'm romancing, I assure you it's a
 fact ;
 You try the Sunlight Soap, you'll find your labour
 much reduced,
 I only wish that years ago it had been introduced !
 Henceforth no more soiled garments will appear
 upon my list,
 For, thanks to harmless Sunlight Soap, they'll none
 of them be missed.

Chorus—She's crossed 'em off her list ! She's crossed 'em
 off her list,
 For, thanks to harmless Sunlight Soap, they'll
 none of 'em be missed !

TRIO OF SUNLIGHT SOAP TABLETS.

THREE little aids to health are we,
 Powerful aids in tablets three,
 Harbingers all of purity,

Three little aids to health !
 Everyone will our virtues own,
 Everywhere is our value known,
 Everything that is foul hath flown,
 From three little aids to health !

Three little tablets, all expelling
 Germs of disease from dress and dwelling,
 Purity's advent e'er foretelling—

Three little aids to health !
 Three little foes to dire decay,
 Driving disease and dirt away,
 Pleased to disperse their dread array—
 Three little aids to health !

All that is foul we render fair,
 No earthly boon can with us compare,
 Life is a burden few could bear

But for three little aids to health !
 Three little tablets, all expelling
 Germs of disease from dress and dwelling,
 Purity's advent e'er foretelling—
 Three little aids to health !

THE REASON WHY.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring,
 Tra la,
 Breathe promise of merry Sunlight—

As we merrily dance and we sing,
 Tra la,
 We welcome the hope that they bring,
 Tra la,
 Of a summer of roses so bright ;
 And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
 Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
 Tra la la la la la, &c.
 Lever's Sunlight Soap's a thing,
 Tra la,
 That brings sunshine wherever it goes
 If you ask us to which we should cling,
 Tra la,
 It won't be the flowers of spring,
 Tra la,
 For they're useless for washing of clothes ;
 And that's what we mean when we say, or we sing,
 "It's better than flowers that bloom in the spring !"
 Tra la la la la la, &c.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

IN a cot by a river a lady forlorn
 Sang "willow, titwillow, titwillow !"
 And I said to her, "pretty one, why do you mourn,
 Singing 'willow, titwillow, titwillow ?'
 Your love will return ere the sun will have set,
 Your honeymoon scarce is completed, and yet
 With a shake of your head you reply in a pet,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !"

But alas ! she had wedded for love, not for pelf,
 Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !
 So she had to get through all the washing herself,
 Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !
 She sobbed and she sighed, and a gurgle she gave,
 Then she threw herself into the billowy wave,
 And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
 Isn't willow, titwillow, titwillow,
 'Twas inferior soap that thus made her exclaim,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !"
 If Lever's Sunlight Soap she'd happened to buy,
 Her work had been done without trouble, and I
 Should never have heard that most desolate cry—
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow !"

—:—

RUDDIGORE ;

OR, THE WITCH'S CURSE.

This opera, produced at the Savoy Theatre
 on Saturday, January 22, 1887, did not at first
 receive that approval which the Press and
 the public have hitherto accorded to Messrs.
 Gilbert and Sullivan's pieces. Objection was
 taken to the title, and in deference to public
 opinion the first word was altered from *Ruddy-*
gore to *Ruddigore*, whilst several passages which
 occur in the published version of the libretto
 are either altered, or omitted, in representation,
 and generally the piece runs more smoothly
 than it did when first produced.

That Mr. Gilbert himself had some mistrust
 of his own passion for logical paradoxes may

be inferred from the fact that the following passage has, from the first, been omitted in the performance :

Rod. It's not too late, is it ?

Han. Oh Roddy ! (*bashfully*).

Rod. I'm quite respectable now, you know.

Han. But you're a ghost, ain't you ?

Rod. Well yes—a kind of ghost.

Han. But what would be my legal *status* as a ghost's wife ?

Rod. It would be a very respectable position.

Han. But I should be the wife of a dead husband, Roddy !

Rod. No doubt.

Han. But the wife of a dead husband is a widow, Roddy

Rod. I suppose she is.

Han. And a widow is at liberty to marry again, Roddy !

Rod. Dear me, yes—that's awkward. I never thought of that.

Han. No, Roddy—I thought you hadn't.

Rod. When you've been a ghost for a considerable time it's astonishing how foggy you become !

The acting copy now also dispenses with the equally ingenious quibbles which appeared to give offence to the audience on the first night, as follows :—

Robin. Stop a bit—both of you.

Rod. This intrusion is unmannerly.

Han. I'm surprised at you.

Robin. I can't stop to apologise—an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddygore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

Rod. No doubt.

Robin. Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide !

Rod. It would seem so.

Robin. But suicide is, itself, a crime—and so, by your own showing, you ought none of you to have ever died at all !

Rod. I see—I understand ! We are all practically alive !

Robin. Every man jack of you !

Rod. My brother ancestors ! Down from your frames ! (*The Ancestors descend.*) You believe yourselves to be dead—you may take it from me that you're not, and an application to the Supreme Court is all that is necessary to prove that you never ought to have died at all !

(*The Ancestors embrace the Bridesmaids.*)

From the omission of this conversation it now follows that the “ancestors,” having once returned to their picture frames, remain there.

AN APPEAL, AFTER E. A. POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, Gilbert pondered weak and weary,
Thinking of a curious title his new Comic Opera for,
When a volume from him flinging, suddenly there came a ringing,

As of some one madly clinging to the bell at his front door ;
“It is D'Oyly Carte,” he muttered, “ringing at my big front door,

Merely this, and nothing more.”

Poking then the glowing ember, for 'twas cold as bleak December,

Gilbert said, “Ah, I remember in the olden time of yore,
Yea, and shall forget it never, though I were to live for ever,
How I vainly did endeavour once to see my ‘Pinafore ;’
Sat and suffered awful anguish in the stalls at ‘Pinafore,’
Just that once, but nevermore.”

“For the feeling sad uncertain, at the rising of the curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with such terrors, that a solemn oath
I swore,

And the oath have oft repeated, that though kings and queens
entreated,

I would ne'er again be seated in the stalls as once before,
There to try and see the piece through, as I tried to do before,
Now to do so nevermore.”

Open here was flung the portal by a pompous powdered mortal,
Who then ushered Mr. Carte in, as he oft had done before ;
Not a moment stopped or stayed he, but a slight obeisance
made he,

And in voice of thunder said he, “Mr. Carte,”—then
slammed the door,

And in tones stentorian said he, “Mr. Carte,”—then
slammed the door,

Only this, and nothing more.

Mr Carte then said quite coolly, “Mr. Gilbert, tell me truly,
Have you found a proper title our new Comic Opera for ?
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, as you hope to go to Aidenn,
Have you really, really made 'un ? Tell, O tell me, I implore !
Tell me what its funny name is—tell, O tell me, I implore !”
Answered Gilbert—“Ruddygore !”

Carte uprose, alarmed, astounded, by this title much con-
founded,

For this word of dreadful meaning such a world of horror bore ;
And he said, “This title gruesome, I feel very sure will do
some

Injury, and we shall lose some thousands ere this piece is 'o'er ;
Such a name will surely ruin both your words and Arthur's
score ;

Therefore change it, I implore.”

Then said Gilbert, calmly smoking, “D'Oyly Carte, you
must be joking ;

I have never found a title that I liked so much before,
For it gives the play the seeming of a drama that is teeming
With deeds of blood all streaming, which the people gloat
so o'er ;

Of those deeds all grim and ghastly that the people gloat so
o'er ;

Therefore be it Ruddygore.”

And with title so unfitting, people still are nightly sitting
In the gallery, stalls, and boxes, from the ceiling to the floor ;
And although they can't help glancing at D. Lely when he's
dancing,

Think Miss Brandram's song entrancing, and give Grossmith
an encore,

Still all cry, “Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, change this title,
‘Ruddygore.’

Not in spelling—we want more.”

Pall Mall Gazette. February 12, 1887.

E. B. V.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S LAMENT.

With Chorus of Professional Supers from "Ready Goer."

(*Note.*—The long lines are by the Playwright ;
the short lines are by the Chorus of Supers.)

OH, why am I gloomy and sad ?

Can't guess.

And why am I wicked and bad ?

Confess.

Because I am *thoroughly* MAD !

Oh, yes.

You may tell by the rage in my face.

Do you know that I've written a play ?

Don't say !

And it was produced yesterday ?

Hurrah !

Do the papers a single word say ?

Not they !

Now I think that's a very hard case.

'F I were Gilbert or Sully-vi-an—

Oh, ho !

Bronson Howard, the Ah-merry-khan—

Ah, no !

H. A. Jones, or his partner Hermann—

Just so !

George R. Sims or Henry Pet-tett.

If I were the author of "Jan"—

Who's he !

Or a thoroughly noted young man—

Dear me !

Or Verdi at distant Mil-an—

I see !

I'd get half a column, you bet !

But being at present unknown—

Oh, dear !

No preference for me is shown—

No fear !

So I have to play it alone—

Hear ! Hear ! !

But I'll even up with them yet.

LUKE SHARP.

The Detroit Free Press. March 19, 1887.

COERCION COMING.

Duet—Lord Londonderry (*Despard*) and Sir M. Hicks-Beach
(*Mad Margaret*).

Lond. I once was a very abandoned person—

Beach. Spoiling the hard-up landlords' chances ;

Lond. Such people couldn't conceive a worse 'un—

Beach. Or one more subject to sickly fancies.

Lond. I blush for my mild extravagances ;

But be so kind

To bear in mind

Beach. We were the victims of circumstances ! [*Dance*]
This is one of our contrite dances.

Beach. I was as soft as a sweet young lady—

Lond. Troubled by Nationalistic vapours.

Beach. The squires declared that my ways were shady—

Lond. They hinted at penitential tapers.

Each. The Plan of "Pressure" amused the gapers.
My ways were strange
Beyond all range—

Lond. And grumbles got into Tory papers ! [*Dance.*]
Here goes to cut coercionist capers.

Lond. I'm sorry now for each weak proceeding—

Beach. My taste for a merciful method's waning.

Lond. It's gag and shackle that Erin's needing—

Beach. We *can't* have the Unionists complaining,

Lond. Our party's praises we'd be obtaining.

We'll try a rule

Of the Iron School.

Beach. It won't be nice, but we'll stop Campaigning !

[*Dance.*]
Our steps will mend when we've had some
training.

Funny Folks. March 5, 1887.

GOOD FOR GOSCHEN.

(*Owed by a De-lighted Pipe.*)

COME hither, ye slaves of the weed,

And read ;

All ye of fumiferous breed

Take heed ;

Through minimised taxing,

The prices they're axing

For fragrant tobaccos—recede

With speed !

You say that the Budget's not strong ?—

You're wrong.

You say it contents not the throng ?—

Go 'long !

Good smokes it arranges,

And rings in the changes,

And rings out the old with a song—

Ding-dong !

What, say you it's all for a puff ?

That's rough :

Here Goschen deserves no rebuff—

Enough !

Indulgers will glory

In Whig or in Tory

Who'll give them in 'baccy or snuff

Good stuff !

High duty on weeds they revoke—

Smart stroke—

It's certain to finish in smoke

(Good joke !)

We welcome, in brief, sir,

Less liquid, more leaf, sir !

When 'baccy in water they soak—

We choke !

When Goschen Pride's high pyramid

Bestrid,

We openly own that we chid

The kid.

But he gained by *this* action

The thanks of each faction

That loveth the succulent quid—

He did !

Funny Folks. April 30, 1887.

Although *Ruddigore* is, in itself, a burlesque, it occurred to Mr. Toole that some fun might be got out of a caricature of it, and accordingly Messrs. Taylor and Percy Reeve com-

posed a "musical parody" entitled *Ruddy George*, which was produced at Toole's Theatre. Much talent for mimicry was displayed by the principal performers, and especially by Mr. E. D. Ward, as Robin Redbreast (after George Grossmith) and Mr. Skelton, as Sir Gaspard, in a droll imitation of Rutland Barrington's portentous manner. The burlesque was, however, most successful in so far as it caricatured the idiosyncracies and eccentricities of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. In imitation of the scene in Act II. of the original, where the portraits of Sir Ruthven's forefathers descend from their frames, kitcat panel likenesses of Mr. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte suddenly become endowed with life, and utter some mild, and rather pointless jests.

—:o:—

KO-KO ON "THE COW AND THREE ACRES."

(*The Mikado.*)

THE Rads all the yokels to gain, tra la !

Gave promise of land and a cow.

They argued, "They're all half-insane, tra la !

"Majority we shall obtain, tra la !

By the help of the sons of the plough."

And that's what they meant, as you'll quite understand,

When they promised a cow and three acres of land,

And told-'em-a-lie-or-two, told-'em-a-lie-or-two—

Promised a cow and some land.

They've voted for them, and so now, tra la !

My advice to the "clods" is "Away !

And tell 'em you're sick of the plough," tra la !

That you've come for your acres and cow, tra la !

And they'll turn round to you and they'll say,

"My friends, we would give you the acres and cow,

But, alas ! we've not got them—at least, not just now.

But we've told-you-a-lie-or-two, told-you-a-lie-or-two—

Live by the sweat of your brow !"

The Sporting Times. 1886.

—:o:—

ODE TO A LONDON FOG.

ROLL on, thick haze, roll on !

Through each familiar way

Roll on !

What though I must go out to-day ?

What though my lungs are rather queer ?

What though asthmatic ills I fear ?

What though my wheeziness is clear ?

Never you mind !

Roll on !

Roll on, thick haze, roll on !

Through street and square and lane

Roll on !

It's true I cough and cough again ;

It's true I gasp and puff and blow ;

It's true my trip may lay me low—

But that's not your affair, you know.

Never you mind !

Roll on !

Funny Folks Annual. 1885.

—:o:—

A small volume has recently been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus (London), entitled Mr. Gilbert's *Original Comic Operas*, it contains *The Sorcerer*, *H. M. S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Iolanthe*, *Patience*, *Princess Ida*,

The Mikado, and *Trial by Jury*. It gives the dates when these pieces were first produced, but unfortunately omits the names of the performers, which all playgoers and collectors of theatrical curiosities will regret.

Numerous imitations and parodies exist of Mr. Gilbert's writings, other than those connected with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, thus his mythological play *Pygmalion and Galatea* was burlesqued by Miss Alice Maud Meadows in "*Chiselling Pygmalion*," which was performed in London in December, 1883, by the members of the Grantham Lawn Tennis Club.

A jocular guide to the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886 was compiled by Mr. George Stronach, and published by Robert Mitchell, of Edinburgh. It was entitled "*Our Own-eries* ; or, The Show in the Meadows ; a dog-gerel cat-alogue," and was profusely and humourously illustrated. It contained several amusing parodies on *The Mikado*, and one on Tennyson's *Brook*, but as they related only to the Exhibition they were of purely local interest, and are now out of date.

In *The Bab Ballads*, which originally appeared in *Fun* (London), may be found the germs of several of Mr. Gilbert's plays and operas, sketches of plots afterwards amplified, and snatches of song which were, later on, to be linked to Arthur Sullivan's music, and so made famous.

The following, which appeared in *Fun* twenty years ago, contains part of the plot of *H. M. S. Pinafore* :—

JOE GOLIGHTLY ;

OR, THE FIRST LORD'S DAUGHTER.

A TAR but poorly prized

Long, shambling, and unsightly,

Thrashed, bullied, and despised,

Was wretched Joe Golightly.

He bore a workhouse brand,

No pa or ma had claimed him,

The Beadle found him, and

The Board of Guardians named him.

P'raps some princess's son—

A beggar p'raps his mother !

He rather thought the one,

I rather think the other.

He liked his ship at sea,

He loved the salt sea-water ;

He worshipped junk, and he

Adored the First Lord's daughter.

The First Lord's daughter proud,

Snubbed earls and viscounts nightly—

She sneered at barts aloud,

And spurned poor Joe Golightly.

Whene'er he sailed afar

Upon a Channel cruise, he

Unpacked his light guitar

And sang this ballad (Boosey).

Ballad.

The moon is on the sea,

Willow !

The wind blows towards the lee,

Willow !

But though I sigh and sob and cry,

No Lady Jane for me,

Willow !

She says, "Twere folly quite,

Willow !

For me to wed a wight,
Willow !
Whose lot is cast before the mast ;"
And possibly she's right,
Willow !*

His skipper (Captain Joyce)
He gave him many a rating,
And almost lost his voice
From thus expostulating :

"Lay out, you lubber, do !
What's come to that young man, Joe ?
Belay !—'vast heaving ! you !
Do kindly stop that banjo ! "

"I wish, I do—oh, lor !
You'd shipped aboard a trader :
Are you a sailor, or
A negro serenader ? "

But still the stricken cad,
Aloft or on his pillow,
Howled forth in accents sad
His aggravating "Willow !"

Stern love of duty had
Been Joyce's chiefest beauty—
Says he, "I love that lad,
But duty, damme ! duty ! "

"Twelve years blackhole, I say,
Where daylight never flashes ;
And always twice a day
Five hundred thousand lashes ! "

But Joseph had a mate.
A sailor stout and lusty,
A man of low estate,
But singularly trusty.

Says he, "Cheer hup, young Joe !
I'll tell you what I'm arter,
To that Fust Lord I'll go
And ax him for his darter.

"To that Fust Lord I'll go
And say you love her dearly."
And Joe said (weeping low),
"I wish you would, sincerely ! "

That sailor to that Lord
Went, soon as he had landed,
And of his own accord
An interview demanded.

Says he, with seaman's roll,
"My captain (wot's a Tartar),
Guv Joe twelve years' black hole,
For loving your darter.

* Mr. Gilbert appears particularly fond of this refrain, which he uses, with certain variations, again and again. He probably borrowed it from a song popular about 200 years ago :—

THE POOR SOUL SAT SIGHING.

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sicamore tree:
Sing willow, willow, willow !
With his hand in his bosom, and his head upon his knee ;
Oh ! willow, willow, willow, willow, oh !
Willow, willow, willow, willow,
Shall be my garland :
Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow,
Ah me ! the green willow must be my garland.

* * * *

"He loves Miss Lady Jane
(I own she is his betters),
But if you'll jine them twain,
They'll free him from his fetters.

"And if so be as how
You'll let her come a-boardship,
I'll take her with me now"—
"Get out ! " remarked his Lordship.

That honest tar repaired
To Joe upon the billow,
And told him how he'd fared :
Joe only whispered, "Willow !"

And for that dreadful crime
(Young sailors learn to shun it)
He's working out his time :
In ten years he'll have done it.

Fun. October 12, 1867.

The Bib Ballads have been often imitated (it is scarcely possible to *parody* them successfully), but the imitations are for the most part very inferior to the originals, besides which they are generally very long, so that only a few examples can be quoted. The three following appeared in a prize competition in *The World*, the subject selected by the editor being :—

KING THEEBAW OF BURMAH.

FIRST PRIZE.

(*Model*: "Sir Guy the Crusader.")

THEEBAW was a potentate mighty,
"The Magnificent One,
Grandchild of the Sun,"
To put foreign armies to flight he
Shook his magical spear—it was done.

John Bull was his special objection,
A contemptible cad,
An upstart who had
Not a single celestial connection,
And whose form altogether was bad.

Yet this snob, with the coolest assurance,
Sent a party named Shaw
To the court of Theebaw
To remonstrate—O cheek past endurance !—
When he strangled his brothers-in-law.

Says Theebaw, "Shall this prig of a Briton
Be allowed to object—
Such a want of respect !—
When I've got a man-torturing fit on ?
It's hard lines if my fun be thus checked !"

So he tried of that prying external
His kingdom to rid,
Which he finally did,
Having scared him to death ; but a colonel
Named Browne to replace him was bid.

Now Theebaw, it is right here to mention,
Had very strong views
On the subject of shoes ;
At an afternoon call their retention
Was a slip that he could not excuse.

The colonel thought this very cruel,
Took cold in his head,
And before going to bed

Put his feet in hot water, supped gruel,
Packed up the next morning and fled.

Said Bull to Theebaw, "I'm disgusted ;
If my delegates are
Thus exposed to catarrh,
With a colonel you shall not be trusted."
Whereto Theebaw answered with "Yah-r !"

So St. Barbe was left there to be worried,
Till he'd reason to dread,
Being relieved of his head
In a manner less pleasant than hurried ;
Then he, too, packed baggage and fled.

So Theebaw was alone in his glory.
He drowned everybody
In the deep Irrawaddy,
And then, as an end to the story,
He finished himself with rum-toddy.

ODD FISH.

SECOND PRIZE.

The Tale of King Theebaw.

THEEBAW was the King of the golden toe,
And the monarch of Mandalay,
And he laughingly said, as he got out of bed,
In a casual sort of way :

"I'm tired of my dozens of uncles and cousins ;
My connections are far too extensive ;
My hundreds of mothers and legions of brothers,
Though dear, yet are very expensive.

I'll polish off all the sons of my pa,
And then, with due justice, I can't
But smother my nieces, and cut into pieces
My grandmother's aged aunt."

"No, really you mustn't, august Theebaw,"
Said the spirited British Envoy.
"Pray think of it twice, for it wouldn't be nice,
You exceedingly naughty boy !"

"'Tis plainly my duty to warn you that we—
Though we'd rather not say, 'You shan't !'—
Shouldn't like it at all, if you cut up quite small
Your grandmother's aged aunt."

Then up rose the King of the golden toe,
And he tore off his Chancellor's wig.
"You idiot," said he, "have you no repartee
To answer this son of a pig ?

Now listen, you ugly preposterous man,
You wretchedly lily-white cuss
I'll make you regret that you got in a pet,
And made such a deuce of a fuss !

I'll cut every one of my brothers in half ;
Their mothers I'll tenderly boil ;
And I'll frizzle each niece in buffalo-grease,
And fry all my uncles in oil.

O yes, you may threaten ; I don't care a d—
For you and your silly 'You shan't !'
And I'll certainly smother my aged grandmother,
As well as her elderly aunt.

For am I not King of the golden toe,
And the monarch of Mandalay ?
And I laugh in my sleeve, for I'm led to believe
That England is far away.

And your army I read in my *Daily News*—
Three men and one little wee boy—
Has sufficient to do with King Cetewayo :
Good morning, my dear Envoy !

And please have the goodness to leave me alone,
For my temper's uncommonly quick.
Don't think me uncivil—but--go to the devil !
And—send me some rum, there's a brick !"

SCOAD.

A VERY DRY TALE.

(To the air of the 'Precocious Baby.')

A MONARCH of Burmah, I cannot tell why,
With his sips and 'nips'
For his parched-up lips,
Was plagued with a throat so excessively dry,
'Twas useless to try
To 'wet t'other eye,'
Because he was perfectly, perfectly dry.

'Twas shocking in one of exalted degree,
With his 'Pour a drop more,
Encore and encore,'
'Twas painfully sad for the monarch of B.,
As thirsty was he
As a fish from the sea,
As thirsty, as thirsty, as thirsty could be.

His ministers tried to relieve him at first
With coffee and tea
And soda-and-b.,
But couldn't relieve his insatiable thirst ;
They all did their worst
For the King, who was curst
From youth with a singular, singular thirst.

Of each kind of tippie they brought a supply
(With whisky and brandy,
And other drinks handy),
And wept that their monarch should still remain dry ;
But laugh when he'd try
With his jester to vie,
For even his jokes were exceedingly dry.

They gathered in Hungary, Portugal, Spain,
On the banks of the Rhine,
Many hogsheads of wine,
Which were drunk (so was *he*), but he still cried 'A
drain !'

'Twas perfectly plain
All their labours were vain ;
He kept on repeating, 'Go fetch me a drain !'

Then a royal commission his Majesty sent,
With his 'Pass me a glass
Of the bitter of Bass !'
To buy all the liquor of Burton-on-Trent.
But after they went
He wasn't content,
Though he drank all the liquor of Burton-on-Trent.

It remained for a Hebrew a cure to propose—
He knew that his highness
Was famed for his dryness,
And melted him down to make waterproof clo's !
And history shows the fame of him rose—
His dryness made excellent waterproof clo's !

The World. October 29, 1879.

PEMBROKE.

A parody on the same topic will also be found on page
473 of Mr. F. B. Doveton's *Sketches in Prose and Verse*,

published by Sampson Low & Co., London, in 1886. But a much more amusing imitation of a Bab ballad is that on page 456 of the same volume, which, by Mr. Doveton's kind permission, is here given :—

THE BISHOP AND THE BALLET.

POSTURES antic
Drove him frantic
Seized he pen and paper—
“Young men, stop it,
Pray you, drop it,
Watching damsels caper—
'Gainst this awful
Vain, unlawful
Folly set your faces;
Though they charm ye,
Girls will harm ye
More than wine or races !”

They replying,
Answered, sighing—
Hawing, hemming, humming—
“Not for Joe, sir
For you know, sir,
Short skirts are becoming !
Ballet dancing,
Is entrancing,
We enjoy it—*rather !*”
But stern “London”

Thought them undone—
Spoke out like a father,

“*Dare* ye dally
With the ballet ?”
Said the bishop, coldly.
“*You* may see, sir,
More than *we*, sir,”
Young men answered boldly.
“Go along, boys,
You are wrong, boys,
I have years in plenty ;
Whilst these lasses,
Through my glasses,
All seem under twenty !”

Dancer clever
Hardly ever
Finds a *man* who'll scold her.
Leant one fairy
Light and airy,
On his lordship's shoulder ;
Bishop kissed her
Like a sister,
When he *should* have smacked her
To delight her,
Doffed his mitre,
And became an *Actor !*

F. B. DOVETON.



LORD TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE.

The April number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contained the Poet Laureate's contribution to Jubilee literature. As usual, portions of the Ode were quoted in the London papers almost before the magazine was published, and *The Daily News* went so far as to reprint the whole of the Ode, an infringement of Messrs. Macmillan's rights, for which an apology had to be made. As to the poetical merits of the Ode public opinion has been tolerably well expressed by the parodies on it which have appeared. A few verses of the original are here given, to lead up to the parodies.

CARMEN SÆCULARE.

AN ODE

IN HONOUR OF

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

I.

FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

II.

She beloved for a kindliness
Rare in Fable or History,
Queen, and Empress of India,

Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

* * * *

VI.

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
Make their neighbourhood healthfuller,
Give your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice
At this year of her Jubilee.

* * * *

VIII.

You, the Patriot Architect,
Shape a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this year of her Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce !
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science !
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire !

X.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing "Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee !"

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance ?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness ?
Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people.
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

— — —
The Globe remarked :—

"It is to be feared that the Laureate's Jubilee Ode will sadly disappoint all his admirers. It has a certain rhetorical neatness, no doubt ; but it cannot be regarded as adequate to the occasion. The poet has chosen, for the most part, very prosaic rhythms, and the Ode, trite and even common in ideas, is not even endowed with occasional felicities of expression. On the contrary, it is sometimes positively unlucky in its phraseology, as when the world is most unnecessarily assured that Her Majesty has about her—

'Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vain-glorious.'

"By no means happy are the references to those who 'wanton in affluence' (why 'wanton?') to the 'Lord manufacturers,' and to the 'Imperial Institute,' which latter surely savours a little of bathos? The six concluding lines have more inspiration, perhaps, than most ; but they do not harmonise very well in their allusion to 'thunders moaning in the distance,' with the Laureate's allusion elsewhere to the 'prosperous auguries' of the Jubilee. On the whole, Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Morris, and Lord Tennyson having all spoken, it must be confessed that the Jubilee still lacks a *rules sacer*."

ANOTHER ODE.

FIFTY times the Laureate sharpened his pencil :
Fifty times he turned over the Rhyming Dictionary :
Then he decided to give up rhymes altogether.

He, the Patriot Laureate,
He, the Lord-manufacturer,
Shaped a stately memorial,
Made it regally gorgeous
After Walt Whitman's pattern,
Rich in blackness, in dullness,
Which might speak to the centuries
Through the *Magazine Macmillan*,
Of this year of our Jubilee.

* * * *

Fifty lines at last completed !
Fifty more at least to make a century ;
Where the dickens shall the other fifty come from ?

But—

Is that the printer's boy moaning in the passage ?
Is that the ——— ? ——— ! There goes my lead pencil.
Trust the public to make out the glory of these verses.

The Globe. March 29, 1887,

VERY HARD LINES.

HOW THEY WERE WRITTEN TO ORDER.

(*Leaf from a Laureate's Diary.*)

9 A.M.—Bother the Jubilee ! What in the name of fortune, can one do with such a rubbishing subject ? But here's *Macmillan* waiting, and I haven't done a single line yet. Must get something put on to paper, if only to quiet him. But how on earth to begin ! Get in "fifty" somehow. Want fifty something that come but once a year. Christmas ? Good. That suggests Clown. I have it.

Fifty times the Clown has grinned and tumbled.

No. That won't do. It's too shoppy, stagey. Has a *souppçon* of the *Promise of May* about it. Wants something wider. Ha ! The Row, suggesting the Season, of course,

Fifty times the Row has filled and emptied.

No. Don't like it. Reads as if I was talking of a cistern. Too heavy. Try something lighter. Pastry ? Feathers ? Flowers ? Ha ! *that's* it. Flowers, of course. Here, I've got it !

Fifty times the Rose has flowered and faded.

Anyhow, *that'll* do to go off with. Let's see. I want fifty something elses to follow it up with. What shall it be ? Cartloads ? Handfuls ? Armfuls ? Autumn's ? Harvests ? Good again. Not that there's any precise connection between them ; but one must stick down something. How'll this do ?

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.

Yes, that reads all right. Is there any other way of putting "fifty?" Yes, "twice twenty-five." But that won't come in. Then there's "four times twelve and a half." No ; that

won't do. Enough "fifty." Now we want some allusion to Her Majesty. Must get in a "since." I have it, "Since our Queen assumed," Capital. Here you are!

Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

Come; that's a beginning anyhow. Three lines! But they've quite dried me up. Besides, I can't go on in blank verse like this. Don't feel up to it. Must try another metre. What metre. And then what on earth am I to say in it? I haven't had such a job as this for a long time. Could weep over it. A precious Ode I shall make of it.

For though I, know not anything,
Yet must I not my lot upbraid;
Since as the Laureate I am paid,
And, being paid, am bound to sing.

But, "a glass of sherry, will make me merry." I'll try one.

6 P.M.—Confound the Jubilee Ode! I have now been at it all day, and am floundering worse than ever. Have got in something about illuminations, sanitary improvements, subscribing to a Hospital and Penny dinners, and given a kind of back-hander to George the Third, but who, on earth, I refer to as the "Patriot Architect," and what I mean by asking him to *Shape a stately memorial, Make it regularly—no, "regally"—gorgeous, Some Imperial Institute*, I don't know. But if I arrange it in parallel lines it will look like poetry, and that'll be near enough.

Feel I'm making a horrible hash of it. Might go for a turn on my bicycle. May clear my head. Might try it.

* * * * *

Have dined, and now, at 9 P.M., have again settled down to it over a pipe and a glass of grog. Am in a more hopeless muddle than ever. Trying to bring in everybody in a kind of wind-up appeal. But look at this,—

*You, the snubbed, the unfortunate
You, the Lord-Undertaker,
You, the Lord-Omnibus-Conductor,*

That doesn't seem to run very well, but it's the kind of idea I want to work in. Don't seem able to manage it.

You, the Lady-Amateur Actor?

No, that won't do! Shall never get it done to-night.

* * * * *

10 P.M.—After awful hammering, managed to knock off two more lines. Head spinning, but must stick to it. Feel I've never turned out such stuff in my life before. Hopeless!

* * * * *

10.30 P.M.—Two more lines screwed out. But *what* lines! Won't scan, and as to rhyme,—ha! ha!—catch me rhyming to-night!

* * * * *

11 P.M.—Have come to a dead stand-still. Equal to it. Have had recourse to *the wet towel*. Refreshes me. Ha! I see light. Happy thought! As I can't do it in verse, why not write it all in prose, and then cut it up into poetry afterwards? Sure to get cut up when it appears. Why not do it myself first? I will. Anyhow, here goes.

* * * * *

MIDNIGHT.—Done it! Labelled it *Carmen Seculare*. Looks all right, but quite the toughest piece of work I've ever had to turn out. Posted it to Macmillan. Hope he'll like it.

Punch. April 9, 1887.

ANOTHER JUBILEE ODE.

I.

FIFTY times the lines have slipped and halted;
Fifty times some golden lines have fallen
Since this man—the poet—became the Laureate.

II.

He, renowned for a wordiness,
Rare in fable or history,
Poet—and Rhymster of England,
Crowned at last by strawberry leaf,
Never worn by a wordier.
Now with numbers unmusical,
Comes at last to the psalm-front,
Singing the year of Jubilee.

* * * * *

VI.

You whose bank balance is right side
Spare not of cheques the distributing.
Ask your labourers to dine with you,
Make cleaner their cottages,
Double infirmary subscriptions,
Let the ragged all be clothed,
Let the hungry have bellies full,
Let those one-legged have a wooden one
At this year of the Jubilee.

* * * * *

Fifty years of ever-growing taxes;
Fifty years of ever world-mending
Fifty years of ever muddling Ireland.

* * * * *

You—the taxpayer unfortunate,
You—the Lord Knows-who, and lady,
You—the Lord, shoddy-mixer,
You—the almighty working man,
Patient grumblers of England.
You—all sorts of men—and others,
Irish, Yankee, dynamiters—
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your pockets open lib'rally
To the numerous funds in progress,
Gilding the year of Jubilee.

* * * * *

XI.

Were there poets living in past ages?
Are there poets writing still amongst us?
Pray the Lord of Rhyme to guide weak pens
Till the bards do pass. Song giants come back,
And old sweet Poetry as the victor
Dawns into a Jubilee of the ages.

Scraps. April 16, 1887.

OWED TO LORD TENNYSON.

(Carmen Sequel-airy.)

I.

FIFTY times our nose has twirled and tilted,
Fifty times our silvern laughter fallen,
Since, my Lord, we read your Ode—your metre.

II.

You, renowned for a stateliness
Rare in Prose, or in Poetry,
Keen with impress of Genius,
Crowned so long with a laurel-wreath

Seldom worn by a worthier,
Now with preposterous flummeries
Come at last to this flatulent
Droning Ode on the Jubilee!

III.

Nothing of the flawless—but the tin pot—
Nothing of the dulcet, or strain glorious,
All is fussy, feeble, flat—writ poorly.

* * * *

VI.

You that wanton in epithets,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call Tom Moore to regale with you,
Make your sentiments mirthfuller,
Send your spleen to the hospital,
Let the reader be comforted,
Let the seedy be junketed,
Let MacM. in his purse rejoice
At your Ode on the Jubilee.

VII.

Henry's fifty *truths* are all in shadows,
Green with envy Edmund's fifty t'others,
Ananias' forti-tude forgotten.

VIII.

You, the Patriot Laureate,
Write a better memorial!—
Something really gorgeous
'Bout th' Imperial Institute,
Rich in jingle, in ornament,
Which may fetch South Kensington,
All South Kensington after us,
In this year of the Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty lines of ever-broadening Outlook,
Fifty lines of ever-brightening Promise,
Fifty lines of ever-widening Meaning.

X.

You, the Flighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-in-Memorial,
You, the Word-manufacturer.

* * * *

All your parts be in harmony,
All your verses in unison,
Singing—"There'll be a glorious
Golden harvest, this Jubilee!"

XI.

Are there blunders glooming in the Navy?
Are inspectors moving in the darkness?
Trust My Lords aright to guide the people
Till the blunders pass, th' inspectors vanish,
And the Press is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the—Jubilee of the Pages.

Moonshine. April 6, 1887.

THE HOME RULE JUBILATION ODE.

FIFTY times seven days are past and ended,
Eighty Whigs have rattled and turned Tory,
Since your William burned his boats, his bridges

He renowned for a wordiness
Rare in fable or history,
King and God of the Radicals,
Crowned with Papal diadem
Never worn by a wordier,
Now with splendid audacity
Reigns the King of Obstructionists.

Partner with Parnell, chief of Irish despots,
Stewed in his juice with Harcourt the vainglorious,
Yet is your William noble, great, and god-like.

You then noisily, all of you
Stump the towns for Disunion.
Let Misrule hold high festival;
Everywhere let the multitude,
Home Rule each to the heart of it,
Raise the standard of Anarchy;
Hail the monarch of egotism,
Quod sic volo sic jubeo.

Be as true to England as to Gordon,
Glorying in the trials of her Rulers,
Sorrowing with the griefs of the disloyal.

You that, wanting in intellect,
Spare not now to be boisterous,
Call your thousands to demonstrate,
Make it hot for your neighbourhood.
Give your gold to Invincibles,
Let the landlords be boycotted,
Let the juries be browbeaten,
Let the maimed make the best of it,
Spread the gospel of Anarchy.

Henry's ears are pricked to catch your brayings,
Gray your ravings to report is burning,
Even my Granny joins the Home Rule chorus.

You, the Paddy-American,
Shape a missile of Dynamite;
Make it really dangerous,
Some explosive material
Like the missile of Clerkenwell,
Which may frighten the Unionists,
All the Unionists terrify,
Frighten them into anarchy.

Fifty times repeat the loud explosion,
Fifty times the midnight crime and outrage,
Till at length you rend the mighty empire.

You, the ruler, the democrat;
You, the serf territorial;
You, the crime-manufacturer;
You, the grimy, uproarious,
Bastard children of Albion,
You, Milesian, Hibernian,
You, the Gael and the Cambrian,
You, the Tyke and the Tynesider,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your throats shout in unison,
Singing, Hail to the godlike
Grand Old Man, the Obstructionist!

Are there Tories raving in the distance?
Are there landlords moving in the darkness?
Trust the Grand Old Man to blind the people,
Till the Tories fall, the landlords vanish,
And the League is victor, and the darkness
Falls upon the Anarchy of Ireland.

The St. James's Gazette. April 14, 1887.

PRIZE COMPETITION PARODIES.

The Weekly Dispatch awarded the prize of two guineas for the best Parody of a part of Tennyson's Jubilee Ode to the following :—

X.

You, the Laureate (O Fortunate),
You, the Bard-territorial,
You, the Verse-manufacturer,
You, whose lines so laborious
Patient children of Albion
Have perused in bewilderment—
List awhile to another "pote."
All your tones lack in harmony,
All your verse is confusion,
Sing in style less inglorious,
Try these lines for the Jubilee :—

XI.

Hear the thunders moaning not far distant !
See the spectre Want step out from darkness !
Trust we that the Right will guide our people
When they reach that pass, that sceptres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and these ages
Seem to them the Jubilee of Darkness !

C. R. IRELAND.

The following were highly commended :—

II.

He revered for a genius
Rare in annals of poesy,
Poet Laureate of Albion,
Crowned so long with the evergreens
Never donned by a doughtier,
Now with puerile versicles,
Comes at last to inaugurate
This last year of her Jubilee.

VI

You, that joy in celebrity,
Spare us now more inanities ;
Tell your Muse you have done with her,
Make your countrymen happier.
Give way now to the younger men,
Let the critic be quieted,
Let admirers be comforted,
Let your Queen in her heart rejoice
In this year of her Jubilee.

F. B. DOVETON.

"FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded,"
Fifty times it would have bloomed without her—
Smelt as sweet without "the crown, the sceptre."

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?—
'Tis the German band of near relations ;
Trust the mother Queen to guide her people
Where they'll live in plenty without labour,
And her Alberts, Victors, Georges, Henriets,
Families raise for Jubilees for ages.

T. A. H.

I.

FIFTY times the State has fooled and blundered,

Fifty times the royal pension's risen
Since the Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

XI.

Are there children starving in our alleys?
Are there famine-stricken homes in cities ?
Trust not Queen or Lords to feed the people ;
Till the nation rules no troubles vanish.
When the Right is Victor, then the darkness
Dawns into the liberty of the ages.

ALFRED LOVETT.

ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

VI.

YE, who revel in authorship,
Spare not now to be practical ;
Call your "chums" to discuss with you,
Make their industry hopefuller,
Give your works to the publisher.
Let the printer be recompensed,
Let the trader be profited,
Let the scribe in his work rejoice
At the prospect of copyright.

X.

You, the poet, th' essayist,
You, the faithful historian,
You, the play manufacturer,
You, the writer sensational,
Patient newspaper editor,
You, th' obscure, the illustrious,
Author, artist, and type-cutter—
All your aims be in harmony,
All your efforts in unison,
Till you succeed in obtaining
International copyright.

J. MARSHALL.

MY LANDLADY.

II.

SHE disliked for a craftiness
Rare in kitchen or scullery,
Queen, and slave in a lodging-house,
Crowned so long with a widow's cap
Never worn by an artful, full,
Now, with sanctified countenance,
Comes to fleece us and plunder us,
Growling, "Here is your weekly bill.

VI.

"You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful ;
Scan not what I regale you on,
Swear no neighbourhood's healthfuller,
Leave your gold on your looking-glass,
Let your beer and your tea be boned,
Let the needy (that's me) be fed,
Let your landlady line her nest
While she tinkers the weekly bill."

SHAWNLANAM.

From *The Weekly Dispatch*. April 17, 1887.

CARMEN EXPOSTULATORY.

I.

FIFTY times my nose I've rubbed, and jaded
Is my brain with trying to make out wherein
Of pöesy an ounce to find in Carmen Seculare.

II.

He, who as Laureate attained a fame
Rare and great in History,
Babbles now in frothy talk,
Unlike his wonted measure.
And speaks of Empress Queen
And Jubilee, like Whitman would
With ruggedness of diction
To crown this year of Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the Poetic, but the Crackpot,
Who, with vulgar words bepraising,
All in humdrum rant and rubbish anent the Queen.

IV.

You then mournfully, all of you
Wear your sackcloth, your ashes,
For the sad falling off of one
Who wrote of Arthur Hallam,
In the grand "In Memoriam."
So will you not with heart
Or voice, Hail this of Tennyson's
Other than the twaddle tribute
Spawned of this year of Jubilee.

V.

Oh! Alfred, once so true to manhood,
Glorying in the strength to fight all shams.
Sorrowing only with the people in their wrongs.

VI.

You that once in affluence
Of diction, caught the ear of time,
Call we now no longer ours

The people's friend. Spoiled child
With diadem, and much belorded.
We cannot now be comforted,
Our maimed heart for you doth bleed,
At this, your twaddle talk of Jubilee.

VII.

Who is Henry, that for fifty years in shadow,
Consorts for fifty summers with Edward in gray distance,
And the grandsire's fifty half forgotten?

VIII.

You, the Patriot Leader,
Shape a stately Memorial.
Record of wrongs not righted,
Of Ireland's cry not silenced:
But still the symbol badge
Of Saxon oppression,
Which she has worn for centuries.
How will fair Erin
Hail this golden year of Jubilee?

IX.

Fifty years of ever-growing Taxation.
Fifty years of Civil Lists most heavy.
Fifty years of Royal Pauperism.

X.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
Think of the poor who have fallen.
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
Made rich by the hard, laborious,
Patient to suffer—but about to rise.

XI.

Yes, the thunders moan forth in the distance.
See gaunt spectred Poverty moveth in the land.
Trust your common sense to guide you, oh! my people,
So shall thunders pass and spectres vanish,
And Demos crowned a victor, out of darkness's
Dawn shall come, the Jubilee of the Ages.

ANONYMOUS.



Algernon Charles Swinburne's Question

AND

THE ANSWER.

THE QUESTION.

1887.

SHALL England consummate the crime
That binds the murderer's hand, and leaves
No surety for the trust of thieves?
Time pleads against it—truth and time—
And pity frowns and grieves.

The hoary henchman of the gang,
Lifts hands that never dew nor rain
May cleanse from Gorden's blood again,
Appealing: pity's tenderest pang
Thrills his pure heart with pain.

THE ANSWER.

1887.

SHALL England shirk the task sublime
That Justice to her honour leaves,
Of blotting out a shame that grieves
Her soul, because in raving rhyme
Slander a songster weaves?

The furious fugler of the gang
His rabid epithets may rain
On that grey head in vain, in vain,
Though England's heart may feel a pang,
And England's pride a stain.

Grand helmsman of the clamorous crew,
The good grey recreant quakes and weeps,
To think that crime no longer creeps
Safe toward its end : that murderers too,
May die when mercy sleeps.

While all the lives were innocent
That slaughter drank, and laughed with rage,
Bland virtue sighed, "A former age
Taught murder : souls long discontent
Can aught save blood assuage ?

"You blame not Russian hands that smite
By fierce and secret ways the power,
That leaves not life one chainless hour ;
I have these than they less natural right
To claim life's natural dower ?

"The dower that freedom brings the slave
She weds, is vengeance : why should we,
Whom equal laws acclaim as free,
Think shame, if men too blindly brave
Steal, murder, skulk, and flee ?

"At kings they strike in Russia : there
Men take their life in hand who slay
Kings : these, that have not heart to lay
Hands save on girls whose ravaged hair
Is made the patriot's prey.

"These, whom the sight of old men slain
Makes bold to bid their children die,
Starved, if they hold not peace, nor lie,
Claim loftier praise : could others deign
To stand in shame so high ?

"Could others deign to dare such deeds
As holiest Ireland hallows ? Nay,
But justice then makes plain our way :
Be laws burnt up like burning weeds
That vex the face of day.

"Shall bloodmongers be held of us
Blood-guilty ? Hands reached out for gold
Whereon blood rusts not yet we hold
Bloodless and blameless : ever thus
Have good men held of old.

"Fair Freedom, fledged and impeded with lies,
Takes flight by night where murder lurks,
And broods on murderous ways and works,
Yet seems not hideous in our eyes
As Austrians or as Turks.

"Be it ours to undo a woful past,
To bid the bells of concord chime,
To break the bonds of suffering crime,
Slack now, that some would make more fast ;
Such teaching comes of time."

So pleads the gentlest heart that lives,
Whose pity, pitiless for all
Whom darkling terror holds in thrall,
Toward none save miscreants yearns, and gives
Alms of warm tears—and gall.

Hear, England, and obey ; for he
Who claims thy trust again to-day,
Is he who left thy sons a prey
To shame whence only death sets free ;
Hear, England, and obey.

Great shrieker of the shrieking crew,
The lyric recreant raves and rails
At Justice, who adjusts her scales,
At last, at last, for Erin too,
His fire of freedom fails.

When Italy was militant
For liberty, his muse could rage
In rolling rhetoric page on page,
His poet bosom swell and pant
With wrath—which songs assuage.

But blame not British hands that smite
Their brethren in fierce pride of power,
Leave Ireland not one chainless hour.
Is ruling not our native right,
Our Heaven-appointed dower ?

"The dower that freedom brings the slave
She weds, is vengeance." Aye, the free
In other lands may strike ; but we
Are sacrosanct ; the fools who brave
Our wrath, must cease to be.

At kings they strike in Russia ; there
Tis duty, bliss, to stab, to slay
Kings ; but the Landlord, whose harsh sway
Drives pillaged thralls to mad despair,
He is no patriot's prey.

Those whom the thought of fathers slain,
Of roofless children doomed to die
Starved, maddens by its memory—
These poets pardon not, nor deign
To lift a lyric sigh.

A sigh of pity for such deeds
As hapless Ireland harass ? Nay,
Justice shall not make straight our way
Till ruthless Law hath crushed like weeds
All who dare disobey.

Shall soulmongers be held of us
Blood-guilty ? Hands that grab the gold,
Whereon blood rests, from the weak hold
Of poor men homeless ? Nay, not thus,
Lest British Mammon scold.

Dear Mammon, fledged and fed with lies,
The tale of suffering blurs and burkes,
Hides his own murderous ways and works.
Great Heaven, such shame would shock our eyes—
In Russians, or in Turks.

What, prate about a shameful past ?
Ask who began the tale of crime ?
Smirch England's robes with tyrant slime ?
The patriot poet in full blast
Shall brand you to all time.

So raves the fieriest bard that lives,
Whose pity for the tyrant's thrall,
Set to rich music's rise and fall,
So nobly rang one half forgives
This recreant mud and gall.

Hear, England, and be sad ; for he
Who peals this palinode to-day,
The oppressor once could scathe and flay.
Shame that his muse no more is free
When England blocks the way.

Thy spoils he gave to deck the Dutch ;
 Thy noblest pride, most pure, most brave,
 To death forlorn and sure he gave ;
 Nor now requires he overmuch
 Who bids thee dig thy grave.

Dig deep the grave of shame, wherein
 Thy fame, thy commonweal, must lie ;
 Put thought of aught save terror by,
 To strike and slay the slayer is sin ;
 And Murder must not die.

Bind fast the true man ; loose the thief ;
 Shamed were the land, the laws accursed,
 Were guilt, not innocence, amerced ;
 And dark the wrong and sore the grief,
 Were tyrants too coerced.

The fiercest cowards that ever skulked,
 The cowardliest hounds that ever lapped
 Blood, if their horde be tracked and trapped,
 And justice claimed their lives for mulct,
 Gnash teeth that flashed and snapped.

Pow down for fear, then, England : bow,
 Lest worse befall thee yet ; and swear
 That nought save pity, conscience, care
 For truth and mercy, moves thee now
 To call foul falsehood fair.

So shalt thou live in shame, and hear
 The lips of all men laugh thee dead ;
 The wide world's mockery round thy head
 Shriek like a storm-wind ; and a bier
 Shall be thine honour's bed.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The Daily Telegraph. April 29, 1887.

Our sore no patriot hand must touch
 Even for healing : song shall rave
 Against the Statesman old, but brave
 Who dares—where youth, craven o'ermuch,
 Shrinks—the sharp strokes that save.

Beware that grave of shame wherein
 His fame, his honour—by a lie
 Put with false lyric fervency—
 You fain would thrust. His cause shall win,
 His glory shall not die.

You voice their virulence—whose sheaf
 Of poisoned darts, for blood athirst,
 Fall blunt and harmless—*you*, the first
 Of lyric freemen, once the chief
 Of patriots ? Fate accurst !

Not thus had he, your Hugo, skulked
 'Midst the traducer's, limed and trapped
 By patriot shams ; *you* jingo-capped,
 Whose views of Freedom broadlier bulked
 Caste's curs have snarled and snapped

In chorus long ; but will you bow
 To yelp at Freedom's heels, and tear
 Her noblest champion ? Have a care !
 The fading laurels round your brow
 Slander shall not make fair.

At least you have our Answer. Hear !
 Not e'en your lips shall laugh Truth dead,
 Nor your fierce mockery bow his head
 At whom fools shriek in hate and fear,
 And despots howl in dread.

From *The Daily News.* April 30, 1887.



THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

On page 93 a parody of the above song, entitled *The Fine Old Standard Tragedy*, was inserted, with a note stating that it had first appeared in Albert Smith's *Town and Country Miscellany*. The author of the parody, the Rev. E. Bradley, has written to point out that it was originally published in *The Month* for October, 1851, a small magazine edited by Albert Smith, and illustrated by John Leech. *The Month* only ran to six numbers, from July to December, 1851, when it was discontinued. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers, had lost money by it, and the fact was, as stated by poor Albert Smith, *The Month* was far too good for the public taste of that day. Mr. Bradley kindly sends another parody, of the same original, which was very popular amongst University men about 1845 ; the author's name is not known.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine new song, 'twas made by a mad young
 pate,
 Of a fine young English gentleman, who lives on no estate,

But who keeps up appearances at a very dashing rate,
 And also his poor old landlady by coming home so late,
 Like a fine young English gentleman, one of the pre-
 sent time.

He lives in a smart new lodging up a rather narrow stair,
 And the furniture is fine enough, though a little the worse
 for wear,
 For, two or three gay young friends of his are fond of
 smoking there,
 And though they spoil the new carpet, this brave young
 man don't care ;
 For, he's a fine young English gentleman, one of the
 present time.

His custom of an afternoon, if he's anything of a swell,
 Is to ride a friend's horse in Hyde Park, and chat with
 some first-rate belle ;
 Or to dine with a few nice friends of his at the Clarendon
 Hotel,

Upon capital good turtle soup, and champagne that's iced
so well ;
Like a fine young English gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time.

And, as for the rest of the evening, why I really cannot say,
Except that the cold punch was excellent, and the com-
pany very gay ;

And he challenged two or three men ; but then, they settle
it next day ;

And he does not quite remember how, or when he came
away ;

For, he's a fine young English gentleman, one of the
present time.

Now, instead of being seen next day at his desk at half
past ten,

He doesn't find himself there till one, p'raps not even
then ;

And his head aches so, and his hand shakes so, he can
scarcely hold his pen ;

But, "these little accidents will occur to the steadiest of
men !"

Says this fine young English gentleman, one of the
present time.

Now, the senior clerk is a horrid old man, as strict as he is
sly,

And he calls up this fine young gentleman, and he asks
him the reason why ;

And this good young man replies to him—for, he "scorns
to tell a lie"—

That he sat up all night with a poor sick friend, to the
best of his memory !

Like a fine young English gentleman, one of the pre-
sent time.

Then he goes back to his brother clerks, if nothing else
intervenes.

And they're neither quite as wise as judges, nor yet as
grave as deans ;

And a great deal is said about "flaring up," and "going
it like bricks and beans ;"

And they call each other "slap up trumps !" I'm told
the expression means

A fine young English gentleman, one of the present
time. ANONYMOUS (about 1845.)

THE OLD ENGLISH PUBLICAN.

I'LL sing you a song, a good old song, which I have sung
before,

About an English publican who lived in days of yore,
The bush then served him for a sign, with chequers at the
door,

His ale was fine, and choice his wine, of which he had
good store,

The fine old English publican, who served in olden
times.

Upon the hearth the fire then blaz'd with logs and roots
of trees,

The chimney corner held a score who sat round at their
ease ;

'Twas there the song and ale went round the social guests
to please,

'Till morning chimes bid them depart ; we'll ne'er see
times like these.

The fine, &c.

They brewed their ale and bak'd their bread, bacon on
the rack,

And poultry which the ale-wife fed, and flour in by the
sack :

Mine host then had his gun and dog, the fox or hare could
track,

And in his pouch when on the chase had malmsey, ale, or
sack,

The fine, &c.

You might then play a game at cards, could sing and
dance at ease,

Nor heeded an informer's dread, for such vile knaves dis-
please ;

And men could enjoy themselves, and might their fancies
please,

Nor could the taxman come as now, the landlord's purse
to squeeze.

The fine, &c.

You ne'er heard of excisemen then, and every house was
free ;

Nor paltry base informing men that seek for fine and fee :
No new beer shop, to guile the poor about the town you'd
see.

No tax on house or windows then, on spirits, or on tea.

The fine, &c.

I hope that all my brother bungs, residing in this land
May have long life and enjoy themselves, and all join hand
in hand

To put down the informing crew, who are all a base band,
And fearlessly, with heart and purse, against them make
a stand.

For the fine, &c.

ANONYMOUS (written about 1820.)

A FINE OLD HEAVY VILLAIN.

Oh, I'm a deep died villain of a somewhat bygone age,
When T. P. Cooke and N. T. Hicks were heroes of the
stage ;

Such heroes old playgoers vow they look for now in vain,
What thunders of applause in those old days I used to gain,

When a fine old heavy villain
Of the Drama's palmy days.

Now having rested silently for nearly fifty years,
The very Deep Red Rover for a short time reappears,
Although not quite so heavy pr'aps as in those days of yore,
He'll try to soothe the grief of those playgoers who deplore

All the fine old heavy villains
Of the Drama's palmy days.

Lines in "Deep Red Rover," an O'piratic burlesque, by
Westmacott Chapman.

THE FINE OLD COMMON COUNCILMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine new song at once, before it is too late,
Of a very Common-Councilman who's trembling for his
state,

Who guzzling at his hall comes out particularly great,
But whom his friends in early life forgot to educate,

Like a vulgar Common-Councilman, one of the present
time.

His wife so fine was hung about with feathers, lace, and
bows,

Contrived by city milliners, whose fashions no one knows,
And though she dropped her H's, yet she wore expensive
clothes,

And "wot's the hodds," she oft would say, "which way the money goes?"

Of this fine old Common-Councilman, all of the present time.

And when the Queen was to be seen he rushed into Guild-hall,

And took his wife, and his wife's aunt, and daughters, sons, and all.

And swore and push'd, perspired and crush'd, and fought his way about,

And showed his wife Prince Halbert, when desired to 'pint him hout,'

Did this fine old Common-Councilman, all of the present time.

Few names I wot, those guests had got, that England loves to claim,

But those the civic wards supplied did every bit the same, And figged-out dames with cheeks in flames, did on the throne entrench

Who could not well speak English, not to say a word of French,

Ncr those fine old Common Councilmen, all of the present time.

But "which there is," (as they would say) a paper called *The Times*,

Which drags up by the roots, all old abuses, cheats, and crimes;

And when its heavy ordnance soon was pointed at Guild-hall,

They quaked in dread, because they knew their power soon would fall,

Did these fine old Common-Councilmen, all of the present time.

And surely 'twill be better far, by universal frown, When following dirty Smithfield, they themselves should be put down,

Who are more vulgar than the most uneducated clown, And ought to feel at last, that they are not of much renown,

These fine old Common-Councilmen, all of the present time.

The Month. August, 1851.

A VARIETY OF VICARS.

LET us sing of a worthy type that is well-nigh out of date, Of the good old English Vicar, who, though small was his estate,

Did all he could the poor to aid and suffering to abate, And sought the cottage door more oft than the mansion of the great,

Like a good old English Vicar, one of the olden time !

He never made himself the priest of an exclusive creed ; His house was ever open wide to all that were in need ; And 'twas his joy to cheer the sick, the hungry one to feed ;

And little children by the hand with loving care to lead ; Like a good old English Vicar, one of the olden time !

He did not social honour seek, or church preferment crave, Nor did he let base lucre's love his kindly soul deprave, To his dear people his whole life most willingly he gave, And all the village when he died stood mourning round the grave

Of this good old English Vicar, one of the olden time !

But look at his successor now, a change most marked you'll see.

He is a very learned man who's gained a high degree, And who, expecting in due course that he'll a bishop be, Cares little for the humble folks who crave his ministry, Like a learned modern Vicar, one of the present time !

Shut in his study he essays some treatise to complete, And rarely do you see his form about the village street ; His voice is never heard, alas ! the toiling hind to greet, And at the bedside of the poor you never, never meet This learned, modern Vicar, one of the present time !

But even he is better than his neighbour, who, we find Forgetting that his Master was all merciful and kind ! And who when 'mongst the magistrates he proudly sits enshrined,

To stern and harsh severity's persistently inclined, Like a modern J.P. Vicar, one of the present time

He preaches charity, and bids all men forgive their foes, And yet, when on the bench next day, no sign of mercy shows ;

But far beyond the lay J.P.'s most eagerly he goes, To crushing sentences inflict, and cruel fines impose ; Like a modern J.P. Vicar, one of the present time !

The parish next to his as priest an Honourable can claim, Who that fat living holds because he bears his father's name ;

And who, the simple truth to tell, a clergyman became, Because too much obtuse to otherwise win fame ; Like the high-born modern Vicar, one of the present time !

Lawn-tennis is the only thing on which he seems intent, And he each week for half-a-crown from town has sermons sent—

That is, when at the vicarage, a rather rare event, For at his father's London house his time is mostly spent, Like a high-born modern Vicar, one of the present time !

* * * * *

Just now, these very varied types at least in this agree : They think their snug emoluments in jeopardy may be ; And rushing to the danger meet, which though far off they see,

They make their long-neglected flocks the pretext for their plea,

Like self-interested Vicars, all of the present time !

Be they Broad Church, or be they High, or Narrow they, or Low,

They all unite to hold their own against the common foe ; Their hearts 'twould seem, with one desire, with one high impulse glow,

Which animates the sermons which from all Church pulpits flow,

From these much-excited Vicars, all of the present time !

* * * * *

Too late is their anxiety the Church may long endure, In order that the masses may its services secure.

Too late have come these loud appeals for mercy for the poor,

From those whose one chief aim has been to make their own pay sure,

As grasping English Vicars, all of the present time !

* * * * *

(Seven verses omitted.)

Truth. November 5, 1885.

MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES.

My Nellie's eyes are blue,
 Hair of bright and golden hue,
 Like her eyes, her heart is true,
 My Nellie my own !
 Never reigned a queen more fair,
 Who with Nellie could compare,
 By her side my life I'd share,
 My Nellie my own !
 Ne'er was culled from nature's bower
 Half so sweet or rare a flower—
 With my Nellie hour by hour,
 My Nellie my own !

Chorus.

My Nellie's blue eyes,
 My Nellie's blue eyes,
 Bright as the stars that shine above,
 My Nellie's blue eyes.

* * * * *

The above is part of the original song which inspired Mr. Charles Coborn with the idea of one of the most popular parodies of modern times, *Two Lovely Black Eyes*.

TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES ;

or, No more Politics for me.

STROLLING so happy down Bethnal Green,
 This gay youth you might have seen,
 Tompkins and I with his girl between ;
 Oh, what a surprise !
 I praised the Conservatives frank and free,
 Tompkins got angry so speedilee,
 All in a moment he handed to me,
 Two lovely black eyes.

Chorus.

Two lovely black eyes,
 Oh what a surprise !
 Only for telling a man he was wrong,
 Two lovely black eyes.

Next time I argued I thought it best,
 To give the Conservative side a rest,
 The merits of Gladstone I freely pressed,
 When oh, what a surprise !
 The chap I had met was a Tory true,
 Nothing the Liberals right could do,
 This was my share of that argument too,
 Two lovely black eyes !

Chorus.

Two lovely black eyes,
 Oh what a surprise !
 Only for telling a man he was wrong,
 Two lovely black eyes.

The moral you've caught I can hardly doubt,
 Never on politics rave and shout,
 Leave it to others to fight it out,
 If you would be wise.
 Better, far better, it is to let
 Lib'rals and Tories alone, you bet,
 Unless you're willing and anxious to get
 Two lovely black eyes !

Chorus.

Two lovely black eyes,
 Oh, what a surprise !
 Only for telling a man he was wrong,
 Two lovely black eyes.

The music for this amusing song was arranged by Mr.

Edmund Forman, and it is published by Francis Eros, and Day, of Oxford Street, London.

"Two Lovely Black Eyes" created such a furore at the Trocadero Music Hall (formerly the Argyll Rooms) that it was christened "The Trocadero Anthem," and on February 8, 1887, *The Pall Mall Gazette* gave an account of the wild enthusiasm with which the singer was nightly received, and reported the following remarks, made by Mr. Coborn, as to the origin of the song.

"OH, WHAT A SURPRISE !"

"It was a fluke ; in fact, I may say 'a surprise.' Such things generally are. 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' is a parody of an American song of which the chorus is 'Nellie's Lovely Blue Eyes.' The air is the same, and had been sung in London by some lady vocalists, even at the Trocadero, long before I thought of it. I had an engagement at the Paragon in the Mile-end Road, and had to sing a new song one Saturday night. That was a Tuesday, I think. I hummed 'Nellie's Blue Eyes,' and thought the tune would catch them ; but I doubted about the 'blue' eyes. I thought they would appreciate 'black' more. So I got my chorus—'Two Lovely Black Eyes.' That is always my starting point. I had now to find my words. I was walking down Bethnal Green, thinking about it ; the elections were on at the time, and I turned it over. So I got the first line :—

'Strolling so happy down Bethnal Green,'

Who? Why,

'This gay youth you might have seen.'

You see, 'seen,' 'green?' Then you would naturally meet some one. I met Tompkins. I wanted a word to rhyme with 'seen' and 'green,' so I gave Tompkins a young lady :—

'Tompkins and I with his girl between.'

I had written 'Harry' at first, but it was too prosaic, so I changed it to Tompkins, which sounded funnier. Then I thought of the elections, and the rest followed easily. What more natural than that we should fall out, and that Tompkins should hand me 'two lovely black eyes'? That is how it grew. Here is the original which I wrote coming home in the train." And Mr. Coborn produced a little black-covered note-book, every page of which was covered with writing. Songs and scraps of dialogue and bits of street conversation which Mr. Coborn will introduce into his patter. "I have sung it about one thousand times in English, French, and German," and the popular comic gave me some samples. He is not a polyglottist, but he has a quick ear, and his accent is pronounced to be marvellous. Here are the French and German renderings :—

"Deux beaux yeux noirs,
 Oh ciel ! quel horreur,
 Seulement pour dire à quelqu'un qu'il a tort
 Deux beaux yeux noirs."

"Zwei Augen so schwarz,
 Ach, ist dass ein Spass?
 Gesagt hab' ich nur das er Unrecht gehabt,
 Zwei Augen so schwarz !"

"I propose to sing it in Hebrew and modern Greek. But the song has been a fluke right through its career. I thought it would suit the Paragon audiences (we must consider our public). I thought they would like the chorus. But when I came to the 'Trocadero' I was a little doubtful, thinking it might be too coarse. So I asked the conductor, and if he had said 'yes' I should have changed it at once. It is my principle rather to sacrifice a laugh, than to offend a prejudice."

OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

The popular Budget Ballad, sung with general rounds of applause at the St. Stephen's Music Hall, by the new Exchequer Startler, G. J. Goschen.*

Air—"Two Lovely Black Eyes."

Down at the House, in the days that have been,
This grave sage you might often have seen,
Harcourt and I, and the Chief between,
But oh, what a surprise!
I joined the Conservatives frank and free;
Gladstone got angry right speedilce,
All in a jiff to see G. J. G.
Rat to the To-ries.

Chorus.—I join the To-ries?

Oh, what a surprise!

Rads were all telling me G. J. was wrong
To join the To-ries.

When to resign Randolph thought it was best,
The Chancellorship upon me was press'd.
A humdrum Budget I feared, I confessed,

When oh, what a surprise!

A surplus I found; it was small, 'tis true,
Less than a million, but what did I do?
By a neat little dodge made it more than two!
That opened their eyes!

Chorus.—Revenue on the rise!

Oh, what a surprise!

Harcourt was dumbfounded, Churchill was dished;
Loud cheered the To-ries!

Didn't the Chaplinites hallo and shout?
Harcourt and others, of course, expressed doubt,
But the Tories may leave me to fight it out;
In that they'll be wise.

Cut down the Annual Charge on the Debt;
Penny off Income Tax—good bait, you bet,
Lib'ral or Tories, they're all glad to get
That little surprise.

Chorus.—Long it has been on the rise.

Ah! what a surprise!

Who will be telling G. J. he is wrong?
This is penny-wise!

Working men's 'baccy tax—give that a wipe,
Please the poor feeders on porter and tripe
Friend of the "Masses," put that in your pipe,—
Ain't that a surprise?

Fancy my Budget's a fine work of Art.
Randolph may sneer, shows he's feeling the smart.
'Tisn't so bad, eh, my friends?—for a start,
With my new allies.

Chorus.—Give 'em a fall, not a rise!

Oh! what a surprise!

As for Retrenchment—well that in the sweetest
Of "sweet By-and Byes!"

Punch, April 30, 1887.

UPROUSE YE THEN, MY MERRY MEN.

Gipsy Glee.

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,

The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.

The wildfire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.
Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos'd is every flower,
And waking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower;
Bewildered hinds, with shorten'd ken,
Shrink on their murky way,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as you may.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

A SEASONABLE GLEE.

(To be sung in bed on any Frosty day.)

WITH Cough and Cold to bed I've gone,
My boot is on the tree;*
The weather out of doors this morn

(With a shiver.)

Is cold as charity.

(With several shivers.)

Is co-o-o-o-old as charity.
The bright fire sparkles sparkles o'er the fen-
-der with its steel array-ay-ay,
-der-with its steel array,
-der with it's steel array.

(Shake with cold ad lib. Rings for the Servants.)

Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I'll not get up to-day;
Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men,
I'll not get up to-day.

Beneath the blankets full three deep
All snuggled up I cower,
All snuggled up I cower,
Above the counter-pane I peep
To see what is the hour,
To see what is the hour.
My watch I find says half-past ten,
Then dow-ow-own myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay,
Then down myself I lay.

(To the Footman.)

Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don't get up to-day;
Bring tea and toast, my merry merry men,
I don't get up to-day.

* Mr. Goschen proposed to reduce the Income Tax from 8d. to 7d. in the £, and to take off 4d. in the lb. from the duty on tobacco, a concession from which the consumer will not reap the smallest benefit.

* On the boot tree. This is a poetical intimation that the singer does not intend going out for a walk.

Some friends drop in to ask me "how
I am" (pray shut the door) ;
Drop in! Their frost is melting now,
And deluging the floor,
And de-lu-ging the floor!
"Get up!" No! no! I trust them when
They say 'tis an ice day,
They say 'tis an ice day,
They say 'tis an ice day,

I'll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may ;
I'll house me then, my merry merry men,
Abuse me as you may!

(*Turns in bed, and goes to sleep till dinner time.*)

Punch. January 16, 1864.

There was a short political parody, of the same song, in *Punch* for August 9, 1856, but it is now of no interest.

CHANT OF SMALL CRITICS.

In the Royal Academy.

THE Private Day and Feast are gone,
The public comes to see,
The poor Rejected grunt and groan.
Nor speak with charity.
The shillings flood the porter's den,
The Red Star sheds its ray,*
Uprouse ye, then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Now for the witticisms cheap,
That sting with knat-bite power :
The sentence based on hasty peep,
And visit of an hour :
Bewildered boobies (nine in ten)
Admire our sportive way :
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Who heeds the painter's saddened brow,
The wolf he keeps from door,
The pale wife's timid trust that, now,
His work shall swell their store ?
Let's scare his hope and chance again,
As boys pelt boys in play :
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
And slang him as ye may.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1867.

OUR OPENING DAY.

(*Trio and Chorus for the Political Huntsmen at St. Stephen's.*)

THE *Ins* and *Outs* from rest are back,
The Speaker's in his chair.
The talk-mill now resumes its clack,
As birds begin to pair.
The wild-fire quickens tongue and pen,
Wit's bow is strung to slay.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day!

Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

Both Whigs and Rads are wide awake,
Unclosed are Tory's eyes ;
The morning papers now will make
Less room for fads and lies.
Bewilder'd Cits through columns ten
Once more will plod their way ;
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day.

Chorus—Uprouse ye then, &c.

The *Cloture*'s power own we now
To silence faction's jaw ;
Pat shall not raise eternal row,
In spite of taste and law.
Home-legislation looms in ken,
England shall have *her* day.
Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And use it as as ye may!

Chorus :—

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men !
Uprouse ye then, I say !
Fill up your horns, and let the glen
Resound with echoes gay !
The hunt is up,
Brim high the cup,
Big game we'll bring to bay.
Uprouse ye then,
My merry, merry men,
It is our op'ning day!

Punch. February 17, 1883.

TO BE THERE.

Parody of a well-known Salvation Army Song.

Now I have been a warm 'un in my time,
I have drank and been in rows by the score,
But now I've given it up and signed the pledge,
And vowed that I would do so never more.
'Tis true that I have joined a goodly crew,
That never, hardly ever, say sware ;
The dark half-hours are nice, I've been in them once or
twice,
So I know what it is to be there.

When first I saw this very happy band,
They were singing hymns and preaching in the street,
A lady came and shook me by the hand,
And whispered words of piety so sweet ;
I squeezed her little fingers rather tight,
And tried to kiss her lovely face so fair,
But she said, if you will come to our sweet Salvation home,
You will know what it is to be there.

(*Chorus.*)—To be there, &c.

I very soon began to preach and prate,
And with the sisters played some funny pranks,
I was so good at nobbing with the plate,
They soon made me a Captain of the ranks ;
And often when our meetings were dispersed,
With Sister Jane I'd offer up a prayer,
I'd such a jolly spree, when she took me home to tea,
For I knew what it was to be there.

(*Chorus.*)—To be there, &c.

I'm troubled with a vixen for a wife,
And often sigh for liberty once more,
She leads me such a very wretched life,
And with the poker warms me on the floor ;

* A red star affixed to the frame, or picture, denotes that the picture is sold.—*Academy Catalogue*

She summoned me before the beak one day,
Who said I'd used her shamefully unfair,
Then he ordered me a spell, at the jail in Clerkenwell,
So I know what it is to be there!

(Chorus.)—To be there, &c.

Encore Verses.

I'm a most unlucky man, I am, indeed,
Misfortune's cup I've emptied to the dregs,
I've tried my best, but find I can't succeed,
And so at last I took to sucking eggs;
My uncle in the best friend that I've got,
He keeps a pawnshop close to Leicester Square,
And sometimes I drop in, when I'm rather short of tin,
For I know what it is to be there!

(Chorus.)—To be there, &c.

To Epsom I went down one Derby day,
And thought that I should have a jolly spree,
When a fellow came and wanted me to pay,
He said he backed the winning horse with me;
I told him I had never made a bet,
When a crowd got round and soon began to swear,
And when they tore my clothes, blacked my eyes, and broke
my nose,
Oh, I knew what it was to be there!

(Chorus.)—To be there, &c.

Written by C. A. Page. Composed by J. Iliffe. Published by Messrs. Francis Bros. & Day, 195, Oxford Street London.

THE TAILOR'S HOLIDAY.

A Parody of Jack's Yarn.

'Twas on a Monday morn, and the Tailor played the horn,
On which he'd been a blowing all the way;
He was sitting on a van, and out on the randan,
A going to Rye House to spend the day.
For a few hours free from strife, 'cos he'd got a nagging
wife,
But his plan to keep it quiet was in vain,
For a pal just for a game, went and told the Tailor's dame,
So she took her eighteenpenn'orth down by train.

Singing, Hilly holly ho, listen to my tale of woe,
Of this Tailor's dinner anniversary,
When every jolly snip, was enjoying of his trip,
Singing, Hilly holly hilly holly ho!

When the Tailor ceased to play, he was looking far from
gay.

He showed us where his face and neck were scored;
When we got to the Rye, the first thing we did spy,
Was his wife, and Holy Moses, how she jawed!
And then it was such fun, for to see the Tailor run,
Round the river bank, she in pursuit of he;
'Till at length she tripped and fell, in the water with a yell,
I reckon you'd a heard across the Lea.

(Chorus.)—Singing, &c.

Every man to this day brags, how long it took to find the
drags,
Tho' they hung near, and handy on a tree,
The drags not being found, of course the old girl drowned,
And so the poor old snip was free.
So here's good luck and life, to the man what drowned his
wife,
And so saved the heavy undertaker's fee.

All the dragging was in vain, she ne'er was seen again,
That's why there's good eel fishing in the Lea.

Singing, Hilly holly ho, listen to my tale of woe,
Of this Tailor's dinner anniversary,
When every jolly snip, was enjoying of his trip,
Singing, Hilly holly hilly holly ho!

—:o:—

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

I SING a doleful tragedy,—

Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the House of Lords,
The King, and all his Ministers;
That is, he would have blown them up,
(And folks will ne'er forget him,
His will was good to do the deed,—
That is, if they'd have let him!

Tow, row, row! tol di ridy, tol di ridy, tow, row, row!

He straightway came from Lambeth side,
And wished the State was undone,
And crossing over Vauxhall Bridge,
That way came into London:
That is, he would have come that way,
To perpetrate his guilt, sirs,
But a little thing prevented him—the bridge it wasn't built,
sirs!

Then sneaking through the dreary vault,
With portable gas light, sirs,
About to touch the powder train
At witching hour of night, sirs;
That is, I mean, he would have used
The gas, but was prevented,
'Cause gas, you see, in James's time,
It had not been invented!

Now, James, you know, was always thought
To be a very sly fox,
So, he bid 'em search th' aforesaid vault,
And there they found poor Guy Fawkes;
For that he meant to blow them up,
I think there's little doubt, sirs,
That is, I mean, provided he
Had not been found out, sirs.

And when they caught him in the fact,
So very near the Crown's end,
They straightway sent to Bow Street,
For that brave old runner, Townsend;
That is, they would have sent for him,
For fear he was no starter at,
But Townsend wasn't living then—
He wasn't born till after that!

So then they put poor Guy to death,
For ages to remember,
And boys now kill him once a year
In dreary dark November;
That is, I mean his effigy,
For truth is strong and steady,
Poor Guy, they cannot kill again,
Because he's dead already!

Then bless her gracious Majesty
And bless her royal son, sirs,
And may he never get blown up
(That is, if she gets one, sirs)

And if she does, I'm sure he'll reign,
 So prophecies my song, sirs,
 And if he don't, why then he won't,
 And so I can't be wrong, sirs !

(This version was written about 1840, but the original song is of a much earlier date.)

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

In the story of "Aladdin," sir, that veritable history,
 A certain downy dodger of a new Light made a mystery;
 And all for Peoples good, of course, his words were very
 bold ones.

The cry he gulled the Public with, was "New lamps for Old
 ones."

Buy—Buy—Buy, "New Lamps for Old Ones,"
 Buy—Buy—Buy.

Now, it wasn't out of love at all for darkness, poor humanity,
 He offered them New Lamps for Old Ones, but only out of
 vanity ;

That Arabian Mr. Cockrane, knew the value of the old one,
 And he thought a sounding one of *brass* might bring him in
 a gold one,

Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

So, even in the present day, in almost every nation,
 Designing knaves can profit by a "Brummagem" imitation,
 They cry out "Change, good people, change," around your
 dwellings hovering,
 And many are so fond of *change*, they cannot keep a
Sovereign.

Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

Here, Agitators bawl "Free Trade," while others shout
 "Protection."

"The Suffrage," and every week a General Election ;
 With many other Party cries, my metaphors are bold ones,
 But the principle is all the same, it's "New Lamps for Old
 ones."

Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

Conservatives "to the Country" cry out "New Lamps for
 Old Ones ;"

They put the Whig small candles *out*, and introduced their
 mould ones ;

But the blessed Lights in Downing Street don't much
 improve the business,

They only splutter, and *waste* away, with a dismal, dizzy
 dizziness.

Buy—Buy—Buy,
 "New Lamps of Derby and Disraeli, buy—buy."

In France long for a new Lamp they were in darkness
 plunging,

So they threw away a *Louis** for a brass one from a dungeon.
 But as for any Light it gives, more t'other, though aspiring,
 It just serves the Bill Sykes Emperor† for *Cooking* and for
Firing.

Buy—Buy—Buy,
 The counterfeit, brass Strasburg Lamp out will
 soon die.

In Rome they rose en-masse one day, and *Pious* Nino
 goosed, too ;

The wily Pontiff said such a *mass* he wasn't used to ;
 He "stepped it," and their New Lamp for awhile flared up
 quite glittering,

But the French soon put it out, and the Pope's old Lantern
 lit again.

Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

About Australian "Diggins" Agitators they keep crying,
 "New Lamps for Old Ones," and thousands them are
 buying ;

But oh, beware, or else you'll find, as Jason did in Greece,
 Sir,

You're ruined *Muttons* after all, all through the *Golden fleece*,
 Sir.

Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

In a country which you all know well, close to the one that
 we're in,

They bawled "New Lamps for Old Ones," to all who were
in hearing (Erin) ;

They bought the Lamp up eagerly, from men so much
 distinguished.

But it only kept alight a week, and then it was extinguished.
 Buy—Buy—Buy, &c.

Now, of course you've got a right to change your ancient
 gold for glitter,

But which is best, a steady Light, or one that can but
 glitter,

And die away, till in the dark, you find you're but a sold
 one ?

So unless you're sure it's a better one, why, never change
 the old one.

Don't—Buy—Buy,
 "New Lamps for Old Ones" of Meddlers never buy.

J. A. HARDWICK. About 1852.

THE UNCONSCIOUS GUY FAWKES ; OR, IN THE WRONG CELLAR.

(On the Marquis of Salisbury and the Franchise Bill.)

I SING a song of foolishness, of GUY FAUX, chief of sinisters,
 Who fain would blow the Commons up, the PREMIER and
 his Ministers :

That is, he piles combustibles as he were game to do it ;
 Let's hope he'll be prevented, or he'll be the first to rue it.

A sort of GUIDO FAUX *pour rire* he seems for all his swag-
 gering,

Displaying boylike rashness that to thoughtful men is
 staggering,

That is, it would be staggering, and Statesmen wiser,
 truer rile,

But that he's played so many games, and most of them so
 puerile.

Although he's bearded like the pard, and looks all fierce
 virility,

At least as a Conspirator he shows some juvenility.
 That is, the juvenility of urchins who complacently

Will let off squibs and crackers when combustibles adja-
 cent lie.

If you should call him GUY FAUX, he'd deny it quite
 indignantly.

None could regard the House of Lords more fondly and
 benignantly.

That is, whilst they will follow him ; and any plans
 explosive

About *them* he'd repudiate with invective most corrosive.

* Louis Phillippe. † Napoleon III.

But there's a horrid Incubus, a Demogorgon hideous,
Who dominates the country by his blandishments perfidious.

That is, he artfully pretends that he the country dominates,
Though everybody—more or less—his rigid rule abominates.

His crafty head to blast from him and skyward swiftly send it sure,
Would justify, in gunpowder, a very large expenditure.
That is, if some perchance might shrink from sheer decapitation,
At least to blow him from his seat would gratify the Nation.

And so—and so, to mine below the Commons-swaying throne of him,
Might end at least in bursting up the power overblown of him.

That is, the game is worth a try, and—well—if not a bit of him.
Remain to tell the dreadful tale, the Commons are well quit of him.

The stars in their calm courses may be confidently trusted
To fight against this Lucifer until his rule is "busted."
That is, one might feel confidence in influences stellar,
But our poor unconscious Guy Faux has got *into the wrong cellar!*

It is the House of Lords, alas! that he is mining under,
And it and he will presently go up in flame and thunder,
That is, they *may* in flame go up, if Guy Faux do not falter;
But we'll hope at the last moment his explosive plan he'll alter,

Punch. November 8, 1884.

A BRADLAUGH BALLAD.

I SING a comic-tragedy,
Of Bradlaugh, Anti-Royalist,
Who once dethroned Victoria,
And stamped out every loyalist;
That is, he would have changed our rule,
That folks might ne'er forget him,
His will was good to do the deed,
That is—if they'd have let him.

With his bow, wow, wow,
B. the Bashful at the helm,
The Queen B. at the prow.

He marched his mob to Palace Yard,
Stalked right up to the Speaker,
Prostrated all the Treasury Bench,
Turned Brand into a squeaker;
That is, he fully meant to make
This brilliant *coup de grace*, sir,
But Bobbies don't like rowdies,
So they wouldn't let him pass, sir,
With his row, row, row.

He laid about him with the mace,
Sent statesmen sprawling left and right,
Then rushed and popped beneath the Throne
A ha'pennyworth of dynamite;
That is, he would have blown 'em up
(In metaphor, I mean, sir)
If Northcote had helped Gladstone's trick,
But he wasn't quite so green, sir.
Not just now—ow—ow.

When he'd made the Peerage disappear,
The Queen an abdicator,
He made the Chanc'llor his cashier,
And dubbed himself Dictator;
Thought he, if Dilke or Chamberlain,
Or Bright can turn "Court flunkey,"
There's something in't,—but hopelessness
Of winning made him funky.

Bow—ow—ow.

He gave himself the Church's spoils,
Crown lands to the Residuum,
Re-named our loved Victorian Realm,
The Republic of Besantium;
That is, he would this tribute pay,
To woman's worth and station,
But the People's will did sore confound
This moral combination.
Somehow—ow—ow.

And as for those Allegiance Oaths,
Let them remain he wouldn't;
The poor must have no children,
Because Malthus said they shouldn't;—
That is, he thought it just as well
The Statute Books to wipe out,
But Gladstone's lot cold-shouldered him,
And Juries put his pipe out,
And his yow—ow—ow.

He confiscated all the wealth,
That spoiled the upper classes,
But did not share it with his mob,
Whom he somehow called "the-m-asses;"
That is, he feared that lucre might
Pollute the people's mind, sir,
But then he never got the power,
Pooh! nothing of the kind, sir.
Bow—ow—ow.

And so, of ill-got property,
The rich he'd disencumber,
To secure the greatest benefit
For the greatest number;
That is, he'd thus have ruled the folk,
If they hadn't said "Begone, sir!"
For they guessed his greatest number might
Perhaps, be Number One, sir,
With his bow, wow, wow, sirs.
You can't make silken purses from
The best ears of a sow, sirs.

Blasts from Bradlaugh's own Trumpet, by ION. London: Houlston & Sons.

A DAMP WATER PARTY.

I SING a doleful tragedy that gives one quite a shiver, sir,
All of a water party that once sail'd upon a river, sir,
That is, they would have sailed on it, if there they'd
chanced to get, sir;
But the rain came down in torrents, and the river was
quite wet, sir!

Oh! dear, oh!

Now, wasn't this a stop to all their row, row, row?

At Where-was-it this party was, and there, at many tea-
tables,
The guests were gathered in a tent, intent upon the
eatables;

That is, they would all have been out on the verdant
grass, sir,
But al-fresco luncheons ain't the thing when the rain comes
in your glass, sir !

Oh ! dear, oh ! &c.

Upon the table there was set each kind of cake and
custard,
And every dish that cooks have e'er invented there was
mustered ;
That is, there would have been had they been laid within
the house, sir,
But the rain converted every dish, and turned it into
"souse," sir !

Oh ! dear, oh ! &c.

Good things abounded on all sides, and every kind of
wine was there,
And empty bottles prov'd that many a votary of the vine
was there ;
That is, they would have proved so if the wine they'd
chanced to get, sir,
But Teetotallers got water, the rest had "heavy wet,"
sir !

Oh ! dear, oh ! &c.

And when champagne had brought real joy, and all the
lunch was ended,
They look'd up at the bright blue sky, and said, "The
weather's splendid !"
That is, they would have said so, but—to use a vulgar
name, sir—
The blue was all a "blue look out," and the weather was
the same, sir !

Oh ! dear, oh ! &c.

* * * * *

(Three verses omitted.)

And so all things were turned to fun, and dancing closed
the night, sir,
And music played, and hearts were light, and eyes were
shining bright, sir ;
So long may water parties reign, and always have fine
weather, sir,
To shine upon the company that there have met
together, sir,

So, be it so,
For then they may take boats and barge, and Row, row,
row !

From *Medley* ; by Cuthbert Bede, author of *Verdant
Green*. London : J. Blackwood.

HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

THE question for the country now is no mere choice of
Ministers,
'Twixt Liberals and Conservatives, the Dexters 'gainst
the Sinisters,
A party warfare waging, with designs and dodges
tactical.
Within the sphere of Politics, which common minds call
practical.

Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Home Rule's at most a moiety of a measure far more
national,
The uppermost in every mind that's sensible and rational
A measure to eradicate the vice of inebriety,
By interdicting liquors to all classes of Society.

Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Needs must Home Rule for Ireland be domestic legis-
lation,
Laid down on Father Mathew's lines to pacify the
nation ;

'Twould Irishmen from whiskey wean, on thin drink
strictly diet 'em,
And let them have no more potheen ! which possibly
might quiet 'em.

Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Electors, in this crisis you've a splendid opportunity,
For the only Cause of consequence to all of the com-
munity.

Vote for no candidate, whose line in politics a fad I call ;
But poll for the Teetotaller, Conservative or Radical.

Bow-wow-wow, &c.

Home Rule the United Kingdom craves, that claim of its
Alliance is

The only thing to care about—therein our sole affiance is.
None other do we want to press on Parliament's adoption
Home Rule for every parish, Universal Local Option.

Bow-wow-wow, &c.

unch. July 10, 1886.

THE G.O.M. FOX.

I SING about a Grand Old Man, whom everybody knows,
sir,

Who once disjoined the Emerald Isle from us, her
"foreign" foes, sir ;

That is, I mean, he would have given her "National"
authority,

But for the fact that he for once was not with the majority.

Bow, wow, wow !

What's the good of barking when it's all done now ?

He summoned all the Cabinet, and there in consultation,
His colleagues helped him form the bill to bring before the
nation ;

That is, he might have sought their aid, for most of them
are 'cute, sir,

Had he not planned and settled all himself to save dispute,
sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then fifty million pounds he raised to buy the landlords out,
sir,

And England—it is she who pays—there's not the slightest
doubt, sir ;

That is, we should have had to pay the bill if nothing
stopped it,

But, fortunately just in time, the Grand Old Man he
dropped it.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

And now his plébiscite has brought him once more into
power,

All Liberals and Radicals united like a tower ;

That is, the fight would thus have turned, and have been
from the starting won

But for his lack of openness—and Chamberlain and
Hartington.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

JOHN LOWRESS.

The Weekly Dispatch. July 4, 1886.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Recitative.

ORYNTHIA, my beloved, I call in vain!
Orynthia! Orynthia! echo hears and calls again,
A mimic voice repeats the name around,
And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.

Air.

A hermit who dwells in the solitudes cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the mountain I press'd;
The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
And proffered his cell as a mansion of rest.
Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love,
For the pilgrim of love, for the pilgrim of love,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thine head;
The juice of ripe muscadell flows in my glasses,
And rushes fresh pulled for siesta are spread.
Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love,
For the pilgrim of love, for the pilgrim of love,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

BLOWSABEL.

Recitative.

OH! Blowsabel! my detested, you call in vain,
Oh! Blowsabel! echo hears and squalls again;
Her horrid voice repeats my name around,
And with her bawling all the streets resound.

Air.

A landlord who kept a snug liquor-shop pass'd me,
As flurried and hot I up Summer Hill pressed;
The knowing one smiled as he stayed to accost me,
And proffered his crib for a glass and a rest.
Oh! no, jolly father, I will not, I vows,—
No rest but the grave from the tongue of my spouse.

Yet, tarry, my son, till your wife's fury passes,
The "George and the Dragon" shall shelter thy head;
My whiskey is good, and full measure my glasses,
If fuddled too soon you shall share half my bed;
No, no, jolly father, I will not, I vows,—
No rest but the grave from the tongue of my spouse.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster*. Dublin.

(The same volume contains another parody, entitled *Raw Lobsters*, which is vulgar, and not funny.)

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

Recitative.

ANGELINA, my chickabiddy!
I calls upon Angelina! Angelina!
A bobby hears, and says "Move on!"
His comic voice repeats the name around,
And with "Angelina" all the streets resound!

Air.

A damsel there dwells in a court down in Stepney,
In disgraceful apparel she ever is drest,
This fair one I lov'd and I asked her to have me,
Oh! have me sweet gender, and I shall be blest!

Ah! nay, courteous masculine, the dear one replied,
"This virgin don't mean to be not no man's bride."
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure for consumption, nor the victim of love.

Yet stay, scrumptious maid, like a beautiful Queen,
You shall dress in fine calico, silks, laces and shawls,
You shall ever wear the *thingamys* and your dear crinoline
Shall be three times as big as the dome of Saint Pauls;
"Ah! nay, simple Simon, she answered so cool,
I'd rather keep single than amalgamate with a fool,
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure for dislocation of the vertebrae, nor the
victim of love.

Angelina! said I, "put an end to my woes,
My buzzum's a busting, nay, cut me not short,"
But all that she did was to turn up her nose,
And wagging her tail she then waltz'd down the court.
Like a blighted young flower expire I shall,
For I'd cast my infections on that there young gal,
So I'm the victim of love, I'm the victim of love,
There's no cure but extinction for the victim of love.

Written expressly for Mackney, the comic singer, by
G. W. Hunt, and published by J. Bath, Berners Street,
London.

THE SONG OF THE SEEDY COMMON-COUNCILLOR
AFTER A WEEK'S FESTIVITIES.

A DOCTOR who dwells in my neighbourhood crossed me,
As, seedy and queer, to my office I pressed;
The able man paused on his way to accost me,
And proffered advice that would give me some rest.
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

"Yet tarry, my friend, till this sad attack passes;
I'll send you some pills to relieve your aching head
The juice of the grape must not flow in your glasses,
And rush fast away from the most tempting spread."
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation, for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

Punch. July 3, 1886.

PADDY FLINN!

Recitative.

OCH, Judy, my sweet darling, I bawl in vain
Judy! dear Judy! I'm wet through quite with rain
The dirty children mock me all around
And with 'dear Judy' does each pig styte sound!

Air.

Tim Murphy, who dwells by the Cow and worsted stocking,
I met near the bog at the end of the town;
He swore by the powers, I desarved a dacent knocking,
He was after knocking me *up*, but I knocked the varmint
down.
'Och, now Patrick,' said he, what is it you'd be at?
Faith said I, you would get round me, but ye see I've laid
ye flat,
And remember when to Judy's you betake yourself again,
There's sure to be a bating for the foe of Paddy Flinn.

So I wished him better luck, and left the spalpeen sprawling,
And hastened to you, Judy, wid a heart of love so true :—
Then listen to your Paddy, while his tender tale he's tawling,
In this hard shower to let me stand, sure's very hard in you.
But see the door is open'd, so I'll boldly venture in,
Here's bad luck and better manners to the foes of Paddy
Flinn. J. W. BURDEN.

THE PILGRIM OF HATE.

(A popular song, sung by Mr. Chamberlain in Scotland and elsewhere.)

Recitative.

CHAMBERLAIN, my beloved !— he calls in vain.
Chamberlain ! Echo hears and calls again.
A grand old voice repeats the name around,
And with J. Chamberlain Scotland's hills resound.

Air.

A Hermit who dwells down at H-w-rd-n had crossed me,
As wayward and proud up Fame's mountains I pressed ;
The aged man feared from his staff he had lost me,
And offered—a sell !—in his Cabinet rest.
“Ah ! nay, Grand Old Hand, I would far rather wait ;
No rest, save at top, for the Pilgrim of Hate.”

“Yet tarry, my Son, till my H. R. Bill passes ;
Let's bow to the League and Parnell, its great head.
You'll not leave the Masses and vote with the Classes ?
Come in, take your seat. Reform's banquet is spread.”
“Ah ! nay, Grand Old Hand, I'm not caught with *that*
bait.
No rest under *you* for the Pilgrim of Hate.”

Punch. April 30, 1887.

—:O:—

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high Churchman I was,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance ;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional conformists base,
I damned their moderation,
Although the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost every day abjured,
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant Succession ;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :
For in my faith and loyalty ;
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

“The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire,” says D'Israeli, in his “*Curiosities of Literature*,” was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth. He was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed with being a turn-coat, and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied : “Not so, neither ; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray.”

In a note in Nichols' *Select Poems*, 1782, vol. viii., p. 234, it is stated that *The song of the Vicar of Bray* “is said to have been written by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment, in the reign of King George the First. It is founded on an historical fact ; and though it reflects no great honour on the hero of the poem, is humourously expressive of the complexion of the times, in the successive reigns from Charles the Second to George the First.

As to the name of this famous Vicar there are several theories. According to one authority, “Pendleton, the celebrated Vicar of Bray,” became rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in the City of London, in the reign of Edward VI. But in a letter from Mr. Brome, to Mr. Rawlins, dated June 14, 1735, he says, “I have had a long chase after the Vicar of Bray. Dr. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, takes no notice of him, I suppose he knew not his name. I am informed it was *Simon Alleyn* or *Allen*, who was Vicar of Bray about 1540, and died 1588, so was Vicar of Bray nearly fifty years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take.”

Camden, in his *Britannia*, says of Alleyn : “This is he of whom is the proverb, ‘The Vicar of Bray still.’” The song however, refers to an entirely different period, commencing in the reign of Charles II. and lasting until “the illustrious House of Hanover.” There was a Vicar of Bray, unknown to fame, who was vicar during the exact period covered by the song. His tombstone is in the centre aisle of Bray Church, and its record is that his name was Francis Carswell, that he was chaplain to Charles II. and James II., Rector of Remenham and Vicar of Bray forty-two years, and that he died in 1709:

THE COURT CHAPLAIN.

WHEN Pitt array'd the British arms,
 To check the Gallic ferment,
 I spread the regicide alarms,
 And so I got preferment ;
 To teach my flock I never miss'd,
 "Reform is revolution,
 "And damn'd are those that do assist
 "To mend a Constitution."
 And this is law, I will aver,
 Tho' stiff-neck'd fools may sneer, sir,
 Whoe'er may be the Minister,
 I'll be the Chaplain here, sir.

When gentle Sidmouth sway'd the Crown
 And peace came into fashion,
 The lust of war I hooted down,
 And puff'd pacification.
 I vow'd the papists were agreed
 To burn all honest men, sir :
 And Methodism had been my creed—
 But Pitt came in again, sir,
 And this is law, &c.

When Grey and Grenville made the laws
 For Britain's tol'rant nation,
 I took the cudgels for the cause
 Of transubstantiation.
 The Articles I made a joke,
 (Finding I should not need 'em :)
 And, Afric's fetters being broke,
 E'en grew a friend to Freedom.
 And this is law, &c.

When Perceval advised our King,
 (The Church of England's glory)
 My conscience was another thing,
 For I had turn'd a Tory :
 I cursed the Whigs, no more in place ;
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And swore they shook the Church's base,
 By sinful toleration.
 And this is law, &c.

Now that the Ministry relent,
 And Erin's sons look big, sir,
 I feel a soft'ning sentiment,
 Which makes me half a Whig, sir.
 And thus preferment I procure,
 In each new doctrine hearty—
 Alike extol, neglect, abjure,
 Pope, King, or Bonaparte.
 At least 'tis law, &c.

The now prevailing politics,
 The now administration,
 On these allegiance do I fix—
 While they can keep their station :
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 To Liverpool and Castlereagh,
 Until the times shall alter.

For thus I safely may aver,
 However fools may sneer, sir,
 That whoso be the Minister,
 I must be Chaplain here, sir.

From *Posthumous Parodies*. London : John Miller. 1814.

WHO'S YOUR RATTER ? *

IN Mr. Gladstone's powerful days,
 When Tories were a faction,
 We used his every word to praise,
 And glorify each action.
 To teach our readers we ne'er miss'd,
 Their William was perfection,
 And traitors those who dared resist,
 Or move his bill's rejection !
 But this the law is we'll maintain,
 Until it cease to pay, sir,
 That whatsoever party reign,
 We'll still on the strong side bray, sir !

The People's William lost his place,
 And Dizzy was victorious ;
 The Tories we had called so base
 Replaced the Liberals glorious.
 But soon we found 'twould never do
 To still support the latter ;
 We'd vow'd to do so, it is true,
 But still that did not matter.
 For this the law is we'll maintain,
 Until it cease to pay, sir,
 That whatsoever party reign,
 We'll still on the strong side bray, sir !

And see how well our "ratting" pays,
 For Ministers are grateful,
 And from their table drop some scraps
 Enough to fill a plateful.
 And when we up back stair-ways creep,
 To Salisbury see, or Dizzy,
 They rarely kick us down again,
 Unless they're *very* busy.
 So this the law is we'll maintain,
 Until it cease to pay, sir,
 That whatsoever party reign,
 We'll still on the strong side bray, sir !

Another fight will soon begin,
 And p'rhaps, as some allege, sir,
 The Liberals will th' elections win,
 In that case we must hedge, sir.
 For should the Tories have to yield,
 They would no further use be ;
 Oh, wouldn't my Lord Beaconsfield
 Rare subject for abuse be !
 For this the law is we'll maintain,
 Until it cease to pay, sir,
 That whatsoever party reign,
 We'll still on the strong side bray, sir !

Truth Christmas Number. 1879.

BRADLAUGH'S BRAY.

IN good Victoria's palmy days,
 When Chartism was prating,
 I joined the Democratic craze,
 And practised stump orating.
 To teach my mob I never missed
 That King-made law is bad law,
 And damn'd be all who dare resist
 The rise of righteous Bradlaugh.
 For this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That over Parliament I'll reign,
 Or there'll be the devil to pay, sir.

* Alluding to the complete and sudden change in the political creed of *The Daily Telegraph*. (London.)

When first my stump career began,
 Rank heresy I spouted,
 Belief in God as Lord of man,
 As lunacy I scouted.
 Disguised as great "Iconoclast,"
 In wrangling I waxed foxy,
 Blew my own trumpet's brazen blast,
 And started my new 'doxy.

For this is THE true faith, I swear,
 Nor dare to say me nay, sir,
 Believe in Bradlaugh, Cromwell's heir,
 And for his triumph bray, sir.

But finding Atheists weak and thin,
 I sought a higher mission,
 And found much greater profit in
 The vending of sedition.
 Though mobs can't think, they shun a bore,
 They love a bright variety,
 Which proved to me my forte was more
 For politics than piety.

So this is law I do declare,
 In this my trying day, sir,
 That none shall judge me by my acts,
 Nor yet by what I say, sir.

So down with Kings and Queens and Priests,
 And Church and State and Pensions,
 And up with Dilke's Republic, and
 My grand Freethought Conventions;
 Saints Malthus, Knowlton, Besant—these
 Are lights this dark world's needing,
 So up with population checks,
 And down with all good breeding.
 For if this had but been the law
 In my good father's day, sir,
 One nuisance less of print and jaw,
 Had not now blocked the way, sir.

Sometimes a nation's destiny
 By cobbler's wax-end hangs, sir,
 I found myself an M.P. by
 M.P. rical harangues, sir,
 And though my "lay" was strong and bold,
 (For "takings" flowed in thereby)
 The Crown I'd cursed—I'll now uphold,
 The Book I'd scorned I'll swear by!

For this should be the law, I say,
 And shall do to my grave, sir,
 A man may swear his soul away,
 His path to power to pave, sir.

Now to our Gracious Queen, her Heir,
 And Protestant succession.
 To each I will allegiance swear
 (While they can keep possession),
 So now, sweet Commons! hear my prayer,
 Have pity on my grievin',
 Please let me on that Bible swear
 By Him I don't believe in.

And when I'm Lord Protector, sir,
 I'll make the law to be, sir,
 That whatso'er a man shall swear,
 His conscience shall be free, sir.

From *Blasts from Bradlaugh's own Trumpet*. By ION.
 London, Houlston & Sons.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

WHEN bluff King Hal grew tired of Kate,
 And sued for his divorce, sir,
 He cast about, and found in us
 His willing tools, of course, sir.
 What for her grief? We laughed at that,
 And left her in the lurch, sir,
 While every one of us grew fat
 By plunder of the Church, sir.

To hold a candle to Old Nick
 Has ever been our way, sir,
 And still we'll play the self-same trick,
 So long as it will pay, sir.

Two other queens that underwent
 "The long divorce of steel," sir—
 Do you suppose that e'er we wept,
 Or for their fate did feel, sir?
 We only sought to please the King,
 And his worst wishes further;
 And gaily did our order join
 In each judicial murder.

For us no trick was e'er too base,
 No crime too foul to shock, sir,
 Nor innocence availed to save
 E'en women from the block, sir.

When Mary came with fire and stake
 Poor pious folks to kill, sir,
 No single protest did we make,
 But let her work her will, sir;
 But when the Church reclaimed her lands,
 And looked for smooth compliance,
 We quickly raised our armed bands
 And gave her bold defiance.

Thus did the Queen her error learn,
 To think (how gross the blunder!)
 That, though we let her rack and burn,
 We'd e'er restore our plunder.

Elizabeth, the mighty Queen,
 We quailed beneath her frown, sir,
 With nought but fear and hate for one
 So worthy of the crown, sir.
 As abject traitors round her throne
 We fulsome homage paid her,
 Though more than half of us were known
 To plot with the invader.

To her for ducal coronets
 We never were beholden;
 To us the days of "Good Queen Bess"
 Were anything but "golden."

When slobbering James of coin was short,
 He baronets invented,
 And to creating lords for gold
 Right gladly he consented;
 A handsome "tip" was all he asked
 To make you duke or lord, sir—
 No question ever of your worth,
 'Twas what you could afford, sir.

To be a peer, "your grace," "my lord,"
 O, Lord! how fine it sounded!
 And thus, by shelling out of cash,
 Were noblest houses founded.

When Charles the First, the public right
 To crush but now applies him,
 And willing help he gets from us;
 As friends we stand beside him.

His acts of tyranny and fraud
Scarce one of us opposes—
The fine, the prison, or the whip,
Or slitting people's noses.

To curb the tyrant of his will
Was no way in our line, sir,
All human rights were forfeited,
And merged in "Right Divine," sir.

The Second Charles just suited us,
We joined his lewd carouses,
And concubines became the source
Of many ducal houses.
And, as reward of services
That history rarely mentions,
You still enjoy the privilege
Of paying us the pensions ;

And this we swear, by all that's blue,
Despite that prudes cry "Hush, sir !
That whatsoever we may do
You'll never find us blush, sir.

In James's Court we flourished still ;
Like sycophants we vied, sir ;
To be a royal mistress formed
Our daughters' highest pride, sir ;
For Whigs though tortures were devised,
Their legs with wedges broke, sir,
We ate and drank, and laughed and played,
But ne'er a word we spoke, sir.

For mingled cruelty and wrong
We never did upbraid him ;
But when a *paying* chance came round,
Right quickly we betrayed him.

When William came, with righteous rule,
We proved but glum consenters ;
The King we deemed was but a fool,
To tolerate Dissenters ;
Whilst on his part his Majesty
Distrusted us with reason,
For 'gainst our chosen lord and king
We still kept plotting treason.

And so against all righteous things
We've struggled from the first, sir,
To vex and thwart the better kings,
And sided with the worst, sir.

In reign of Anne, 'twas one of us,*
Gave notice to the foe, sir,
Against his port and arsenal
We aimed a warlike blow, sir ;
And thus were lost, in dire defeat,
Eight hundred sailors bold, sir—
But what of that, when France's bribe
Our "noble duke" consoled, sir ?

Betrayal of the State's designs
By this colossal traitor—
What wonder now the lordlings praise
His humble imitator !

With George the Third it was essayed
To purge our code from blood, sir,
But we the arm of mercy stayed,
Its efforts all withstood, sir ;
To hang for e'en a paltry theft—
Though tempted sore by hunger—
Was God's own justice, so it seemed
To every boroughmonger.

And so poor wretches, one or more,
At every fair or wake, sir,
Performed "the dance without a floor,"
Our thirst for blood to slake, sir.

Yet had the self-same laws been tried
On us without distinction,
Their action surely had implied
The peerage's extinction.
But while the gallows we upheld,
"Offence's gilded hand," sir,
Had all our lordly acres swelled
With thefts of common land, sir.

While wicked prizes thus we claw,
And justice shove aside, sir
"Not 'gainst the law, but by the law,"
Has ever been our guide, sir.

When Pitt the Irish Parliament
Resolved to bring to London,
He had to buy their peer's consent
Or else his scheme was undone,
So English coronets galore
Were scattered through their tribe, sir,
Besides a million pounds or more—
Their stipulated bribe, sir.

And by this opportunity
They drove their dirty trade, sir,
To show to all posterity
How lords and dukes are made, sir.

When Wesleyans and Baptists, too,
For right of education,
At public universities
Did press their application,
'Twas we their just demand refused—
Denied their common right, sir,
And all our special powers abused
To gratify our spite, sir.

When Jews to sit in Parliament
Had duly been elected,
'Twas we kept shut the Commons' door,
Their right to vote rejected.

On Railway Bills our conduct calls
For no detailed narration ;
No line could pass our lands without
Outrageous compensation.
Like gorging vultures at the feast,
Our greed surpassed all bounds, sir,
Our blackmail figured, at the least,
One hundred million pounds, sir,
Of pay-triotism we'll never tire,
For it we'll live and die, sir,
And, if the reason you inquire.
We spell it with a *y*, sir.

In reason's name or righteousness,
You vainly may reprove us,
For scorn, contempt, and threats possess
The only power to move us.
To mutilate, reject, delay,
Obstruct whene'er we dare it,
We'll persevere in our old way
So long as you will bear it.

Of this be sure, until that day
Such things shall ne'er be mended,
Till million voices join to say,
"The House of Lords is ended !"

C. F.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

There was another short parody of the same song in *The Weekly Dispatch* of August 24, 1884. It also was directed against the House of Lords, and concluded:—

“So bend and mend, proud peers, or end
In signal dissolution.”

THE NEW VICAR OF BRAY.

(Mr. Gladstone *Loquitur*.)

In good King William's peaceful reign, when loyalty no
harm meant,
A zealous Tory then was I, and showed no small discernment;
To teach the crowd I never failed, that Tories were appointed
To save the King and Church and State from rebels un-
annointed.

And this is law I will maintain unto
my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever parties reign still I'll
in office stay, sir.

When Peel at length assumed the reins, and Free Trade
came in fashion,
Protective laws I hooted down, as hurtful to the nation.
The Treasury Bench I found would fit full well my Con-
stitution;
And there I first began to air my matchless elocution.

And this is law, &c.

When Palmerston took things in hand to ease a Nation's
grievance,
With this new wind I steered about, and swore to him
allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke, set conscience at a distance,
Sent Derby to the right about, and laughed at all
resistance.

And this is law, &c.

When Disraeli began to shine, and seemed to dim my
glory,
A downright Liberal I became, and grew to hate a Tory.
The Whigs began to look askance; I scouted moderation,
And held my own in spite of all by much prevarication.

And this is law, &c.

When Chamberlain came on the stage, with precepts
Communitic,
I joined the crowd with him and Dilke, and other folks
deistic.
Propped up by them I kept my place and promised less
taxation;
Then straight sent up the Income Tax, and went for
confiscation,

And this is law, &c.

When Salisbury and Churchill came I made out at a
glance, sir,
That Parnell and his motley crew were now my only
chance, sir;
So now for Home Rule straight I go, unheeding revolution,
And fondly hope before I die to smash the Constitution,

And this is law I will maintain unto
my dying day, sir—

That whatsoever parties reign I will
in office stay, sir.

S. H.

The Globe. March 24, 1886.

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn:
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of my song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, chevvy!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Hark! hark! tantivy!
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland wilds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
The game is roused, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag; the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase;
Alike the gen'rous sportsman burns,
To win the blooming fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
They each become his care.
With a hey, ho, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

THIS DAY A STAG MUST DIE.

(An imitation of "Old Towler.")

THE op'ning morn dispels the night,
Her beauties to display,
The sun breaks forth, in glory bright,
And hails the new-born day;
Diana like, behold me then
The silver arrow wield,
And call on horses, dogs, and men,
Arise, and take the field.
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward tantivy!
Arise, bold hunters, cheerly rise,
This day a stag must die.

O'er mountains, valleys, hills, and dales,
The fleet-foot coursers fly,
Nor heed whate'er the sport assails,
Resolved a stag shall die!
Roads, trees, and hedges seem to move,
Such joys does hunting yield;
While Health a handmaid deigns to prove,
When huntsmen take the field.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Thus virgins are by man pursued,
And beauty made his aim,
'Till, by his wily craft subdued,
He hunts for other game;
And since e'en life is but a race
We run till forced to yield;
Yo, ho, tantivy, join the chase,
Arise, and take the field.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

SONG OF THE MATCHMAKING MAMMA.

BRIGHT chandeliers the room adorn,
Each thing's arranged with care,
And gayest smiles and silks are worn
This night to catch the Heir,
With a heigho ! Letty !
Hark forward, you forward Miss Betty,
To-night we hunt the He-e-e-i-r—
To-night we hunt the Heir !

Poor Heir ! you feel our sport a bore,
We read it in your face ;

If you'll propose to one—no more
You'll find us give you chase.

With a sigh from Letty !
Or forward, too forward Miss Betty !
No more we'll hunt the He-e-e-i-r—
No more we'll hunt the Heir !

From *George Cruikshank's Comic Almanack for 1848.*

A HUNTING SONG.

(Dedicated to the Jamaica Committee.)

OUR chance at EYRE we claim this dawn—
Our witnesses are sworn—

A new indictment we have drawn,
Despite the public's scorn.

Dogged hither by a yelping throng,
The Governor draws nigh—

So raise the burden of our song—
"Peccavi" he must cry !

(Chorus)—With a hey, oh, levy
Subscriptions our victim to chevy.
Law charges heavy !

(Here comes a yelping of hounds.)

"Peccavi" he must cry.

* * * * *

Despair ! Our Christian sport is o'er,
The judge has spoilt our case ;

"A colony preserved" no more
Can we pronounce disgrace.

The jury no true bill returns,—
To cheer the public dare !

No gratitude our labour earns—
We can't hunt down our (H)EYRE.

Chorus.—With a heigho, heavy
The legal expenses to levy !
Vain our chevy !
(Here the yelping grows faint),
"Peccavimus," we cry !

Fun. June 13, 1868.

HUMANITY HUNTING SONG.

"OPENING MEET OF THE WINDSOR GARRISON DRAG-
HOUNDS.—On Saturday, in miserably wet weather, this pack
of draghounds commenced their hunting season. . . .
The hounds will be hunted twice a week (every Wednesday
and Saturday) during the season."—*Morning Paper.*

WE'RE going to have a glorious run,
This murk and mizzling morn.

Our Hunt inferior is to none,
Except not even the Quorn.

A substitute will, scent as strong
As Reynard's own, supply.

Excuse the burden of my song ;
This day a Drag must die !

Chorus—

With a hey, ho, chivy ;
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy !
Excuse the burden of my song ;
This day a Drag must die !

Because, although a herring red
May, like a fox, be tracked,
The Drag is absolutely dead
In point of literal fact.
Yet hounds and horses after go,
With huntsmen's horns, and cry
Of "Voicks !" and shout of "Tallyho !"
This day a Drag must die !

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

A Drag's as good to ride behind
As ever a fox's tail,
Well drawn about, with turn and wind,
O'er many a hill and dale.
Fence, hedgerow, palings, turnpike gate,
The rider's pluck will try,
As much as though 'twere true to state,
This day a Drag must die !

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

Each man as much risks life or limb
As when a fox is slain ;
The sport is all the same to him,
And we give no animal pain.
Humane excitement whilst we seek,
No victim in our eye ;
Except as now, when so to speak,
This day a Drag must die !

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

Note.—WILLIAM COBBETT, in one of his charming works, tells a delightful story of the revenge he, when a young clod-hopper, once took of a huntsman who had fetched him a cut of his whip ; in repayment for which injury Cobbett went and trailed a red herring over the hunting-ground, and then, mounted on a hill-top commanding a view all round, stood enjoying the satisfaction of seeing the hounds thrown off the scent, and the fox-hunt turned into a drag-hunt, to his enemy's vexation.

Punch. November 5, 1881.

—:0:—

OLD KING COAL.

(Air: "OLD KING COLE.")

I.

OLD King Coal was a merry old soul ;
"I'll move the world," quoth he ;
"My England's high, and rich, and great,
But greater she shall be !"
And he call'd for the pick, and he call'd for the spade,
And he call'd for his miners bold ;
"And it's dig," he said, "in the deep, deep earth ;
You'll find my treasures better worth
Than mines of Indian gold !"

II.

OLD King Coal was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he ;
And he said, "I've found what I've desired,
Though 'tis but one of three."
And he call'd for the water, he call'd for fire,
For smiths and workmen true :
"Come, build me engines great and strong ;
We'll have," quoth he, "a change ere long ;
We'll try what Steam can do."

III.

OLD King Coal was a merry old soul :
"Tis fairly done," quoth he,
When he saw the myriad wheels at work
O'er all the land and sea.

They spared the bones and strength of men,
 They hammer'd, wove, and spun;
 There was nought too great, too mean, or small,
 The giant STEAM had power for all;—
 His task was never done.

IV.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
 Quoth he, "We travel slow;
 I should like to roam the wide world round,
 As fast as the wild winds blow."
 And he call'd for his skilful engineers;
 And soon through hills and vales,
 O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
 The flying trains like lightning pass'd,
 On the ribs of the mighty Rails.

V.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
 A merry old soul is he;
 May he never fail in the land we love,
 Who has made us great and free!
 While his miners mine, and his engines work,
 Through all our happy land,
 We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
 And our name and our fame, and our might and our right,
 In the front of the world shall stand!

CHARLES MACKAY,

QUEEN COLE.

OH! little Queen Cole was as nice a little soul
 As any in this company;
 And she loved the King more than anything
 Else—but a green monkey.
 So, when Old King Cole did call for his bowl,—
 As in truth, very oft did he,—
 If he'd send away the fellows, to make merry in the cellars,
 Why, a sly little drop took she,

Why, a sly, &c.

But little Queen Cole (and it's true upon my soul,
 Strange though the fact may be)
 She scolded the King like anything,
 For smoking of tobacco!
 Though of angels the type, she couldn't bear a pipe,
 She hated it mortally;
 And she'd make such a rout as put the King's pipe out,
 Oh! most confoundedly.

Oh! most confoundedly.

Now, little Queen Cole had a musical soul,
 So she sent for her pianists three;
 When Mr. Chopin he soon came a-hopping,
 Such a very nimble chap was he.
 While Thalberg and Liszt, each with ten-finger'd fist,
 As no mortal e'er did see;
 And never till now was there heard such a row
 On one poor piano-forte.

On one poor piano-forte.

Also, little Queen Cole had a singing soul,
 And she sent for her singers three,
 And she liked the notes from the musical throats
 Of Grisi and Persiani.
 But, the third one, to wit, she said could not sing a bit,
 'Cause his name didn't end in "I."
 Some fellow from town, some Jones or Brown;
 So very soon snubb'd was he.

Oh, very soon, &c.

This was all very well, but I must also tell
 That she hated the secretary;
 For he always would look in the royal cash-book;
 Such an aggravating chap was he.
 "Vot's this?" says he, "Fippence do I see, for taters
 Three pounds; bless me!

Vy, taters, I'll be bound, may be had three pound
 Tuppence-ha'penny!"

"Ah! tuppence-ha'penny!"

Well, little Queen Cole, as time did roll,
 Fulfilled her destiny;
 That is to say, in a genteel kind of way,
 She had a large family.
 So that Old King Cole felt anxious in his soul,
 And with a deep sigh said he,
 "Drat the people, if I ax 'em, why they won't let me tax
 'em,
 For to fill my treasury.

"For to fill, &c.

But little Queen Cole was as coaxing a little soul,
 As you'd find on a summer's day;
 So said she, "If I axes, now I know they'll pay the taxes."
 "We'll be smother'd if we do!" said they.
 "For ve verry much winces at this long list of princes,
 Vich is longer than it ought for to be!"
 But the Queen, too proud to wrangle, oh! she set up a
 mangle,
 And her subjects they went tax free.

And her subjects, &c.

But the people grew ashamed, when they heard the story
 named,
 How she mangled for the whole family;
 So they swore "Blood and 'ounds," and they fumbled out
 the "browns,"
 Just in time for their old country.
 For a very old foe saw the royal coffer low,
 And a very fierce attack made he;
 And it would have served them right (they were shab'by
 fellows quite),
 If he'd gain'd the victory.

If he'd gained, &c.

From *Sharp's Vauxhall Comic Song Book*. No date.

OLD KING COAL.

OLD KING COAL paid a very high toll,
 And a very high toll paid he;
 And it went in the bottle, and it went in the bowl,
 In green fat, callipash, calliepee.
 What a shame, what a shame, what a shame! said the people,
 What a wrong that this should be!
 And there's none whate'er that can compare
 To the sons of gluttony.

Old King Coal paid a very high toll,
 And a very high toll paid he:
 And the City of London eat up the whole,
 By consent of the Powers that be.
 This won't do, this won't do, this won't do! says the people;
 This must not, shall not be;
 And we now declare we'll no longer bear
 Such a monstrous robbery!

Punch. November 29, 1851.

(Notwithstanding Mr. Punch's virtuous indignation the
 City of London still levies the obnoxious Coal Tax, and
 Parliamentary Reports have recently shown in what manner
 some of the money is expended.

HENRY COLE, C.B. *

"We write in a state of great depression. Our readers will forgive us if we are not sprightly this week; there is a time for everything, and now with us it is the time for grieving. We have fallen under the displeasure of Mr. HENRY COLE, C.B.!!

Gentle Public pity us!

Oh! Henry Cole, C.B., deal gently with us.

Oh! creator of South Kensington; oh! author of Mumbo Jumbo, don't be too hard on us.

We are sorry, and our heart is heavy within us. Oh! inexhaustible Cole, consume us not in thine ire!

What have we done that we should be smitten with thy fury? Did we ever insult thee by coupling thy name with high Art? Did we ever accuse thee of holding the interests of thy country higher than thine own? Listen while we praise thee.

Yes, we will now praise the great, the mighty, the gentle Cole. We will show him how deep, how sincere, is our love, our veneration, our worship, of Henry Cole, C.B.

Who is the very greatest architect of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest painter of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest military hero of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the greatest author of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the handsomest man of this age? Henry Cole, C.B. Who is the most immaculate statesman of this age? Henry Cole, C.B.

Oh! Henry Cole, C.B., will you forgive us now?"

The Coming "Strife."

Old King Cole was a savage old soul,
And a savage old soul was he;
Captain Coles was his intimate friend,
And almost as savage as he.

Said Old King Cole, the savage old soul,
As savage as ever could be,
"My friend you must lend me a turret ship
In which I can put to sea?"

Says Captain Coles, while his eyeball rolls,
As savage as ever you see,
"For what do you want a turret ship,
And why sail o'er the sea?"

Says Old King Cole, the savage old soul,
As savage as ever could be;
"I want it to smash, and crash, and to dash,
The Ed. of the TOMAHAWKIE?"

Says Captain Coles while his eyeball rolls,
As savage as ever you see;
"I heard he had threatened you with 68 pound,
Of the finest gunpowder tea!"

Says Old King Cole, the savage old soul,
As savage as ever could be;
"If you'll only lend me a turret ship,
I'll soon annihilate he!"

The Tomahawk, September 7, 1867.

YOUNG KING COAL,†

New Version of an Old Song.

YOUNG KING COAL was a merry young soul,
And a merry young soul was he;

* "Old King Cole" as he was familiarly known, was a fussy little old gentleman who founded the *clique*, notorious as the "South Kensington Gang," which for the last twenty years has enriched itself at the expense of the nation.

† Lord Randolph Churchill.

He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.

There was CHAMBERLAININI, and HARTINGTONINI,

And, GOSCHENI to make up the three;

For young King C., oh, was fond of a trio,

Very fond of a trio was he.

Young King COAL left his rivals in the hole,

When he took the Chancellerie

Of the British Exchequer, and, to keep up their pecker,

They slanged him unmercifully.

So himself to cloak from the very provoking jeers of the Rad

Part-y,

Young King COAL their old mantle stole,

And a very smart Rad made he.

Young King COAL loved "smoking" in his soul,

And his Brummagem Best Bird's-eye,

And his "Cavendish," went faster than was pleasing to the master

Of the House where his new baccy's he would try.

And our young King C., and his fiddlers three,

Thy kicked up such a shine and such a fume,

Mr. IRVING'S worst witch-riot in a *Faust*-scene's clear and quiet,

To the Tory-Democratic Big Boom.

Young King COAL he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three,

And he served 'em out a dozen pounds of best Union rosin,

And they all played a symphonée.

CHAMBERLAININI and GOSCHENI played like STRAUSS and like ZERBINI,

And then HARTING-TON-I-NI

Played "*God Save the Queen!*" and the others all joined in,

In a way to make a patriot pipe his eye.

Young King COAL he laid down his bowl,

And a dickens of a speech made he;

And he talked so loud that he frightened half the crowd,

And broke up the symphonée.

At least some (in the Chorus) cried, "*This music can't be for us,*"

But as for those fiddlers three,

Whilst the Chorus cried, "We're diddled!" they symphonically fiddled,

And muttered "O, fiddlededee!"

Young King COAL still waves his pipe and bowl,

Though they reek of Rad flavour still.

Some say it's far from right, that he'll set himself a-light,

And blow up like a gunpowder-mill.

But as for the whole of the "principles" of COAL,

When he was a true Torce,

If you want 'em you may see 'em in the British Museum,

Or the writings of Lord SALISBUREE.

Punch. December 4, 1886.

—:o:—

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

From a black-letter copy among the Roxburgh Songs and Ballads.

WHEN this old cap was new—

'Tis since two hundred year—

No malice then we knew,

But all things plenty were:

All friendship now decays,

(Believe me, this is true)

Which was not in those days,

When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then
 To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men ;
 Whic by their coats were known,
 Of tawny, red, or blue.
 With crests on their sleeves shown,
 When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our lands reproach,
 When he whose means are small
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of an hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

ANONYMOUS, about 1666.

A CHANGE OF STYLE.

WHEN this old hat was new
 The railroad was a stage ;
 And a six-mile team
 Made plenty of steam,
 For the broadest kind of guage.
 You caught a goose when you wanted a pen,
 The ink you used was blue ;
 And the women you loved didn't want to be men
 When this old hat was new.

A Spade was only a spade,
 And Jennie was just plain " Jane " ;
 For his impudent lip
 A boy would skip
 At the end of a rattan cane.
 There were sixteen ounces in every pound,
 Four quarts made a gallon true ;
 But things don't seem as they used to be
 When this old hat was new.

But we've shortened the time since then,
 And we're running a faster heat,
 And the boys of ten
 Are full-blown men,
 Who run the store and the street.
 We blush to giggle and we should smile ;
 We're cute and we never say die ;
 We're up to snuff and we're full of guile ;
 And we're just too awfully fly ;
 And father is governor, old man, dad,
 And his old day is gone ;
 We run things fast and a little bad,
 Since we put this new hat on.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE,

The Cincinnati Inquirer.

WHEN THIS OLD JOKE WAS NEW.

WHEN this old joke was new,
 This time worn heritage,
 The monkey-man its points did scan
 On pre-historic page.
 His footmark was the only print ;
 His leaves were leaves that grew ;
 The only tint was Nature's tint
 When this old joke was new,

When this old joke was new,
 Our literature was scant,
 And *littérateurs* had no reviewers
 With hearts of adamant ;
 No wild-eyed poets raved of " Spring " ;
 We had our tails it's true,
 But novels weren't a general thing
 When this old joke was new.

When this old joke was new,
 We drew an easier breath ;
 For we had then no funny men
 To make us long for death ;
 There was no *Punch* austere and flat,
 To paint our faces blue ;
 They wouldn't have tolerated that
 When this old joke was new.

When this old joke was new,
 We somehow hadn't hit
 That loss of shame which builds a " name " ;
 On other people's wit.
 Perhaps folks were more honest then ;
 Had consciences a few,
 And different from *our* race of men,
 When this old joke was new.

HAL BERGE,

The Detroit Free Press.

—:o:—

SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

SAID a Smile to a Tear,
 On the cheek of my dear,
 And beamed like the sun in spring weather,
 In sooth, lovely Tear,
 It strange must appear,
 That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
 A soft balm to impart,
 To yonder sad daughter of grief :
 And I, said the Smile,
 That heart now beguile,
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the Tear,
 Sweet Smile, it is clear,
 We are twins, and soft Pity our mother :
 And how lovely that face
 Which together we grace,
 For the woe and the bliss of another !

JAMES KENNEY.

An amusing parody of this song, entitled *The Loves of the Plants* will be found on page 70 of Volume I. of the Universal Songster. Unfortunately it is too long, as well as too broad, to be inserted in this collection.

THE STEAK AND THE CHOP.

SAID a steak to a chop,
 On a hook in a shop,
 In the dog-days, and very hot weather,
 " Dear chop, it is clear,
 If we long tarry here,
 We shall certainly melt both together,"

Said the chop from the chump,
To the steak from the rump,
"Unless there's a change in the weather,
Lovely steak, I agree,
In a mess we shall be,
And be kitchen-stuff made both together."

"Oh!" then, with a sigh,
Midst the sound, "What d'ye buy!"
Said the steak to the chop with emotion,
"A long or short six,
In some save-all to fix,
Will at last be our doom, I've a notion!"

SAID A FOX TO A GOOSE,

SAID a fox to a goose,
(From a farm-house let loose)
And chanced to be pluming a feather,
"Dear goose, how d'ye do?
'Tis strange, and yet true,
That you and I meet here together!"

Said the goose (with a stare),
"Mr. Fox, are you there?
And to see you indeed is a pleasure!
In truth I must say,
That your visit to-day,
Is really *delight* beyond measure!"

Says the fox, "Then, we'll walk,
And like friends so dear talk,
And never was seen finer weather."
Says the goose, "Gander Grange
Has forbade me to range
Or else we would travel together."

Said the fox, "Let him be,
Take an airing with me,
And hear both the goldfinch and linnet!
On the *love* of a friend,
You can, goosy, *depend*,
And"—snapt off her head in a minute.

—:o:—

SONG.

(By a Person of Quality. Written in the year 1733.)

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart:
I, a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamant chains,

Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

This mellifluous piece of nonsense was published in the *Miscellanies* of Alexander Pope, but it was also inserted amongst the poems of Dean Swift, where it was entitled *A Love Song in Modern Taste*. It ridiculed an affected style of poetry then much in vogue, and which continued in fashion for many years, culminating in the writings of a clique, known as the *Della Cruscans*, which was originated by a few English, of both sexes, assembled at Florence in 1785. They were named *Della Cruscans* because their leader, one Robert Merry, signed his trashy effusions as a member of the Academy *Della Crusca* at Florence. Merry wrote a tragedy, entitled *Lorenzo*, which was more successful than many comedies, for it made the audience laugh immoderately, besides innumerable poems long since forgotten. By a deliberate system of mutual puffing the *Della Cruscans* forced their absurd productions upon the public, and in the early years of the present century nearly every journal contained some of their poems, published over assumed names, such as Laura Maria, Edwin, Anna Matilda, &c. These were afterwards gathered into volumes, with a few poems by really able writers such as M. G. Lewis, Robert Southey, and S. T. Coleridge, and published by subscription.

There is no knowing how long this twaddle might have held the public taste had not William Gifford (Editor of the *Quarterly Review*) produced his famous satires *The Baviad*, and *The Maeviad*, in which he mercilessly exposed the inflated nonsense written by the *Della Cruscans*; and by well chosen extracts from their poems turned the laugh so completely against them that they slunk back into their native obscurity.

Gifford's satires are still read with pleasure, and the extracts given in the notes show that Pope's nonsense verses were excelled by the would-be-serious *Della Cruscans*; as for example—

"Slighted love the soul subduing
Silent sorrow chills the heart,
Treach'rous fancy still pursuing,
Still repels the poisoned dart.

Soothing those fond dreams of pleasure
Pictur'd in the glowing breast,
Lavish of her sweetest treasure,
Anxious fear is charm'd to rest.

Fearless o'er the whiten'd billows,
Proudly rise, sweet bird of night,
Safely through the bending willows
Gently wing thy airy flight."

When the brothers Smith projected their famous *Rejected Addresses* they included an imitation of the *Della Cruscan* poetry, entitled *Drury's Dirge*, of which Lord Jeffery wrote "The verses are very smooth and very nonsensical—as was intended; but they are not so good as Swift's celebrated song by a Person of Quality; and are so exactly in the same measure, and on the same plan, that it is impossible to avoid making the comparison."

DRURY'S DIRGE.

BY LAURA MATILDA.*

"You praise our sires : but though they wrote with force
 Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse :
 We want their *strength*, agreed ; but we atone
 For that, and more, by *sweetness* all our own."—GIFFORD.

I.

BALMY Zephyrs, lightly flitting,
 Shade me with your azure wing ;
 On Parnassus' summit sitting,
 Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

II.

Softly slept the dome of Drury,
 O'er the empyreal crest,
 When Alecto's sister-fury,
 Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

III.

Lo ! from Lemnos limping lamely,
 Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
 Cytherea yielding tamely
 To the Cyclops dark and dire.

IV.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
 Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
 Soon must yield to haughty sadness ;
 Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

V.

See Erostratus the second
 Fires again Diana's fane ;
 By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
 Clouds*envelope Drury Lane.

VI.

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion
 Hand in hand reluctant dance :
 While the God fulfils his mission,
 Chivalry resign thy lance.

VII.

Hark ! the engines blandly thunder,
 Fleecy clouds dishevell'd lie,
 And the firemen, mute with wonder,
 On the son of Saturn cry.

VIII.

See the bird of Ammon sailing,
 Perches on the engine's peak,
 And, the Eagle firemen hailing,
 Soothes them with its bickering beak.

IX.

Juno saw, and mad with malice,
 Lost the prize that Paris gave :
 Jealousy's ensanguined chalice,
 Mantling pours the orient wave.

X.

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
 Nox to Niobe was turn'd ;
 From Busiris Bacchus flying,
 Saw his Semele inurn'd.

XI.

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
 Levell'd with the shuddering stones ;

Mars, with tresses black and gory,
 Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

XII.

Hark ! what soft Eolian numbers
 Gem the blushes of the morn !
 Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
 Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

XIII.

Ha ! I hear the strain erratic
 Dimly glance from pole to pole ;
 Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
 Fire my everlasting soul.

XIV.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion ?
 Billowy ecstasy of woe,
 Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
 Where the stagnant torrents flow.

XV.

Blood in every vein is gushing,
 Vixen vengeance lulls my heart ;
 See, the Gorgon gang is rushing !
 Never, never let us part !

HORACE SMITH.

From *The Rejected Addresses*, 1812.

ALBUM VERSES.

By a Fond Lover.

LOVELY maid, with rapture swelling,
 Should these verses meet thine eye,
 Clouds of absence soft dispelling,
 Vacant memory heaves a sigh.

As the rose, with fragrance weeping,
 Trembles to the tuneful wave,
 So my heart shall twine unsleeping,
 Till it canopies the grave !

Though another's smiles requited,
 Envious fate my doom should be :
 Joy for ever disunited,
 Think, ah ! think, at times on me !

Oft amid the spicy gloaming,
 Where the brakes their songs instil,
 Fond affection silent roaming,
 Loves to linger by the rill—

There when echo's voice consoling,
 Hears the nightingale complain,
 Gentle sighs my lips controlling,
 Bind my soul in beauty's chain.

Oft in slumbers deep recesses,
 I thy mirror'd image see ;
 Fancy mocks the vain caresses,
 I would lavish like a bee !

But how vain is glittering sadness !
 Hark, I hear distraction's knell !
 Torture gilds my heart with madness !
 Now for ever fare thee well !

From *The Comic Latin Grammar* by Paul Prendergast
 (Percival Leigh), illustrated by John Leech. London,
 David Bogue.

* The authors, as in gallantry bound, wish this lady to continue anonymous.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
Wishing her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel? (she said),
Oh, where are you going?" said she;

"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel? (said she)
Oh, when will you come back?" said she.

"In a year or two, or three at most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white horse,
Till he came to London town,
When he heard St. Pancras' church bells ring,
And the people all mourning around, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"A lord's lady is dead," an old woman said,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be turned down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow,

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' churchyard,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier-rier, rier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

It grew and it grew to the church steeple top,
And then it could grow no higher;
So there it entwined in a true lover's knot,
For true lovers all to admire,—rire,—rire,
For true lovers all to admire.

FRAGMENT OF A BRADLAUGHABLE BALLAD.

HE strode and he strode till he reached the landing,
And then he couldn't "strode" any higher,
And there he saw Mister Inspector Denning,
Who asked him at once to retire—'ire—'ire.
Suggesting that he should retire.

He tackled the Sergeant and his deputies,
A Messenger too in the Lobby,

When in came a lot of Constabulazee,—
Mister Bradlaugh he collared a Bobby—'obby—'obby;
But *was* collared too by that Bobby.

They fought and they tussled away down the stairs,
With many a gasp and a guggle,
And poor Daddy Longlegs, who won't say his prayers,
Lost his collar and tails in the struggle—'uggle—'uggle.
Lost his temper and tails in the struggle.

Who profits by this? The reply's not remote,
Not the Rough, nor the Bobby, nor Gaoler,
But as Mister Bradlaugh must have a new coat,
'Tis a capital thing for his tailor—'ailor—'ailor,
A very good thing for the tailor.

Punch. August 13, 1881.

THE TALE OF LORD LOVELL.

LORD Lovell he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked, and his trousers bore
A rent across either knee,
When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperee.

"Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said:
"Oh, where have you been?" said she:
"I have not closed an eye in bed.
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In the ash-barrel, perdee?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Shane," he said:
"And so late it cannot be;
The clock struck one as I enter-ed—
I heard it two times or three;
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said:
"To the maritime cavalree,
To your grandam of the hoary head—
To any one but me.
The door is not used to be open-ed
With a cigarette for a key."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"*Quips.*" (Liverpool), March 18, 1887.

JOE MUGGINS AND SALLY BELL.

JOE Muggins he stood at his own cottage door,
A-brushing down his black moke,
When up came his ladylove, Sally Bell,
And thus to her lovier she spoke—oke—oke—
And thus to her lovier she spoke.

Oh! where are you going, Joe Muggins, she said,
Oh! where are you going? said she.
I'm going, my lass, to Smith'll market,
To Smith'll to sell my donkey—key—key—
To Smith'll to sell my donkey.

When will you come back, Joe Muggins? she said,
When will you come back to me?
In an hour or two, or three at the most,
So get me a herring for tea—tea—tea—
So get me a herring for tea.

Now he had not been gone an hour or more,
To Smithfield, and sold his donkey,
When a thought of the herring came into his head
I hope it's a soft roe, said he,—he—he—
I hope it's a soft roe, said he.

* * * * *

(Three coarse verses omitted.)

LORD FADDLE'S ELECTION FOR BOSH.

LORD Fitz-Faddle he lived in Bel-gra-vi-a,
And being tired of town and ennui
He resolved to put up for M.P. somewhere,
A Parliament Member to be-e-e,
An honorable M.P. to be.

Lord Fitz-Faddle he asked what sum in hard "posh,"
Of his Tory friend, "W. B."
It required, to get in for the City of Bosh,
And what the expenses might be-e-e,
And what the expenses would be.

Said "W. B.," a "safe, good man and true,"
"You must send down to Bosh speed-i-ly,
With a check on the Bank for a thousand or two,
Or perhaps he may want two or three-ree-ree,
Or perhaps he may want, &c."

Lord Fitz he declared, with a smile, to his friend,
That he didn't mean bri-ber-y;
Oh, dear, not at all!—not a shilling he'd spend,
But what was quite nec-ess ary-ry-ry,
But what was quite, &c.

Lord Fitz he went down, found a deal of distress
Pervading the coun-ter-y;
And, being a kind man, why, he couldn't do less,
Than pity the poor Voters free-ree-ree,
Than help the Electors so free.

Then he ordered hotels to be open-ed wide,
The "Bell," and the "George," and the "Crown,"
And forced, when a poor Voter hard-up he spied,
A few onion tears to roll down-own-own,
The crocodile tears to roll down.

He suddenly took a great interest in pigs,
The crops, and all kinds of manure;
Vowed he'd nothing in common with Tories or Whigs,
But he was the real friend of the poor-oor-oor,
That he was the real friend, &c.

Then the "Free, Independent Electors," somehow,
All got in the sun mer-ri-ly;
For a week, on the cheap, with mine host of the "Plough,"
They feasted con-tin-u-ally-ly-ly,
They kept up the game merrily.

'Twas astonishing, what a vast lot of new boots,
On a sudden, the Voters displayed;
And incredible, what a great number of suits
They got, for which "nobody" paid-aid-aid,
They wore, for which, &c.

* * * * *

Lord Fitz was returned, and the Liberals b:at,
But soon comes up petitions, to see
Into some queer affairs, and he loses his seat,
For "treating," and "grogs" bri-ber-y-y-y,
For treating, &c.

The Committee declare that corruption prevails,
But Lord Fitz didn't know it—*oh, no!*
It was all through his Agents, the "Flukers" & "Frails,"
That his four or five thousand did go-o-o,
That his four or five, &c.

Lord Fitz gets elected, as it might be to-day,
But Lord Fitz gets unseated to-morrow;
And that all the expenses he's forced to defray,
He knows very well to his sorrow-orrow-orrow,
He knows very well, &c.

So Lord Fitz in Bel-gra-vi-a biteth his nails,
Minus Parliament honours, and "posh,"
And he thinks, as do most, till the Ballot prevails,
There'll be many more Cities like Bosh-osh-osh,
That there'll be more elections like Bosh.

—:o:—

THE BROWN JUG.

(From the Opera of the "Poor Soldier," by J. O'KEEFFE.
The song itself is attributed to the Rev. FRANCIS FAWKES,
who imitated it from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.)

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale
(Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced, as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flow'r woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And Time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth and mile ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

"DEAR BILL, THIS STONE-JUG."

(Being an Epistle from TOBY CRACKSMAN, in Newgate, to
BILL SYKES.)

DEAR BILL, this *stone-jug*,¹ at which flats dare to rail,
(From which till the next Central sittings I hail)
Is still the same snug, free-and-easy old hole,
Where MACHEATH met his *blowens*,² and WYLDE floor'd his
bowl.

In a ward with one's *pals*,³ not locked up in a cell,
To an old hand like me it's a *fam-ly*⁴ hotel.

In the day-rooms the *cuffins*⁵ we queer at our ease,
And at *Darkman's*⁶ we run the rig just as we please;
There's your *peck*⁷ and your *lush*, hot and reg'lar, each day.
All the same if you work, all the same if you play.
But the lark's when a *goney*⁸ up with us they shut,
As ain't up to our *lurks*,⁹ our *flash-patter*,¹⁰ and smut;

But soon in his eye nothing green will remain,
He knows what's o'clock when he comes out again.
And the next time he's *quodded*,¹¹ so downy and snug,
He may thank us for making him *fly to the jug*.¹²
But here comes a *cuffin*—which cuts short my tale,
It's agin rules is *scravin*,¹³ to pals out o' goal,

(The following postscript seems to have been added when the Warder had passed.)

For them coves in Guildhall and that blessed LORD MAYOR,
Prigs on their four bones should chop whiners,¹⁴ I swear :
That long over Newgit their Worship's may rule,
As the *High-toby*, mob, crack and screeve¹⁵ model school ;
For if Guv'ment was here, not the Alderman's Bench,
Newgit soon 'ud be bad as "the Pent" or "the Tench."¹⁶

Note.—We subjoin a Glossary of MR. CRACKSMAN'S lingo :—

¹ Prison. ² Ladies of a certain description. ³ Comrades or fast friends. ⁴ Thieves speak of themselves as "family-men." ⁵ Warders. ⁶ Night. ⁷ Meat and drink. ⁸ A greenhorn. ⁹ Tricks of the trade. ¹⁰ Talking slang. ¹¹ Imprisoned. ¹² Up to prison ways. ¹³ Writing. ¹⁴ Thieves should pray on their knees. ¹⁵ Highway-robbers, swell-mobsmen, burglars, and forgers. ¹⁶ Slang names for Pentonville Model Prison, and Milbank Penitentiary.

Punch. January 31, 1857.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF A BISHOP FILL-POTS.*

DEAR Tom, this black pot, which now foams with vile gall,
Out of which you now see lies abundantly fall,
Was once Toby Phillpotts, as venal a soul
As e'er stretched his conscience t'wards interest's goal,
In telling a lie 'twas his praise to excel,
And amongst Major Longbows he bore off the bell.

It chanced, as in London he sat at his ease,
In want of preferment, as hot as you please,
With a pen and some ink pamphleteering away,
That Wellington made him a Bishop one day ;
In the Lords, as his mouth he could never keep shut,
He lied till he soon was the Chancellor's butt.

Yes, 'gainst Catholics long time he had laboured for gain,
Till pay set his principle all on the wane,
When the Duke found him out in *incognito* snug,
And contrived to a Bishoprick Toby to lug,
Who sacred in office, but damned in himself,
Now is wholly divided 'twixt venom and pelf.

Figaro in London. July 14, 1832.

THE WHITE MUG.

"DEAR Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tossput's, as jovial a sot,
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot.
In drinking, all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd of his glass."

"One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier ;'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan."

W. M. THACKERAY.

* Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, was a notorious controversialist and pamphleteer. He became very unpopular in his diocese owing to his stern and bigoted conduct. He was strongly opposed to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics.

THE GIPSY KING.

'Tis I am the Gipsy King,
And where is the king like me ?
No troubles my dignities bring ;
No other is half so free.
In my kingdom there is but one table,
All my subjects partake in my cheer ;
We would all have champagne were we able,
As it is, we have plenty of beer ;
And 'tis I am the gipsy king.

A king, and a true one, am I ;
No courtiers nor ministers here !
I see everything with my own eye,
And hear everything with my own ear.
No conspiracies I apprehend,
Among brothers and equals I rule ;
We all help both to gain and to spend,
And get drunk when the treasury's full ;
And 'tis I am the gipsy king.

* * * * *

This song is founded upon a number of earlier songs recounting the supposed joys of a gipsy life, a few of which may be enumerated for comparison. The first is taken from an old play, entitled "*More Dissemblers besides Women*," printed in 1657 :—

Song of the Gipsies.

COME, my dainty doxies,
My dells, my dells most dear ;
We have neither house nor land,
Yet never want good cheer.
We never want good cheer.

We take no care for candle rents,
We lie, we snort, we sport in tents,
Then rouse betimes and steal our dinners.
Our store is never taken
Without pigs, hens, or bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners :
At wakes and fairs we cozen
Poor country folk by dozen.

If one have money, he disburses ;
Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses ?
Rather than be out of use,
We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes,
Boots, or spurs, with gingling rowels,
Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.
Come live with us, come live with us.

* * * * *

A somewhat similar song occurs in *The Spanish Gipsy*, first printed in 1653, it commences :—

TRIP it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers ;
At threading-needles we repine,
And leaping over rapiers :
Pindy pandy rascal toys !
We scorn cutting purses ;
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

THE RAILWAY KING.

OH ! 'tis I am the Railway King,
And where's there a king like me,
No trouble my shareholders bring,
No monarch is half so free ;

In my kingdom there's but one table,
And that is the time-table here,
We all go as fast as we're able,
And steam is our charioteer !
For 'tis I am the Railway King !
Ha ! ha !
'Tis I am the Railway King !

* * * * *

(Three verses omitted).

Joe Miller the younger. October 25, 1845.

OH ! 'TIS I AM A FRISKY KING.

(*As sung by his Majesty of Bavaria with the greatest applause, at Munich.*)

OH ! 'tis I am a frisky King
And where is the King like me ?
Into trouble myself I shall bring,
For I am so easy and free.
My kingdom's affairs are unstable ;
My subjects suspect I am queer ;
Lola Montes I'd wed were I able,
As it is, she's my sweetheart so dear.
For I am the Frisky King, ha ! ha !
For I am the Frisky King.

A King, and a rum one am I,
No Jesuit-nor minister fear ;
Their counsels I think all my eye,
And give them a flea in their ear.
No conspiracy I apprehend,
To *Lola* I've given the rule,
She helps me to gain and to spend,
And in fact, she has got quite the pull.
For I am the Frisky King, ha ! ha !
For I am the Frisky King.

I confess that I am but a man,
My failings, who pleases, may know ;
I'm fond of my girl, and I can,
If she likes, let her kick up a row,
My subjects are kind unto me,
They don't mind my being an ass ;
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
At this moment, the prettiest lass,
For I am the Frisky King, ha ! ha !
For I am the Frisky King.

The Man in the Moon, Vol. I.

Charles Louis, King of Bavaria, caused great dissatisfaction in his dominions by his reckless extravagance, and his utter incapacity to fulfil the duties of his position. He formed a disgraceful *liaison* with a scheming adventuress generally known under the assumed name of *Lola Montes*, but whom he created Countess Von Landfeldt. At length the interference of *Lola Montes* in state affairs became too notorious, and she was banished the Kingdom. She afterwards led a wandering life, delivered some lectures in London in 1859, thence proceeding to the United States. She died in New York, January 17, 1861. Charles Louis was compelled to abdicate in March, 1848, but survived his fall for twenty years, living to see the throne occupied by his grandson, Louis II, the Mad King and patron of Wagner, who recently committed suicide.

THE GIPSY "KING."

(A CAVEAT FROM THE DULWICH ENCAMPMENT.)

OH, 'tis I am a gipsy king,
And where is there king like me ?

From my freehold land defiance I fling,
And scoff at the powers that be ;
For my court is my caravan,
Where in dozens my subjects "pig,"
And drink and fight like a riotous clan,
And for nobody trouble a fig.

They say that a nuisance am I
To the householders far and near,
That my ribald rabble make women fly,
And our raids fill tenants with fear.
We're a pest, a disturbance, a curse
(So I hear that the gentlefolks say),
But they'd find it hard were we ten times worse
To frighten the gipsies away.

They may talk of the Vagrant Act,
And the Nuisance Inspector send
(My dog the medical officer pack'd),
And the School Board its aid may lend ;
The Vestry its powers may bring,
And the Courts and the Parleyment,
But they're only amusing the gipsy king,
And his court in the van and tent.

Funny Folks. June 22, 1878.

—:0:—

WHEN WE WENT OUT A GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best,
Were drest from top to toe.
We danc'd and sung the jocund song,
Upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity,
Around us could be seen.
And thus we pass'd the merry time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,
And nature's face was gay,
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfume filled the May ;
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note,
Steal softly through the air,
While every scene around us look'd,
Most beautiful and fair,

And thus we pass'd, &c.

* * * * *

THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

OH, the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
Though meant to be amusing trips,
Proved nothing else but woe.
The fire-place would never draw,
The wood was always green,
And naught but flies and creeping things
Were in the milkpot seen.

And thus we passed the hours away,
In pastime very slow,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

The tea was always very bad,
The water never boiled ;

We wore the smartest things we had,
And they were always spoiled.
And if along the meadows damp
We felt inclined to roam,
It usually began to rain,
Before we got safe home.

And thus we passed the hours away,
In pastime very slow,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

We never mean to pay again
A visit to the scene,
And seat ourselves on emmets' nests—
We are not now so green,
We do not love it overmuch,
But when we want our tea,
We'll take it on a table, where
It always ought to be.

And thus we'll drink it properly,
Provided 'tis not sloe,
Much better than the gipsying
A long time ago!

From *A Bowl of Punch*, by Albert Smith. London.
1848.

AN OXFORD SONG.

OH, the days we read those musty books, a short time ago,
Were certainly the seediest a man could ever know.
We filled no glass, we kissed no lass, our hacks grew fat
and sleek,
We thought it dissipation if we rode them twice a week.
We rose up early in the morn, we sat up late at e'en,
And nought but horrid lexicons about us could be seen!

Unheeded lay our meerchaums then, our "Lopez" bound
in green;
The undisturbed blue-bottle was on our team-whip seen;
The goblets in our foxes' heads ne'er shone with good
Bordeaux,
But we took a glass of something mild, and talked about
"Great god."

We rose up early, &c.

We got parental letters then, in which 'twas gravely vowed,
How *harrowed* all would be at home, if we perchance were
ploughed:
And what was worse, those sordid *duns* an early payment
wished,
'Till, what 'twixt ticks and tutors too, we felt extremely
"fish'd."

We rose up, &c.

'Tis past! 'tis past! 'tis won at last! my Muse no longer
grieves;
We sweep adown the High Street now in our long silken
sleeves;
And envious Under-graduates sigh forth as we draw near,
"O, crickey! how I wish I was a 'new-made Bacalere.'
They rise up when they like at morn, they sit up late at e'en,
And hunt and quaff, and smoke and laugh, the whole Term
thro', I ween."

From *Hints to Freshmen*. Oxford: J. Vincent.

THE LAY OF THE LOVER'S FRIEND.

I WOULD all womankind were dead,
Or banished o'er the sea;
For they have been a bitter plague
These last six weeks to me:
It is not that I'm touched myself,
For that I do not fear:
No female face hath shown me grace
For many a bygone year.

But 'tis the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

When e'er we steam it to Blackwall,
Or down to Greenwich run,
To quaff the pleasant cider cup,
And feed on fish and fun;
Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,
To catch a breath of air:
Then, for my sins, he straight begins
To rave about his fair.

Oh, 'tis the most tremendous bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

In vain you pour into his ear
Your own confiding grief;
In vain you claim his sympathy,
In vain you ask relief;
In vain you try to rouse him by
Joke, repartee, or quiz;
His sole reply's a burning sigh,
And "What a mind it is!"

O Lord! it is the greatest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

I've heard her thoroughly described,
A hundred times, I'm sure;
And all the while I've tried to smile,
And patiently endure;
He waxes strong upon his pangs,
And potters o'er his grog;
And still I say, in a playful way
"Why, you're a lucky dog!"

But oh! it is the heaviest bore
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

I really wish he'd do like me
When I was young and strong;
I formed a passion every week,
But never kept it long.
But he has not the sportive mood,
That always rescued me,
And so I would all women could
Be banished o'er the sea.

For 'tis the most egregious bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

Professor Aytoun died in 1865. These verses are taken from a collection, published in Boston, entitled *The Humorous Poetry of the English Language*, by J. Parton, but I do not know where they first appeared.

OLD SIMON THE CELLARER.

OLD Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store—
Of malmsey and malvoisie,
And cyprus, and who can say how many more,
For a chary old soul is he,
Of sack and canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day;
But ho, ho, ho, his nose doth show,
How oft the black-jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she;
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume.
She says it is rosemary.
But there's a small cupboard, behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there—
Now Margery says she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold;
But ho, ho, ho, old Simon doth know—
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-backed chair,
And talks of taking a wife,
And Margery oft has been heard to declare,
She ought to be settled for life.
Now, Margery has, so the maids say, a tongue;
She's not very handsome, nor yet very young;
So, somehow, it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead—
With ho, ho, ho, he'll chuckle and crow
What, marry old Margery! no, no, no."

J. L. HATTON.*

CAVEAT VENDITOR.

JOE Podgers, the farmer, he keeps a rare store
Of sheep, as his neighbours can see,
And oxen, and I can't tell how many more,
For a well-to-do fellow is he.
Of beef and of mutton he never doth fail,
And craftily qualified is his milk-pail;
But he never paleth, he quaintly doth say,
As his meat goes to London on each market day.
But oh! oh! oh! his books do show
Where many a cow of his worst doth go.

Bill Choppers he sits in his little back room,
For a butcher discreet is he;
But oft from his premises comes a queer fume,
He says it is "only his tea."
But there's a small yard just behind the loft stair,
And folks say they see some strange carcases there;
But Choppers he says, and he looks very bold,
That the meat which he sells is the best ever sold.
But oh! oh! oh! Joe Podgers doth know
Where many a calf of his worst doth go.

Joe Podgers reclines in his easy chair
Without ever dreaming of strife;
But the dead-meat inspector is heard to declare
That the time for a summons is rife.
And the magistrate has a most critical tongue,
And condemns Podgers' meat to the dogs to be flung.

* Mr. J. L. Hatton, the composer of *Old Simon the Cellarer*, *The Friars of Orders Grey*, *The Leather Bottel*, "Good bye, Sweetheart, good bye," and a number of other popular songs and ballads, died at Margate in September 1886, at the age of 77. He had long been connected with the Orchestras of the principal London theatres.

So somehow Joe Podgers don't go home to bed,
But finds himself lodged in a prison instead.
And oh! oh! oh! doth he chuckle and crow
As he tramps on the treadmill? Oh! no! no!

Fun. March 17, 1869.

"OLD TIM THE TEETOTALLER."

OLD Tim the Teetotaller keeps a rare store,
Of black and strong green tea,
Of Souchong—and who can tell how many more,
For a thirsty old Soul is he—e!
A thirsty old Soul is he.
Of Pekoe and Twankay he never doth fail,
Which all the day long he drinks out of a pail.
For he never ale-th, he quaintly doth say,
While he sticks to his fifty-two cups in a day—
For ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim can't know
How much of birch-broom there is in Pekoe.
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.

His Landlady sits in her own still-room,
Alone with the cat sits she;
Except when she asks in the maid or the groom,
To join her in taking tea-e,
To join her in taking tea.
Now, Tim has a tea-chest, but isn't aware,
That his Landlady helps herself freely from there.
Tho' the maid and the groom of the Landlady told,
Yet Tim held his tongue,—it was no use to scold.
For ho! ho! ho!
He now doth know,
Where all his Bohea and Souchong doth go.
Chorus—"For ho! ho! ho!" &c.

Old Tim he reclines in his high-backed chair,
And plays a few tunes on a fife;
He blows it for joy for he doesn't care,
Since he puzzled her out of her life.
Yes! his landlady out of her life,
For he's got a lock on his tea-chest so strong,
And the Landlady tried it for ever so long
With hammer and tongs till she fainted away,
And was then handed over to P'liceman i A.
And ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim will show
His Landlady up in the Court of Bow,
Chorus of Teetotallers in their Cups—
For ho! ho! ho!
Old Tim will show
His Landlady up in the Court of Bow!

Punch. February 4, 1871.

TAURUS THE CELLARER.

(During the Russian War scare.)

OLD Taurus our cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
Of Cyprus, and who shall say how many more?
For a chary old soul is he!
With sacks of canaries he never can fail
And all the year round he is hearty and hale,
And those who once cavilled are now heard to say,
"We are all of us proud of old Taurus to-day."
And ho! ho! ho! Things seem to show
That England's not like to the dogs to go!

Dame Ursa she sits in her cold, bare room,
 A Christian dame is she,
 From thence oft at curfew she steals in the gloom,
 On errands of charity.
 Now there's half a turkey that's not gone as yet,
 Which folks say that Ursa would much like to get,
 And Dame Ursa she says she is hungry and cold ;
 But old Taurus he wakes, and he thunders forth " Hold !"
 With ho ! ho ! ho ! that game is no go !
 Caught napping by Ursa, no, no, no, no !

Judy. July 24, 1878.

A parody in three verses, entitled *Simmonds, the Bellow*, was written by J. A. Hardwick. The first verse is given, the other two are omitted, owing to their coarseness :—

SIMMONDS, THE BELLLOWER.

OLD Simmonds, the Bellow, keeps a coal store,
 Of "Clinkers," and "Slates" nub-bel-y,
 And light weights, and who can say what he does more?
 For a pious old cock is he.
 The sack to have holes in, he never does fail,
 And all the day long he keeps "slanging" the scale ;
 Yet they'll never nail him, he bluntly does say,
 While he makes a ton out of six waggons a day.
 And oh, dear ! oh, his nose does show,
 How oft the "three-out" to his lips does go.

* * * * *

WILLIAM THE CLÔTURER.

OLD William the Cloturer sets great store
 By his hard-won majoritèe,
 And he wants it in good working order once more,
 For an ardent old toiler is he—
 A tremendous old toiler is he.
 Of business and progress the Commons fail,
 For all the year round they do nothing but rail ;
 But William declares he this shindy will stay,
 And stick to his Clôture—his *gag* as some say.
 And ho ! ho ! ho !
 His demeanour would show
 That he on this point to the country would go.
Chorus (heartily)—But ho ! ho ! ho ! &c.

Old William the Clôturer weareth the air
 Of one who is weary of strife,
 And Salisbury oft has been heard to declare
 He would have his—political—life,
 His—strictly political—life.
 And Salisbury hath a most terrible tongue ;
 But William is warlike, though no longer young ;
 And to prove that he isn't—in politics—dead,
 He his Clôture-gage hurls at sour Salisbury's head.
 While ho ! ho ! ho !
 He'll chuckle and crow,
 What, cave in to Salisbury? No, no, no !
Chorus (lustily)—While ho ! ho ! ho ! &c.

Punch. April 22, 1882.

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

From the Opera of "Merry Sherwood."

I AM a Friar of orders grey,
 And down in the valleys I take my way,
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
 Good store of venison fills my scrip ;
 My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
 Wherever I walk no money I want ;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of Heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullet and clouted cream,
 Myself, by denial, I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie ;
 I'm cloth'd in sack-cloth, for my sin ;
 With old sackwine I'm lined within ;
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
 • What baron or 'squire, &c.

J. O'KEEFFE.

A BRADLAUGH BALLAD.

I AM the Demagogue of the day,
 And down 'mongst the mob I make my way,
 It's years since of poverty I felt a nip
 Good store of the Sovereigns I love fill my scrip
 Republican patter I merrily chant
 Wherever I stump no money I want ;
 And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
 Who fattens on martyrdom's sure to live well :
 No bishop or squire
 Can hope to aspire
 To the glorious height of the law defier.

After orating, of fame I dream,
 And Cromwell-cum-Wilkes-cum Washington seem,
 Myself as a model I mortify
 With a thumping cupful of wine when dry ;
 I wear best broadcloth, black as sin,
 My breeches pockets are lined with "tin ;"
 I'm Liberal with a strong Radical dash,
 But I'm strictly Conservative of my cash.
 No lord of the shire
 Nor prince is higher
 In my esteem than C. B., Esquire.

My dusk performances are my best
 While working men work, I take my rest,
 I bid my disciples prevent new lives,
 Reading "Fruits of Philosophy" with their wives.
 And to save their pence, as they've got no soul
 To help me to win at Northampton poll,
 For the House is the only Heaven I know
 Though they say I make it a Hell below,
 Where I'll play the lyre
 And kindle its ire,
 Till oblivion swallows the law defier.

From Blasts from Bradlaugh's own Trumpet. By Ion.
 London, Houlston & Sons.

OLD SONG.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloë seems inclin'd to rest ;
 Fill her soul with fond desire,
 Softest notes will soothe her breast :
 Pleasing dreams assist in love,
 Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed),
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head ;
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers sound.

A. BRADLEY.

HOW SHALL I DINE.

GENTLY blow and stir the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dress it nicely I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove :
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh ! the charming white and red !
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed :
 Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely browned.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean :
 Pickles get and salad both,*
 Let them each be fresh and green :
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 O ye gods ! how I shall dine.

Attributed to DEAN SWIFT.

— : O : —

WHY SO PALE AND WAN.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale.

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

AN IMITATION OF THE ABOVE.

I.

WHY so sad and pale, fond lover ?
 Pr'ythee, why so dull ?
 How can tears the cause discover
 Why these eyes are full ?

* *Salad*, yes, by all means, only let it be eaten from a separate plate.
 But *Pickles* with *hot* roast mutton ? Perish the thought ! Red currant
 jelly if thou wilt, but *Pickles*—never!—ED. P.

Pr'ythee why so dull ?
 Shall a hopeful maiden take
 A baby to her arms ?
 Oh, prove a man, and for her sake,
 Caress, not grieve her charms.

II.

Thou hast no heart, fearful woer,
 And love ye give, not gain ;
 Then, with the heart that ye gave to her,
 Why give her not its pain ?
 Cease to murmur, hapless whiner,
 Sigh that sob away,
 Think, if caring much won't win her,
 Caring little may ;
 Then scorn, with scorning pay.

R. J.

From *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. May, 1819.

Sir John Suckling also wrote what is, perhaps, the finest ballad in the English language, *A Ballad upon a Wedding*, this appears to have escaped parody. An imitation of it, however, is contained in *Elegant Extracts from the British Poets*, 1824. It is entitled *Aylesbury Races*, and is attributed to Sir J. H. Moore ; it is very long, and does not sufficiently follow its original to entitle it to a place in this collection.

— : O : —

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.*

My lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
 But that which troubles me most is
 The unkindness of my dear ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 And alack ! what remedy !

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring.
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing ;
 O turn to me my dear love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man who alone canst
 Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan !
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And lie in my straw all alone ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And I prithee, love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

* This song was introduced into Davenant's comedy of *The Rivals*, 1668 ; but is probably still older. The phrase to "marry with a rush ring," is introduced in the ancient ballad of "The Winchester Wedding :"—

"And Tommy was loving to Kitty,
 And wedded her with a rush ring."

Meaning a marriage without the rites of religion, and to be dissolved at the will of the parties as easily as a rush ring may be broken.

SONG BY FUSBOS.

My lodging is in Leather-lane,
 A parlour that's next to the sky ;
 'Tis exposed to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy :
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair,
 Oh ! she lives by the scouring of pots,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury Square.

Oh ! was I a pint, quart or jill,
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands ;
 Let others possess what they will,
 Of learning, and houses and lands ;
 My parlour that's next to the sky
 I'd quit her blest mansions to share ;
 So happy to live and to die
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury Square.

And, oh ! would this damsel be mine !
 No other provision I'd seek ;
 On a *look* I could breakfast and dine,
 And feast on a *smile* for a week.
 But ah ! should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended, I'd dangle in air ;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury Square.

From *Bombastes Furioso*, by William Barnes Rhodes.

THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 Every sense and every power
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
 Then our careful watch we keep.
 When the wolf, in nightly prowling,
 Bays the moon with hideous howl ;
 Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance ;
 Females shriek, but no assistance.
 " Silence or you'll meet your fate—
 Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate !"
 Locks, bolts, and bars, soon fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob and plunder !

J. O'KEEFE.

A PARODY.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 When by love and hunger's power,
 I am kept from downy sleep,
 Nightly I to Molly creep ;
 Whilst the cats upon the tiles
 Mew their loves for many miles,
 O'er the gutters lightly hopping,
 Thro' the garret window dropping.
 Silence ! or my master wakes,
 Lay the cloth and broil the steaks ;
 Beef-steaks and onions crown our blisses ;
 Bread and cheese and balmy kisses.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The light of other days is faded
 And all their glory's past ;
 For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
 The hopes too bright to last.
 The world with morning's mantle clouded,
 Shines forth with purer rays ;

But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days.

The leaf which Autumn's tempests wither,
 The bird which then take wing,
 When Winter's blasts are past, come hither,
 To welcome back the Spring.
 The very ivy on the ruin,
 In Spring new life displays ;
 But the heart alone sees no renewing
 Of the light of other days.

ALFRED BUNN.

THE COAT OF OTHER DAYS.

The coat of other days is faded,
 And all its beauty past :
 My shoes no longer look as they did,
 But, like it, are fading fast !
 When first I sported it, a new one,
 My uncles cash 'twould raise,
 But now no longer 'tis a new one,
 The coat of other days.

The cuffs and collar now are greasy,
 Not a bit of nap is there ;
 'Twas tight, but now it fits me easy,
 'Twill soon be at Rag-fair !
 My four-and-nine look rather rummy,
 Expos'd to Sol's bright rays,
 And 'tis too late for renovating
 The coat of other days !

Another parody of this song, by J. James, entitled *The Foggy Gin-Fluenza Days* occurs in Vol. II, of Punch's Popular Song Book, but it is slangy and vulgar.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
 More bright than May-day morn,
 Whose charms all other maids surpass
 A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 Has won my right good-will ;
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Mr. Upton, who wrote the above song, also wrote many others for the convivial entertainments at Vauxhall Gardens towards the close of the last century. The music was composed by Mr. Hook, father of Theodore Hook; the celebrated wit and practical jokist.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

[The Richmond Select Vestry, having sent to the Home Office a memorial with reference to the deplorable condition of the Thames in that district, Sir W. V. Harcourt has entered into communication with the Conservators, and has been informed by them that nothing can be done until a radical change is effected in the disposal of the London sewage.]

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
 Who on a bright May morn,
 By sweeps of sewage mud must pass,
 On Thames's waters borne.

What does she meet? Spring breezes sweet?
No, muck is master still.
"Deposit's" cake, and stink, and make
The Lass of Richmond ill!

How happy might that maiden be
If *sweet* Thames-tide might run.
But no; Conservators agree
That "Nothing can be done."
Lips she must close, must nip her nose,—
The Stench-fiend lords it still,
And laughs with glee—grim ghoul—to see
The Lass of Richmond ill!

WILLIAM'S BILL.

OF William's bill we'll see the last,
No more it holds the field;
We've nailed our standard to the mast,
The harp we'll never yield.
The Irish fry in vain may try
To gild the Home Rule pill,
But soon we'll see, 'twixt you and me,
The last of William's bill.

'Tis past dispute, the kingdoms three
Together stand or fall,
And measures of autonomy
Should be the same for all;
But this that tends to part old friends
Shall ne'er have our goodwill;
No, no, friend Pat, we'll veto that
By "chucking" William's bill.

DARJEW.

The Weekly Dispatch. July 4, 1886.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who hath ruled in the green wood long,
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down.
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

* * * * *
H. F. CHORLEY.

A BIT OF A PARODY.

A SONG of the Dukes, of the dense old Dukes,
That have rul'd in the land so long;
With small renown to the Ducal crown,
By dint of legal wrong.
There's rage in their frown when Peel goes down,
And for Free Trade's cause speaks out;
And they show him their spite in the Lords each night
That the subject is talk'd about.

Then here's to the Dukes, to the dense old Dukes,
Who live for themselves alone;
And still live they, though no more to prey
On the country's blood and bone.

They talk of the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear;
And pretend that the poor were regaled, galore,
With old English beef and beer.
That tale is all stuff, it is much too tough;
It won't even hoax an ass;
And don't we know, they who tell us so,
The New Poor Law allow'd to pass?

Then here's to the Dukes, to the dense old Dukes,
Who live for themselves alone;
And still live they, though no more to prey
On the country's blood and bone.

Punch. April 11, 1846.

FRAGMENT OF A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO.

BLESSED as the immortal gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee;
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd the subtle flame
Ran quickly thro' my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

A PARODY OF THE FOREGOING.

DRUNK as a dragon sure is he,
The youth who sups or dines with thee;
And sees and hears thee, full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
And rais'd such pimples on my nose;
For while I fill'd to every toast,
My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
The toast fell falt'ring from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise;
The candle danc'd before my eyes;
My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
I tumbled senseless to the ground.

HENRY ERSKINE.

DEAR BETTY.

DEAR Betty, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of our blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;
Then prithee, dear Betty be kind ;
For as I love *thee* beyond measure,
To numbers I'll not be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are straying,
Count the flowers that enamel the fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempé are playing,
Or the grains that each Sicily yields ;
Count how many stars are in Heaven ;
Go reckon the sands on the shore,
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still will be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart, that dear Betty is thine ;
In my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And curl round thy neck like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is ?
My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
But those who can number their kisses,
Will always with few be content.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
For richer no realm ever gave ;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do you ask us how many we crave ?
Oh, there can't be too many rich livings,
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.

Count the cormorants hovering about,
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.
Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest's in play,
And not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,
On their way to some titheable shore ;
And when so many parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.
Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment,
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.

THOMAS MOORE.

(Suggested by the Bishop of London's Charge, in which he said :—"We want more Churches, and more Clergymen.")

LINES TO AN EDITOR.

(On sending a Book for Review.)

After Ben Jonson.

PRINT for me only just one word,
And I will pledge thee mine,
If thou wilt give a wholesome "puff,"
That I will not repine.
I think my work should be preferr'd
('Tis very large and fine),
Though dullards may not like my stuff,
I would not change a line.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.
(On the non-appearance of a Notice.)

I SENT thee 'late my able book,
Not so much honouring thee,
As hoping something would appear
That might bring L. S. D.
But thou thereon did'st neither look
Nor sent'st it back to me,
Since when I feel inclined to swear
Both at myself and thee.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

(Adapted from Herrick.)

"There is nothing in the pit-brow work, nor in the costume necessitated, that tells against modesty. It makes fine, healthy, strapping women—not exactly after the pattern of *Fenella* or *Miranda*—but women who are the fit mates for the men whose wives and mothers they are."—*Mrs. Lynn Linton on the "Pit-brow Women."*

A FINE frank roughness in the dress,
Is better than *La Mode's* excess ;
Flannel about the shoulders thrown,
A stayless bodice and loose zone ;
Stout clogs or highlows and a pair
Of coarse hose much the worse for wear ;
A kerchief-cap, and trailed thereby,
Wild locks that flow confusedly ;
A dual garb deserving note,
As more—or less—than petticoat ;
A leathern shoe-string in whose tie
The slattern speaks to every eye,
Do more bewitch me, for my part,
Than Regent Street with all its Art.

Punch, May 28, 1887.

HERRICK IN THE HOUSE.

After Herrick's Lines to Ben Jonson.

(By a Troubled Tory.)

AH, Ben ! *
Say how or when
Shall we, thy sheep,
Less scattered order keep ?
Or have such fun
As when you led us on,
When we such musters had
As made us with great joy half mad ?
Ah, sure one speech of thine
Outdid nine Randolphs and Smiths nine times nine.

My Ben !
Oh, come again,
Or send to us

Thy wit's great overplus ;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it.
Lest we that talent spend,
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of will, wit, tact, our Party have no more !

Punch, February 5, 1887.

* To the shade of Benjamin Disraeli.

SONG.

On seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair, in one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament.

(Parody of the well-known Lullaby in Guy Mannering.)

"SLEEP, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair,
If you mayn't in your bed that you should in your chair;
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No,
Talking by night, and talking by day,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill;
You have more need of repose than they,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt, be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence;
Statesmen will howl and patriots bray:
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

"Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not yet quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood was a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may."

W. M. PRAED.

—:O:—

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all,—I can no more,—
Though poor the offering be:
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee:
A lute whose gentle heart reveals
The soul of love full well,
And better far a heart who feels
Much more than lute can tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay:
If ever care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain.
Let love but gently touch the strings,—
'Twill all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

STEWED DUCK AND PEAS.

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the dinner be;
Stew'd Duck and Peas are all the store
That I can offer thee.
A Duck, whose tender breast reveals
It's early youth full well;

And better still, a Pea that peels
From fresh transparent shell.

Though Duck and Peas may fail, alas!
One's hunger to allay;
At least for luncheon they may pass,
The appetite to stay.
If seasoned Duck an odour bring
From which one would abstain,
The Peas, like fragrant breath of Spring,
Set all to rights again.

I give thee all my kitchen lore,
Though poor the offering be;
I'll tell thee how 'tis cook'd, before
You come to dine with me:
The Duck is truss'd from head to heels,
Then stew'd with butter well;
And streaky bacon, which reveals
A most delicious smell.

When Duck and Bacon in a mass
You in the stew-pan lay,
A spoon around the vessel pass,
And gently stir away:
A table-spoon of flour bring,
A quart of water bring,
Then in it twenty onions fling,
And gently stir again.

A bunch of parsley, and a leaf
Of ever-verdant bay,
Two cloves—I make my language brief,
Then add your Peas you may!
And let it simmer till it sings
In a delicious strain,
Then take your Duck, nor let the strings
For trussing it remain.

The parsley fail not to remove,
Also the leaf of bay;
Dish up your Duck—the sauce improve
In the accustom'd way,
With pepper, salt, and other things,
I need not here explain
And if the dish contentment brings,
You'll dine with me again.

Punch.

—:O:—

EARNEST REMONSTRANCE.

*Addressed to the Young Lady World, on the "Fringes"
now in Fashion.*

AIR.—"Long, Long Ago."

TWINE me the curls I delighted to see
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
Bring the old curling-tongs hither to me
Of long ago, long ago!
Since they are gone, all my grief has begun;
Those queer "waving fronts" do not please me, for one;
I pine for the hair as it used to be done
Long, long ago, long ago!

Don't you remember the ringlets that flow'd
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
The beautiful ringlets that then were the mode,
Long, long ago, long ago?
Some called them "corkscrews"—a gross malaprop,
Save that when met at a squeeze, or a hop,
Lovers, like corks, would come out with a pop,
Long, long ago, long ago!

Oh, if the Whigs their old fame would renew,
 (Quite *rococo*—quite *rococo*)
 And rival the glories of Brian Boroo,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Let them but give us, our thanks to secure,
 Instead of a Bill for removing the Poor,
 A Bill for removing the shady *coiffure*
 Now all the go, all the go!

Punch.

—:O:—

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

A Parody of Liston's "Beautiful Maid."

My fishmonger he swore that his soles were most dear,
 I trembled to hear what he said;
 For salmon and shrimps 'twas the wrong time of year,
 So I pitched on a beautiful maid;
 I brought home my beautiful maid:
 "Here, cook! dress this beautiful maid;
 Go boil it,—don't spoil it,
 But see it well done,
 And I'll dine on my beautiful maid!"

But an ugly black cat, I speak it with grief,
 My delicate tit-bit waylaid,
 The cook turned her back, and the long-whiskered thief
 Ran off with my beautiful maid;
 She clawed up my beautiful maid;
 She swore o'er my beautiful maid;
 Oh, pussy, you hussey,
 Oh, what have you done?
 You have eaten up my beautiful maid!

—:O:—

OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

From the Opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan."

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
 With vain and empty treasure.
 Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.
 When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never,
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,
 She loves, and loves for ever.
 Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
 That like the bee she ranges!
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.
 Ah! no, the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves, and loves for ever.

T. L. POCKOCK.

OH, SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS CAUGHT.

Oh, say not that my heart is caught,
 By Mary's face bewitching;
 For other charms my love has bought,
 Those charms her mind enriching;
 Unfriendly fate may soon us part
 And fickle fortune sever,
 But she who holds this throbbing heart
 I'll love and love for ever.

And must I then those charms resign,
 All I esteem a treasure,
 And give up what I hoped was mine
 To fix a rival's pleasure?
 The stars may fall, the sun decay,
 The earth's whole fabric waver,
 But firm as heaven my love shall stay,
 Unquenched, unceasing never.

MONTAGUE.

—:O:—

HE DRINKS, AND DRINKS FOR EVER.

Oh, say not life is dearly bought
 By him who seeks for pleasure;
 Oh, say not joy is wrongly sought
 When whiskey's thought a treasure!
 When first a youthful toper knows
 Its fumes he wanders never;
 He gladdens at his rosy nose,
 He drinks and drinks for ever.
 Oh, say not whiskey does impair,
 Nor like a poison rages;
 Still seeking ev'ry vein to tear,
 Nor cause such deadly changes!
 Oh, no! the draught that first can warm
 Will leave his stomach never,
 Though all his friends may rant and storm,
 He'll drink, and drink for ever.

ANONYMOUS.

—:O:—

DUNOIS THE BRAVE.

It was Dunois the young and brave,
 Was bound for Palestine,
 But first he made his orisons
 Before St. Mary's shrine!
 "Oh! grant, immortal queen of heaven,
 Was still the soldier's prayer,
 "That I may prove the bravest knight.
 And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine,
 He graved it with his sword,
 And followed to the holy land
 The banner of his Lord.
 Where, faithful to his noble vow,
 His war-cry filled the air:
 Be honoured, aye, the bravest knight,
 Beloved the fairest fair.

They owed the conquest to his arm,
 And then his liege-lord said,
 "The heart that has with honour beat,
 By bliss must be repaid.
 My daughter Isabel and thou
 Shall be a wedded pair;
 For thou art bravest of the brave,—
 She, fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot,
 Before St. Mary's shrine,
 That makes a Paradise on earth,
 If hearts and hands combine.
 And every lord and lady bright,
 That were in chapel there,
 Cried, "Honoured be the bravest knight,
 Beloved the fairest fair."

This is a translation by Sir Walter Scott, of the French song *Partant pour la Syrie*, written by De Laborde, to music

said to have been composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III. Under the Empire *Partant pour la Syrie* was the officially recognised French national song, but it never became so popular as *La Marseillaise*.

PARTANT POUR LA RUE BAKER.*

IT was Bill Noyes, the yeoman brave,
Was in the tillage line,
But first he set his heart upon
His stock of beeves and swine;
His mind to cattle most was given,
And "darn," he swore, "my wig!
But I will breed the hugest ox,
And rear the fattest pig."

This point of honour, weight of swine,
And ox as highly scored,
He proved it at the Smithfield Club,
Before both squire and lord,
And cried as to the judges' view
He bore the monsters big,
"Now bain't this here the hugest ox?
That there the fattest pig?"

They owned his victory—due the palm—
And then the chairman said:
"The ox that is for honour grown,
On oilcake must be fed;
On barley-meal, hog, boar, or sow,
And tubs of wash to swig;
That's how you cram the hugest ox,
And stuff the fattest pig."

So round his neck the prize was tied,
And then they went to dine,
Which makes a farmer's heaven on earth,
When beef and beer combine;
And every yeoman, lord, and 'squire,
Conservative and Whig,
Drank "Honour to the hugest ox,
Be praised the fattest pig!"

Punch. December 17, 1859.

There was another parody commencing:—

IT was Dunupp, the hard beset,
Was bound to far Boulogne;
But first a hansom he must get,
And money he had none!
"Alas," he cried, "they're safe to nab,
No time have I to spare;
If I can find the fastest cab
I'll prove the fairest fare."

in *The Hornet* for January 10, 1872, and another, of no interest or literary merit, on page 134 of *The Literary Lounger*, London 1826.

CHEVY-CHACE.

It is quite unnecessary to quote this noble old ballad in full, it may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, Robert Bell's *Early Ballads*, and many other collections of old English Songs and Ballads.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
The tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

* * * * *

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he would not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight."

* * * * *

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

O heavy newes, King James did saye,
Scotland may my witenesse bee,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred good as hee.

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slaine;
With lords of great renowe:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:

* The Annual Cattle Shows of the Smithfield Club were formerly held in the Baker Street Bazaar.

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

CHEVY CHACE.*

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safeties all :
A woeful story late there did
In Britain's Isle befall.

DUKE SMITHSON, of NORTHUMBERLAND,†
A vow to God did make,
The choicest gifts in fair England,
For him and his to take.

"Stand fast, my merry men all," he cried,
"By MOIRA's Earl and me,
And we will gain place, wealth, and pow'r,
As arm'd neutrality.

Excise and Customs, Church and Law,
I've begged from *Master ROSE* ;
The Garter too—but still the *Blues*
I'll have, or I'll oppose."

"Now God be with him," quoth the KING,
"Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust we have within our realm,
Five hundred good as he."

The DUKE then join'd with Charley Fox
A leader ware and tried,
And ERSKINE, SHERIDAN, and GRAY
Fought stoutly by his side.

Throughout our English Parliament
They dealt full many a wound ;
But in his King's and country's cause,
PITT firmly stood his ground.

And soon a law like arrow keen,
Or spear, or curtal-axe,
Struck poor DUKE SMITHSON to the heart,
In shape of Powder-tax.‡

Sore leaning on his crutch, he cried,
"Crop, crop, my merry men all ;

No guinea for your heads I'll pay,
Though Church and State should fall."

Again the taxing-man appeared—
No deadlier foe could be ;
A schedule of a cloth-yard long,
Within his hands bore he.

"Yield thee, DUKE SMITHSON, and behold
The assessment thou must pay ;
Dogs, horses, houses, coaches, clocks,
And servants in array."

"Nay," quoth the DUKE, "in thy black scroll,
Deductions I espye,
For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
With children burthen'd lie.

And though full sixty thousand pounds
My vassals pay to me,
From Cornwall to *Northumberland*,
Through many a fair countée ;

Yet England's Church, its King, its laws,
Its cause I value not,
Compar'd with this, my constant text—
A penny sav'd, is got.

No drop of Princely PERCY's blood
Through these cold veins doth run ;
With *Hotspur's* castles, blazon, name,
I still am poor SMITHSON.

Let England's youth unite in arms,
And every liberal hand
With honest zeal subscribe their mite
To save the native land.

I at *St. Martin's* Vestry Board,
To swear shall be content,
That I have children eight, and claim
Deductions, ten per cent."

God bless us all from factious foes,
And French fraternal kiss ;
And grant the King may never make,
Another DUKE like this.

From *The Anti-Jacobin*, March, 1798.

Another parody of Chevy-Chace, entitled
The Battle of Putney Hill appeared in the *Morn-
ing Herald* in 1799. It commenced thus :

God prosper long our noble King,
And guard our Statesmen all
From foul mishaps of every sort,
That vulgar folk enthrall.

Two orators, whose venom tongues
Had left a point in doubt,
With weapons of more deadly mould
Resolv'd to fight it out.

The one a squire, of manners blunt,
A patriot staunch within ;
The other of a lordly breed,
A courtier tall and thin.

Forth went these wights one Sabbath morn ;
Ill luck such acts betide !

* This clever parody has reference to the attempt made by the Duke of Northumberland to evade the payment of Mr. Pitt's Income-tax. To mitigate the severity of the pressure on persons with large families, a deduction of ten per cent. was allowed to persons who had above a certain number of children. Amongst others the wealthy Duke of Northumberland was not ashamed to avail himself of this clause.

† Sir Hugh Smithson married the Lady Elizabeth, daughter and only child of the Duke of Northumberland, who died in 1750. In the same year he obtained an Act of Parliament, authorizing him to assume the surname and arms of Percy. In 1767 the King created him Earl Percy and Duke of Northumberland. The hero of this ballad was the eldest son of this marriage.

‡ This alludes to Mr. Pitt's Tax upon Hair-powder, which turned out a failure ; the public declining its use rather than pay the tax. Those who continued it were called "*guinea-figs*," the tax being a guinea per head.

Was there no other to be found,
Of all the days beside?

* * * * *

The complete parody may be found in Vol.
III of *The Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1799.

THE NEW CHEVY CHACE.

(On the occasion of the O. P. Riots.)

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our cash and comforts all,
In Covent Garden, while I sing,
The row that did befall.

To chase the CAT with howl and horn
JOHN BULL went to the play;
And though she laughed him to scorn,
I trow he won the day,

THE KEMBLEs, HARRIS, SON and Co.
Did vow to God—God willing
That for GRIMALKIN and their show
They'd touch—the other shilling!

For they a theatre had made,
This famous CAT to squall in;
With "Annual Boxes" for the trade
No doubt of caterwalling;

JOHN's native drama to undo,
With foreign airs and vices—
And so they e'en impos'd their New
And banish'd his "Old Prices."

Their bowmen bold from Bow Street brought,
All chosen men of might
Resolv'd to stuff down Johnny's throat,
Their prices—wrong or right.

But JOHN whose skull with brains is cramn'd,
Their schemes did soon unriddle,
"And if I have, may I be damn'd,
(Quoth he) your Cat and Fiddle!"

"What! think you me to tax and gull,
"For building *this* here house!
"Or thinks a Cat to catch JOHN BULL
"Just as she'd catch a mouse?"

"Your modesty, upon my soul,
"Much with the ton increases,
"That fain would cram *each* pigeon-hole
"With *seven-shilling* pieces!"

"No, no—it will not do, Black JACK
"It shall not do, by Jingo;
"Old plays and prices we'll have back,
And no outlandish lingo!"

The orchestra struck up in vain,
Macbeth and wife were hiss'd!
And "Birnam Wood to Dunsinane"
Unnotic'd pass'd, I wist.

For "banners on the outward wall"
The tyrant had no use
Their scrolls within so thick did fall,
Though ne'er a flag of truce!

On Monday first the row begun,
Or call it what you may,
'Tis certain they kept up the fun
Until the Saturday.

The actors ran through every scene,
As fast as they could go—
As it a pantomime had been
Or eke, a puppet show.

And though the people that were there
Most loud did roar and rage,
Their backs they all, with special care,
Did turn upon the stage.

O Jove! it was a grief to see,
For word you could not hear—
(Except the speech of Mister Leigh)
A tragedy so queer.

To catgut, cat-call did reply,
With bell and bugle brazen!
And all the Gods, that sat on high,
Help'd out the diapason.

Yet bides JACK KEMBLE on the bent,
A Don of thorough blood;
With *aitches* though his head was rent,
Firm as a mule he stood.

"Show me," said he, "*what 'tis you want?*
"*What want ye here?*" he cried
"We neither want your CAT or *can't*,"
Our Englishmen replied.

"Our notes, for her's you shan't command;
"And for her pips, perdie,
"We trust we have within the land
"*Five hundred good as she!*"

With that there came a glorious roar,
Of rattles and of row-sticks;
As such there never did before
Confound the *catacousticks!*

Then look'd our manager, I trow,
Like one in doleful dumps;
His pride was humbled to a bow,
Almost upon his stumps.

As thus he said—"At length I yield,
"You've got what you have wish'd;
"You've won, JOHN BULL, you've won the field,
"And so—the cat is *dish'd!*"

God save the King, and bless the land,
Our liberties and laws,
And thus may Britons ever stand,
United in their cause.

From *The Morning Chronicle*. September 30, 1803.

This parody refers to the most extraordinary series of disturbances, known as the O.P. Riots, which took place in the new Covent Garden Theatre, commencing on the opening night, September 18, 1803, and lasting, almost without intermission, till December 16, when the old charges were restored. John Philip Kemble, the tragedian, and manager of the theatre, was singled out for special disapproval, the outcries against the *Cat* (Madame Catalani) were also very bitter, as it was generally supposed the prices had been raised owing to her exorbitant salary. Madame Catalani's business agent used to ask five hundred guineas for her appearance at a concert, which was considered an enormous sum in those days.

Kemble (styled *Black Jack*, on account of his dark complexion and black hair), had a pedantic way of pronouncing *ache* as *aiche*.

A PROTECTIONIST PARODY.

GOD prosper long our noble Queen,
Our lands and purses all ;
A woeful ruin once there did
In Parliament befall.

The sly Sir Robert Turnabout,*
A solemn vow did make,
To scout the aristocracy,
And make the farmers quake.

The Landowners to terrify,
The Corn-laws to repeal.
These tidings to Lord Bentinck came,
Who wished his country's weal.

He sent Sir Robert present word,
He shouldn't pass his bill ;
Sir Turnabout, not fearing this,
Replied, " Indeed, I will."

For full three hundred backed him up,
A force in numbers strong,
Who knew full well in time of need
To give their votes a-wrong.

The " Turncoats " mustered in the " House,"
Taunts able to endure ;
Their faces all that day were made
Of brass, you may be sure.

And long before midnight they had
Their pledges rendered vain ;
And when they'd dined, the *whipper-in*
Soon drove them back again.

Sir Robert went - his speech complete—
To view his friends so queer ;
Quoth he, " Lord Bentinck promised
This night should cost me dear :

Now, if I thought he would not come,
I'd have my Com-mit-tee."
With that, says Bright, " Friend Turnabout,
A sight you now may see.

Lo ! yonder doth Lord Bentinck stand,
His friends replete with spite ;
Two hundred stout Protectionists,
To *cheer* the live-long night ;

All sturdy agriculturists,
True to their pledges still."
" Then leave your dinners," Bobby said,
" And Treasury benches fill,

And now with me, my Turnabouts,
Set forth fallacious words,
For never was there statesman yet,
In Commons House, or Lords,

That e'er did with statistics come,
But if he proved too strong,
I durst cook up some others quick,
To show that his were wrong."

Lord Bentinck, on his hobby-horse,
Most like an honest man,
Stood foremost of his company,
And straightway thus began :

" Show me," said he, " What right have ye,
The farmer's gains to steal,

To rob the agriculturists,
The Corn-laws to Repeal ?"

The man who longest answer made,
Was turn-coat Bobby, he
Who said, " We have the right of power
And of *majority*."

* * * * *
Forth step a manufacturer
(Dick Cobden was his name)
Who said, " I would not have it told
Unto ' The League ' for shame,

That e'er this bill was fairly passed,
To make our traffic free,
And I took not that time t'abuse
The Aristocracy.

I'll jaw as long as jaw I may,
Although I'm proved quite wrong,
Whilst I have place in Parliament
I'll never hold my tongue."

* * * * *
The fight did last twelve live long nights,
(The matter was so deep ;)
And when they cleared the gallery,
The Speaker fell asleep !

Two hundred men and seventy
That day remained true ;
The rest did rat with Turnabout,
And voted black was blue.

Then tidings to Lord Stanley came,
That Bentinck's lord was beat,
And that at last Protection's cause
Had suffered sore defeat.

" Now heaven be with us," Stanley said,
" And Robert, what is he?
I trust we have within this Isle,
Leaders more trustworthy.

Yet shall not Bob nor turn-coats say,
But we will vengeance take :
We'll be revenged upon them all,
For our good farmers' sake.

This vow full well the chief performed,
As *Irish bills* explain,
For Turnabout was then kicked out,
And won't come in again.

Honour to you, Protectionists,
Bob and his lot shall fall,
For if *they kept their places*, *you*
Have kept your pledges all !

(26 verses are here given, the complete Parody contains 48.)

From *Protectionist Parodies*. By a Tory. J. Vincent
Oxford. 1850.

CHEVY CHASE.

*New Version of the old Ballad of Chivalry, adapted to our
unchivalric days.*

GOD prosper long our gracious Queen,
And may no more befall,
So foul a fight as that rude fray,
Which Chevy* Chase we call.

* Sir Robert Peel.

* *Chevy*.—To rudely harass or brutally bait.

To lead the House, with care and pain,
 Grey Gladstone did essay.
 The churl may shame that is unborn
 The manners of that day.

The suave Sir Stafford¹ to oppose
 His *devoir* did with grace ;
 A gentler pair of gallant foes
 Stood never face to face.

But forth there stepped a cheeky Squire,
 Randolpho² was his name,
 Who cried, "You don't call *this* a fight?
 Your style is much too tame !

"You shall not fool about like this,
 And I stand looking on.
 You be too muffs," Randolpho³ said,
 "I'd lick the pair alone !

"I'll do the best that do I may,
 Although not Old or Grand.
 All this punctilio is rot ;
 I'll fight for my own hand !"

Then straight arose a vulgar row,
 Shaming good hearts and true ;
 Coarse words like poisoned arrows went,
 And smirched where they not slew.

To still the storm, with broken voice,
 Grey Gladstone did his best ;
 A Captain he of mickle might,
 Who never stooped his crest.

But howls rose fast on every side,
 No courtesy was found ;
 And yahoo yells of laughter rude,
 His struggling accents drowned.

O Saints ! it was great grief to see
 How pale he did appear,
 While flout and shout flew all about,
 Rude laugh, and ruthless jeer.

This fight did last till Gladstone grey
 Shamed *some* of such coarse fun.
 Hoarse was that voice, erst like a bell,
 That long-tried strength foredone.

Lo ! conscience pricks the brave Sir Hicks,³
 A Knight of courtesie ;
 On that black bench churl hearts might blench,
 And fail of their cad glee.

For Randolpho needs must I wail
 As one in doleful dumps,
 Aping the rough who kicks his foe,
 And on his body jumps.

Smart Squire, who well might be brave Knight,
 Him pity 'tis to see
 Hounding rude clowns on, in despite
 Of gallant Chivalry.

Let Irish churls of small account
 Thus play the unknighly lout ;
 Let inarticulate Tory sumphs
 Thus rudely yell and shout ;

But one of brain and gentle blood
 Should deem it less disgrace
 To join some Cockney Epping Hunt
 Than lead a Chevy Chase !

God save the Queen, and bless the land
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant henceforth that foul debate
 'Twixt gentlemen may cease !

Punch. May 30. 1885.

—:O:—

LORD BATEMAN.

One of the best known of our old Ballads is *Lord Beichan*, or *Buchan*. This is corrupted in the modern English form to *Lord Bateman* ; the ballad commences thus :

"Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
 A noble lord of high degree ;
 He shipped himself on board a ship,
 He longed strange countries for to see."

Cruikshank collectors will remember that the artist chose this ballad for illustrating, and small as is the book, a copy of the original 1839 edition sold for £5 15s. at Sotherby's last year. Of course Cruikshank's version is comic, and the history of it is that he sang the ballad at a dinner of the Antiquarian society, to the air, and with the cockney pronunciation he had heard given to it by a street ballad singer. Dickens was present at the dinner, and offered to supply the illustrative notes (which are exceedingly humorous), Cruikshank etched the plates, and almost innumerable editions of the little book have been published ; the most recent having been issued a few years since by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, London.

THE NEW BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN was a noble Lord,
 Wot held Free Trade pure fiddlededee ;
 So he up and he moved in the House of Peers,
 In favour of Sweet Reciprocitee !

He maundered here, he meandered there,
 For a good two hours, or, some say, three,
 In the style of oration called roundaboutation,
 Until his hearers they wos wearee.

For forty long years he had held the opinion,
 And still his belief in that same wos strong,
 That the jade Free Trade, deemed so fair and lovely,
 Wos a vain deloosion wich led men wrong.

We'd abandon'd our old lady-love, Protection,
 In favour of a minx wot wos far *too* free ;
 We had boasted of her beauties unto foreign countries,
 Wich those foreign countries had failed to see.

He would not go back to the old love wholly,
 He wosn't quite a Dodo, he wosn't—not he.
 The name of Protection he would rayther not mention,
 But he warmly recommended Reciprocitee.

Wot wos right in love must be right in Commerce,
 Wot man would marry an unloving bride ?
 He failed to see wy it wos only in trading
 Reciprocity ought to be all o' won side.

Then up and answered another noble Lord,—
 Wich his name likeways it began with a B,—
 And he "sat on" poor Lord Bateman in a scientific
 manner,
 Wich filled the beholders with mirth and glee.

¹ Sir Stafford Northcote.

² Lord Randolph Churchill.

³ Sir Michael Hicks Beach.

Says he,—"Reciprocity's a hollow phantom,
Though I swore 'twos a substance wonce, I know;
But you won't raise the dead with a dusty recital
Of my musty phrases of forty years ago."

Then Free-Trade's old lovers they cheered and chuckled,
And the gallant Granville he smiled for to see
The Bogey young Dizzy so cleverly vamped up,
So coolly torn to pieces by the old Lord B,

But the crusted Lord Bateman, his sad face veiling
From his country's sorrows and his party's crimes,
Went homeward, and endeavoured to solace his sorrow,
By buying a stuffed Dodo, and burning of the *Times*.

Punch. May 10, 1879.

Lord Bateman's motion in favour of Reciprocity met
with little encouragement in the House of Lords, and
Lord Beaconsfield spoke strongly against it.

—:O:—

LILLI BURLERO.

This song, now all but forgotten, deserves to be recorded,
for it contributed not a little to the Revolution of 1688. A
contemporary writer said of it, "A foolish ballad was made at
that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a
very ridiculous manner, which had a burden, said to be Irish
words, "Lero, lero, lilliburlero," that made an impression
on the King's army that cannot be imagined by those that
saw it not, The whole army, and at last the people, were
singing it perpetually, and perhaps never had so slight a
thing so great an effect."

One of the principal tools of James II. was General
Richard Talbot, who was nominated to the Lieutenantcy of
Ireland in 1686, in this position his arbitrary and cruel treat-
ment of the Protestants recommended him to the favour of
his bigoted master, who rewarded him by creating him Earl
of Tyrconnel, and sending him a second time, and on this oc-
casion as Viceroy, to Ireland. It was at this time that *Lilli-
burlero* was written; *Lilliburlero* and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to
have been the sign and countersign used among the Irish
papists during their warfare with the protestants.

The song has been ascribed to Lord Dorset, but also, and
with more probability, to Lord Wharton, who openly boasted
that he had sung King James out of three kingdoms.

HO! BRODER Teague, dost hear de decree
Lilliburlero, bullen-a-lah.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilliburlero, bullen-a-lah.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen-a-lah,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen-a-lah.

(*This refrain is to be repeated after each two lines.*)

HO! by St. Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
De law's on dare side, and Chrish knows what,
Lilli, &c.

But if dispençe do come from de Pope,
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.

For de good Talbote is made a lerd,
And with brave lads is coming aboard.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir.

Arrah! but why does he stay behind?
HO! by my shoul 'tis a Protestart wind,

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
And we shall have commissions gallore.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
By Crish and Saint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass, and a dog.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass.

Lilli burlero, bullen-a-lah,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen-a-lah,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen-a-lah.

The melody was said to be the same as that which accom-
panies the convivial chant:—

"Very good song, very well sung,
Jolly companions, every one."

And Lord Macaulay wrote of *Lilliburlero*:—"The verses
and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. It was especially
the delight of the English army." Whilst Sterne also men-
tions it in "*Tristram Shandy*," as the favourite air of
Uncle Toby, who had been a soldier in the army of
William III.

The following imitation alludes to the attempts being
made in 1798 to bring about the legislative union of England
and Ireland, but which did not actually take place until
1801. At that date the Irish Parliament was induced, by
bribery and fraud to consent to its incorporation with that of
Great Britain. The parody is a somewhat remarkable pro-
phesy of what has actually occurred.

THE NEW LILLA BULERO.

HO, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?

Lilla bulero, bulen, al ha,
United men we shall all of us be,
Lilla bulero, bulen, al ha.

Lero lero, lilla bulero, lilla bulero, bulen al ha.
Lero lero, lilla bulero, lilla bulero, bulen al ha,

Says England, since Union's de ting dat you want,
By Jasus I'll give you a belly full on't

And if green is de colour you like, by de mass,
You'll be plas'd when all Dublin is cover'd wid grass.

But, says Teague, now, by Union, what is it dey mane?
Sure 'tis binding three nations all fast in one chain.

'Tis a shame which quite bodder's one's brain faith and troth,
For 'tis worse for de one yet it's better for both,

Is not Johnny Fitzgibbon gone straight to de King?
Oh! between 'em how nately dey'll settle de ting!

He'll drive a rare job for us all, you may swear,
And anoder as good for Lord Chancellor Clare.

And since we've a parliament not to our mind,
Sure to take it away now, is wonderful kind.

Would a minister wish for his jobs better tools
Dan a cargo of knaves, when exported by fools?

And, by Christ, we'll not send him such blundering elves,
Who will tink of deir country and not of demselves.

Oh! when Paddy in Westminster takes his own sate,
By my shoul he'll enliven de British debate.

Should de Spaker call order, he'll huff and look big,
Till he makes ev'ry hair stand on an end on his wig.

Should a member prasume on his spache to remark
Sure he'll beg just to mate him next day in de Park.

For a park like our Phanix in London dey've got,
By jontlemen us'd for exchanging a shot.

Won't it bea vast benefit now to our trade,
When all laws to promote it in England are made?

You have seen, Teague, a cur, to whose draggled backside,
Butcher boys have a broken old canister tied.

Now, if England's de dog whom French butchers assail,
Will not we be de canister tied to her tail?

Not a great while ago, sure, we heard a vast dale
About renunciation and simple repale:

But this schame now will strike ev'ry orator mute,
And de Union will settle de simple dispute;

And 'twill den to our fearce Orange yeomen be known,
Dat in cutting our troats dey've been cutting deir own.

Lilla Lero, &c.

The Morning Chronicle. 1798.

THE NEW "LILLI BURLERO."

(To be sung by Nationalists to the old air.)

Ho! Broder League, dost hear the decree?

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la,

"SAUNDERSON ought to be sub-Secretree."

Bully Bullero, Buller a-la.*

Lero, Lero, REDVERS BULLERO,

Lero, Lero, Buller o-la

Oranges come to us from foreign climes,

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la,

Is the blood-orange a sign of the Times?

Lilli Bullero Buller a-la.

Lero, &c.

Down with Moon-lighters and up with the Laws!

Lillo Bullero, Buller a-la,

And save us from Fire-and-Sworderson's claws!

Lilli Bullero, Buller a-la!

Lero, &c.

Punch. March 19, 1887.

The style of the old ballad has been often so successfully imitated as to deceive even the most accomplished literary critics. Amongst these may be noted the "New-Old Ballads," written by Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) which were republished by that clever but unscrupulous satirist in a collection, entitled *Tears and Smiles*, published in 1801, with the following "Advertisement to the Reader. These ballads were composed several years ago, in imitation of authors of the reigns of Harry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James, and sent to some of my literary friends as innocent deceptions.—P. P."

There were also "The Cornish Ballads," written by Mrs. Gervis, and "The Bristow Tragedy, or Death of Sir Charles Bawdin," by Thomas Chatterton, and others too numerous to mention, especially as they cannot exactly be styled *Parodies* in the strict sense of the term.

The finest burlesque ballad in the language is undoubtedly that entitled "The Queen in France," contained in *The Book of Ballads* edited by Bon Gaultier, and published by W. Blackwood and Sons. This clever book of parodies

and burlesques was the joint production of Sir Theodore Martin, and the late Professor W. E. Aytoun. The burlesque ballad in question was probably composed by Aytoun, it describes the Queen's visit to Louis Philippe in France in 1843, and closely imitates the metre and diction of "Sir Patrick Spens" an old Scotch ballad. The old ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, in Sir Walter Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and in *Early Ballads*, edited by Robert Bell. "*The Queen in France*" is very long, and disjointed extracts would give but a faint idea of its quaint humour, and simple pathos, besides which *The Bon Gaultier Ballads* is a readily accessible book.

In the same volume there is another, but inferior, burlesque ballad, entitled *Little John and the Red Friar*, which deals with the vexed question of ecclesiastical titles. Little John representing Lord John Russell, and the Red Friar, Cardinal Wiseman, who, in 1850, was appointed by the Pope, Lord Archbishop of Westminster, a nomination which gave rise to much agitation and angry controversy.

—:O:—

THE "LAY" OF THE GOOD LORD ROSEBERY.

A Modern Ballad.

It was the good Lord Rosebery

And he sat at the Durdans fair,

By the hour of noon in his heel-less shoon,

And the ease of an easy-chair.

"Come hither, come hither, my private scribe;

Come hither and soothly say,

What wild ducks fly, be it low, be it high,

Over London town this day."

"O the talk flies high," said the private scribe,

"That to-day we cross the sea,

To Calais and Brussels and fair Cologne,

And the City upon the Spree.

"And its O, but I know, when the loud winds blow

And the sea climbs high on the strand,

It is I that am wan as the wan water

Or ever I win to land."

"Nay, peace, good fellow," Lord Rosebery cried,

"Till the actual qualms befall,

And tell me, I pray, what men may say

Of the mails which we travel withal."

"O they say you have ta'en a despatch-box stout,

But and a Gladstone bag,

With a bottle of blacking and brush inside

Wrapped up in the British flag."

"But tell me, O tell me, my private scribe,

Come tell me, and soothly say,

How fared you with yon smart interviewer

Who interviewed you this day?

"What learnt he of us and our secret plans?

Sith he comes of a questing tribe,

Did he ask what we're at? hath he smelt of a rat?

Say soothly, my private scribe."

"Now Heaven be good to thee, good my lord!"

Quo' the scribe in high chagrin,

"Dost think from the face of thy faithful clerk

That his mother him bore yestreen?

"O many's the chiel taking notes I have known

And many a one sent back

With the saut, saut scent of the red herring

Drawn fealty across his track."

* Sir Redvers Buller.

" 'Tis well, 'tis well," Lord Rosebery cried,
 "'Tis well that the rogues should stray.
 But tell me, my scribe, what *think* they of us ?
 What of our little game *think* they ? "

" O some there were who talked full wise
 Of the Germans beyond the sea,
 And the purposes dark of the grim Bismarck
 On the coast of New Guinea ;

" And who seemed cocksure you were seeking the
 Prince—

'Twas thus that the rumour ran—
 With additional swag in the Gladstone bag
 As a bribe from the grand old man."

" But said they nought," said the Minister bold ;
 Come tell me, my follower good,
 Of the Muscovite pranks on the Murghab's banks,
 And the banks of the Heri Rud ? "

" O ay ! O ay ! there were some who deemed
 Of your mission to Germany thus :
 That you go to engage the honest broker
 To square the advancing Russ."

Full loud the good Lord Rosebery laughed,
 And his head went to and fro ;

" Jack-fools are they who suppose that to-day
 One needs over sea to go.

" A word flies fleet on the lightning's feet,
 And 'twere best without 'mission' or fuss ;
 Let the wire give hints to the broker-Prince
 To square the advancing Russ."

But the scribe look'd up from his newspaper,
 And a white-faced scribe was he ;

" Too late may a man be, dear my lord,
 Though he wait not to cross the sea.

" For the foot of a Fate that is bent on war
 May outstrip a surrendering wire ;
 Our allies and our foes are already at blows,
 And the fat's in the Afghan fire."

The Saturday Review. April 11, 1885.

A BALLAD OF THE GREAT ELECTION BATTLE.

DECEMBER, 1885.

(*Some way after Drayton's Ballad of Agincourt.*)

FAIR stood the wind (we thought),
 Ere the great fight was fought,
 Much hoping, fearing nought,
 On marched our heroes.
 But when, whilst banners flew,
 First Orange closed with Blue,
 Our hopes soon tumbled to
 Chillest of zeros !

When in his height of pride,
 Joe did the foe deride,
 And " Ransom " loudly cried,
 Many offending ;
 When he forgot the while
 Rob Roy's not English style,
 Cecil did darkly smile,
 Mischief portending.

And, turning to his men,
 Quoth our sage William then,
 " Bearded in our own den ?
 I *am* amazed !
 But battles ill begun
 By pluck are often won.
 Close ranks, and fight like fun !
 Joe has gone craséd.

" But for myself," quoth he,
 This my last fight may be.
 England will mock at me,
 No more esteem me,
 If vanquished I remain,
 In this great fray fall slain ;
 Close up and charge again
 Loss to redeem me !

" 'Eighty' our foes may tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 Not less our skill is
 Than when great Ben we beat ;
 That conquest we'll repeat
 If you but follow fleet
 One standard—Willie's ! "

* * * * *

(*Five verses omitted.*)

Dilke held a stubborn pike,
 Harcourt as Thor did strike,
 Smiting down smashers like
 Hammer on anvil ;
 Morley his axe did ply,
 Bright and young Rosebery
 Bore them right doughtily,
 Derby and Granville !

All in December grey
 Fought was this wondrous fray,
 Brave Britons, as when they
 Lopped the French lillies !
 Acts these to fill a pen !
 Must not all Englishmen
 Hope we may breed again
 Hearts like Auld Willie's ?

Punch. December 19, 1885.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOT. (*Another imitation of Drayton's Ballad.*)

SEE, where the hosts advance,
 As on their steeds they prance,
 Flashing the sword and lance,
 Eager for glory !
 Hear ye the battle din ;
 Who will be " Out " or " In "—
 Which of the twain will win—
 Lib'ral or Tory ?

Salisbury, helmetless,
 On with his lance doth press
 Theat'ning with dire distress
 Will o' the Collars !
 He, with uplifted axe,
 Never true valour lacks—
 Sore doth his vigour tax
 " Squire " G., who " follers."

Randolph, the Slangy Knight,
Joins in the furious fight—
See, too, Free-Trader Bright—
"Joe," too, of Land-fame!
See while the Tories "fake,"
Lib'ral's the cry awake—
"Win, Gladstone, win, and make
Grander your grand fame!"

Fun. December 2, 1885.

THE NEWEST THING IN CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

God rest you merry, gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay;
Not even the dyspeptic *plats*
Through which you'll eat your way;
Nor yet the heavy Christmas bills
The season bids you pay;
No, nor the ever tiresome need
Of being to order gay;
Nor yet the shocking cold you'll catch
If fog and slush hold sway;
Nor yet the tumbles you must bear
If frost should win the day;
Nor sleepless nights—they're sure to come—
When "waits" attune their lay;
Nor pantomimes, whose dreariness
Might turn macassar grey;

Nor boisterous children, home in heaps,
And ravenous of play;
Nor yet—in fact, the host of ills
Which Christmases array.
God rest you merry gentlemen,
May *none* of these dismay!

Funny Folks. January, 1880.

KING JOHN IN A COCKED HAT.

A Parody on the famous old Grimaldian song, called
"*The Frog in the Opera Hat.*"

JOHN Kemble he would an acting go,
Heigho! says Kemble;
He raised the price which he thought too low,
Whether the public would let him or no;
With his roly-poly, gammon and spinnage,
And ho! says manager Kemble.

The mob at the door made a mighty din,
Heigho! says Kemble;
They dashed like devils thro' thick and thin,
And over the benches came tumbling in,
With their roly, &c.
'Twill do, says manager Kemble.

Soon as they pass'd Will Shakespeare's hall,
Heigho! says Kemble;
They thought the lobbies were much too small,
So they gave a loud roar, and they gave a loud bawl,
With roly, &c.
Hollo! says manager Remble.

Pray *what do you want?* (in a sort of a huff)
Heigho! says Kemble;

Says Mr. Leigh—"Nonsensical stuff,
Pho, none of your gammon, you know well enough.
With your roly, &c.
You do, great manager Kemble;

He held by the tip his opera-hat,
Heigho! says Kemble;
"Indeed the concern's as poor as a rat;"
Says Bull, "No dam'me, we won't stand that,"
With our roly, &c.
'Twon't do, great manager Kemble.

He folded his arms, in a sad nonplus,
Heigho! says Kemble;
With Queen Anne's prices he made a fuss,
Says Bull, "what the devil's Queen Anne to us,"
With roly, &c.
'Twon't do, great manager Kemble.

He swore to himself an oath, by Styx,
Heigho! says Kemble.
Kind ladies and gentlemen, none of your tricks,
I love *seven* shillings much better than *six*,
With my roly, &c.
I do, says manager Kemble.

Then roar'd the gallery, gentle souls,
Heigho! says Kemble;
No private boxes, no pigeon-holes,
We'll dowse your glims, in a crack, by goles,
With roly, &c.
No, don't, says manager Kemble.

The Morning Chronicle. November, 7, 1809.

During the O.P. riots at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1809, a certain Mr. Henry Clifford was a very conspicuous opponent to the new prices as fixed by John Kemble. Finally the management of the Theatre had to concede nearly all the claims advanced by the O.P. party through their spokesman, Clifford, and the victory was celebrated in the following lines:—

HAL Clifford would once a reforming go,
Heigho! says Clifford;
He swore by the mass, that he'd nonsuit his foe,
And under his jerkin he hid his flambeau;
With his roly, poly, gammon and spinnage,
"I'll do it" roar'd patriot Clifford.

He went to the pit, where he saw a great fray,
Heigho! says Clifford;
"We want" cried O.P. "those vile boxes away,"
For if they don't sin there, I'm sure that they may,"
With a roly, poly, gammon and spinnage,
"They shall vanish" said patriot Clifford.

* * * * *
Now he swears reformation has got a new tune,
Heigho! said Clifford;
Lo! he and John Kemble, like loon scratching loon,
Sip their dramatic broth with the very same spoon;
With roly, poly, gammon and spinnage,
"It's over" said patriot Clifford.

The last lines refer to the Dinner of Reconciliation which took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on January 4th, 1810, when Mr. Clifford took the chair, supported by the most prominent of the O. P. party, and Messrs. John Kemble and Harris represented the management of Covent Garden Theatre. For full details of these extraordinary proceedings the reader is referred to the *Covent Garden Journal* (J. J. Stockdale, London), 1810.

THE NEW MAGAZINE.

CAMPBELL would a writing go,
 Heigh ho ! said Colburn,
 Campbell would a writing go,
 Whether the people would let him or no,
 With a Cockrane, Pickersgill, gammon and spinage—
 Heigh ho ! said Henry Colburn.
 Off he set with the "Pleasures of Hope,"
 Heigh ho ! said Colburn.
 On the road he spouted from Pope,
 With his absent, thoughtless!—gammon and spinage—
 Heigh ho ! said Henry Colburn.
 He soon arrived at the Union Club,
 Heigh ho ! said Redding ;
 And he knocked at the door with a rub-a-dub-dub,
 And an English, Irish—gammon and spinage—
 Heigh ho ! said Cyrus Redding.
 Pray Mr. Redding, Are you within?
 Heigh ho ! said Campbell ;
 Yes, dear Tom, I'm drinking my gin,
 With a lemon, sugar—gammon and spinach—
 Heigh ho ! said the longing Campbell.
 Well Mr. Redding, I'll have some too,
 Heigh ho ! said Campbell ;
 Aye, if you pay for it, that you may do,
 With a spoon and tumbler—gammon and spinage—
 Heigh ho and the devil ! said Campbell.
 Pray Mr. Campbell, what brought you here?
 Heigh ho said a *Lady* ;—
 I'm making a new magazine, my dear,
 A *Metropolitan*—gammon and spinage—
 Heigh ho, indeed ! said the *Lady*.
 I've left the "New Monthly" once and for all,
 Well done, said Redding ;
 And now I'm determined to work for its fall,
 With its portraits, memoirs—gammon and spinage—
 I'm very glad of it, said Redding.
 Perhaps you'll help me over the style ;
 That I will, said Redding :
 So they sat down with a smirk and a smile,
 With pens and paper—gammon and spinage,—
 Tom Campbell and Cyrus Redding.
 They had written prospectus—quaff'd their gin.
 I'm devilish tired, said Redding.
 When Picken and Roscoe came tumbling in
 With James and *Marryatt*—gammon and spinage—
 You're the *King's Own*, said Redding.
 Campbell rose, and with voice so sweet,
 Gentlemen all, said Campbell,
 I'll give you fifteen guineas a sheet
 For your tales and politics—gammon and spinage
 So you ought to write well, said Campbell.
 I mean to be independent quite,—
 The devil you do? said Roscoe.
 I begin to think it's nothing but right,
 And better than puffing, gammon and spinage,
 To be sure so it is, said Roscoe.
 They then retired, each and all,
 All alone was Campbell ;
 And they finished their articles, great and small,
 Poems, advertisements, gammon and spinage,
 And sent them away to Campbell.

Under a cover the numbers were bound,
 Heigh ho ! said the reader :
 Cochrane and partner sent them round
 To the nobles, gentry, gammon and spinage,
 Heigh ho ! said the gentle reader.

The National Omnibus. May 13, 1831.

Thomas Campbell, the Poet, was editor of *The New Monthly Magazine*, Cyrus Redding was his literary subordinate, and Henry Colburn was the publisher. The *Lady* here referred to was doubtless intended for Lady Morgan.

LEAP FROG.

Dedicated to PRINCE NAPOLEON, THE DUKE OF MALAKHOFF, MARSHALS CANROBERT, BOSQUET, and the other French officers present at the late Crimean banquet at Paris.

FROGGY must a warring go—
 Heigh ho, so slowly !
 Froggy must a warring go,
 By the Emperor's orders, like it or no,
 With his swingeing St. Arnaud, Bosquet and Canrobert,
 Heigh ho, so slowly !
 So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
 Heigh ho, so growly,
 So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
 And there found John Bull with a soldier or two,
 With his good-natured Raglan, Lucan, and Cardigan,
 Heigh ho, so scowly !
 When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run—
 Heigh ho, so easy !
 When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run,
 It was Froggy, of course took the one captured gun,
 With his swingeing St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
 Heigh ho, so easy !
 When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue—
 Heigh ho, so foully !
 When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue,
 To John Bull, of course, the delay was due,
 With his easy Lord Raglan, Lucan and Cardigan,
 Heigh ho, so growly !
 When to "sap" was changed what should have
 been "sack"—
 Heigh ho, so slowly !
 When to "sap" was changed what should have
 been "sack,"
 Of course, Froggy held left and right attack,
 With his bouncing Pelissier, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
 Heigh ho, so slowly !
 When six to one did at Inkermann fight—
 Heigh ho, so boldly !
 When six to one did at Inkermann fight,
 It was Froggy, of course, that defended the height,
 With his terrible *Chasseurs, Zouaves, and Indigènes*,
 Heigh ho, so boldly !
 When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse—
 Heigh ho, so quickly !
 When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse,
 The "thin red line" was Froggy's of course,
 With his blundering Lucan, Campbell, and Highlanders,
 Heigh ho, so quickly !
 When the Allies' assault was repulsed in June—
 Heigh ho, so foully !
 When the Allies' attack was repulsed in June,

'Twasn't Froggy began the attack too soon,
With his Duke of Malakhoff, Bosquet, and Company,
Heigh ho, so foully !

When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en—
Heigh ho, so slowly
It was Froggy did all—except lose the Redan,
With his thundering D'Angely, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so slowly !

In short, the Siege of Sebastopol—
Heigh ho, so wholly !
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol,
Was Froggy's achievement, whole and sole,
With his Admiral Hamelin, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so wholly !

Of what laurels there are to win and wear—
Heigh ho, so seedy !
Of what laurels there are to win and wear,
Of course, Froggy claims the Lion's share,
With his Dukes and his Marshals, Bosquet and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so greedy !

Punch. January 31, 1857.

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A PREMIER would a-woeing go,
("Boo ! boo !" says Randy)
Whether his Party liked it or no,
With a Salisbury, Halsbury gammon and spinach.
("Pooh ! pooh !" says pert little Randy.)
So off he went in a terrible pet,
("Ta-ta !" says Randy)
And a Whiggy Peer was the first he met,
With a Hartington haughty tone gammon and spinach.
("Pooh ! pooh !" says smart little Randy.)

"Pray, Mr. Marquis, come with me ?"
("Yah ! yah !" says Randy)
"And help us to govern our great countree,
With a Hartington, Salisbury gammon and spinach."
("Pooh ! pooh !" says little Lord Randy.)

"You shall be Premier if you wish,"
("Heigho !" says Randy)
"The principal spoon in the Tory dish
Of Salisbury, Halsbury, gammon and spinach."
("Boo ! boo !" says cross little Randy.)

"Our Tory colours we'll change about,"
("Hurroo !" says Randy)
"If you'll help to keep old Gladstone out,
With a Hartington, Salisbury gammon and spinach."
("Yah ! yah !" says sharp little Randy.)

"No ! Mr. Sarum, I can't go with you."
("Neither could I," says Randy)
"If I did the bargain I quickly should rue,
With your Marshall and Snelgrove gammon and spinach."
("Just so !" says little Lord Randy.)

"But on my support you may depend,"
("Oh, indeed !" says Randy)
"In need I'll always prove your friend,
With my Liberal Unionist gammon and spinach,"
("Oh ! oh !" says spry little Randy.)

"There's no one now but Goschen left,"
("Invertebrate !" sneers Randy)
A chief of followers bereft,

With a Salisbury, Halsbury, Goschen and spinach,
("Quite so !" says smart little Randy)

So off he went to Mr. G.
("Silly Bob," says Randy)
Who said he'd accept the Chancellor'rie,
With a Northbrook, Lansdowne gammon and spinach,
("Pooh, pooh," says bad little Randy.)

But when he reached his home again,
("All in the dumps," says Randy)
Upon his head reproaches rain ;
With a hurly-burly gammon and spinach.
("Yo, ho !" sings chuckling Randy.)

It was who's to go and who's to rise ?
("That's the rub !" says Randy)
Each marked the other with jealous eyes,
With a grumbling, rumbling gammon and spinach.
("What fun !" says mischievous Randy.)

The kindest and the truest man,
("Go it, Bob !" says Randy)
To turn him out they plot and plan,
With their Salisbury, Halsbury, Goschen and spinach.
("He's old !" says cruel young Randy.)

Upon one point they all agree—
("Only one," adds Randy)
To banish dear Lord Idlesleigh,
With their Salisbury, Halsbury, Goschen and spinach.
("Hurroo !" shouts little Lord Randy.)

"But what's to be the end of this ?"
("Deuced queer !" says Randy)
"Such a chance old Gladstone never will miss,
With his Homer, Home Rule, gammon and spinach."
("Heigho !" sighs sad little Randy.)

The Premier was swimming along one day,
("What'll come next ?" says Randy)
A grand old duck came and gobbled him up,
With his Salisbury, Halsbury, Goschen, and spinach.
("All up !" says little Lord Randy.)

Pall Mall Gazette. January 20, 1887.

When Lord Randolph Churchill resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, on account of the extravagance in the votes for the War Office, and the Admiralty, the Marquis of Salisbury had some difficulty in finding a successor, but at length prevailed on Mr. Goschen to accept the post, although he had previously held office in a Liberal Cabinet.

"OLD ROWLEY !"

[Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL and Mr. ROWLEY CATHCART played *Uncle's Will*, and *Sweethearts* at Osborne. HER MAJESTY presented Mrs. KENDAL with a diamond brooch in the shape of an imperial crown, gave MR. KENDAL a cheque for the night's expenses of the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. R. CATHCART a cheque for himself. Subsequently it was announced that, as a memorial of the performance of *David Garrick* at Sandringham, H.R.H. had presented MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM with a gold cup.)

OFF they went to Osborne to play,
("Heigho !" say ROWLEY.)
Off they went to Osborne to play ;
There were only Mrs. and Mr. K.,
With their ROWLEY CATHCART.
("Would it were Greenwich.
Heigho !" sighs elderly ROWLEY.)

The first piece played was *Uncle's Will*,
 ("Ho! Ho!" laughs ROWLEY.)
 They all three played in *Uncle's Will*,
 And *Sweethearts* to follow completed the bill,
 Both with ROWLEY CATHCART.
 ("Glad to get findg'd,
 Heigho!" growls elderly ROWLEY.)

They greatly delighted HER MAJESTEE,
 ("Hooray!" cries ROWLEY.)
 They highly delighted HER MAJESTEE,
 Did Mister and Missus and little ROWLEE,
 With their tact in actin'
 Little space pack'd in.
 ("Heigho!" says elderly ROWLEY.)

With a brooch did her HER MAJESTY Mrs. K. deck.
 ("Hooray!" shouts ROWLEY.)
 Crown diamonds shining in front of her neck;
 A cheque to her Hub; then the QUEEN drew a cheque
 For their ROWLEY, slowly,
 ("Solely and wholly
 For me!" cries elderly ROWLEY.)

Postscript.

CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up
 ("Hallo!" says DAVY.)
 CHARLES WYNDHAM on hearing it threw his hands up,
 And into them H. R. H. chucked a gold cup,
 For command obeying,
 Sandringham playing,
 "Hooray!" cries WYNDHAM as DAVY!

Punch. February 26, 1887.

THE CRAFTY HAWARDEN FOX AND THE SOUR
 UNIONIST GRAPES.

A GREY old fox sat under a vine
 (Heigho! says MORLEY),
 Ogling the grapes so plump and fine,
 With his Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach
 (Heigho! says miserable Morley).

"Oh, come and be gobbled up, grapes," said he
 (Heigho! says Morley)

"It's really a treat to be swallowed by me,
 With my Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach
 (Heigho! says miserable Morley)

But the grapes stuck fast to the parent stem
 (Heigho! says Morley)

"We shan't get much out of blarneying them,
 With our Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach,
 (Heigho! says miserable Morley)

Then the old fox jumped, but 'twas all in vain
 (Heigho! says Morley).

For he came bump! on his haunches again,
 With his Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach,
 (Heigho! says miserable Morley).

The more he jumped the fiercer he grew
 (Heigho! says Morley)

And he growled all the naughtiest growls he knew,
 With his Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach,
 (Heigho! says miserable Morley).

"The grapes are sour, and not fit to eat."
 (Just so, says Morley);

So the pair crawled off to their den dead beat,
 With their Morley, Parnell, gammon and spinach,
 The grey old fox and his Morley.

J. W. P.

St. Stephen's Review. June 18, 1887.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Born in Dublin in 1751. Died, July 7, 1816.

Lord Byron said, "Whatever Sheridan has done, has been, *far excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy ("School for Scandal"), the best drama ("The Duenna"), the best farce ("The Critic"), and the best address ("Monologue on Garrick"); and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived, or heard in this country."

In addition to *The School for Scandal*, *The Duenna*, and *The Critic*, Sheridan wrote *St. Patrick's Day*, a farce; *The Rivals*, a comedy; *A Trip to Scarborough* (partly adapted from Sir J. Vanbrugh's "Relapse;") and *Pizarro*, a tragedy.

Sheridan was indebted to an old play written by the Duke of Buckingham and entitled "*The Rehearsal*" (1672), for the main idea of "*The Critic*," but all the personal allusions in Sheridan's farce were made to well known contemporary characters. "*The Critic*" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1779. In 1780 a miserable anonymous imitation was published by H. Kingsbury, entitled "*The Critick*;" or, a Tragedy Rehearsed, a Literary Catchpenny! Prelude to a Dramatic after-piece, by R. B. Sheridan, Esq., with a Dedication, Preface, and Prologue." This does not appear to have been intended for the stage. Another imitation was entitled "*The Critic Anticipated*;" or, the Humours of the Green Room, as rehearsed behind the curtain of the theatre in Drury Lane, 1779."

Coming to modern times, Mr. F. C. Burnand founded an amusing burlesque upon the tragedy portion of "*The Critic*." This was entitled "*Elizabeth*;" or, *The Invisible Armada*, and was published in 1870, by Tinsley Brothers, London. The favourite old characters *Tilburina*, *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos*, and the Governor of *Tilbury Fort* are here introduced; no mention is made in the printed copy as to whether this burlesque was ever performed at any theatre.

In 1884 Sheridan's comedy, "*The Rivals*," was being played at the Haymarket Theatre (London), with a most elaborate *mise-en-scene*, and, perhaps, a little too much display of antiquarian accuracy in details, to ridicule which an after-piece, entitled "*The Ar-Rivals*, or a Trip to Margate," was produced at the Avenue Theatre on June 24, 1884. It was announced as having been written by "J. M. Banero and A. D. Pincroft" (Pinero and Bancroft are almost too slyly hidden here), and that it would be produced with "Real sand buckets, real wooden spades, real periwinkles which would be eaten with real pins, and, as far as practicable, with real appetites."

Yet notwithstanding all this wit, the travesty was pronounced by the critics as utterly beneath criticism, and was at once withdrawn.

Passing now from burlesques of Sheridan's complete plays to parodies of songs contained in them, the favourite appears to be the drinking song which occurs in the third act of "*The School for Scandal*."

LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen;

Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,

Now to the maid who has none, sir:

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow ;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry :
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

These gay and flowing verses, perhaps the most popular of their class in the language, were evidently modelled on the following song in Suckling's play of the *Goblins* :

'A health to the nut brown lass
With the hazel eyes, let it pass,
She that has good eyes, &c.
Let it pass—let it pass,

As much to the lively grey,
'Tis as good in the night as the day,
She that hath good eyes, &c.
Drink away—drink away.

I pledge, I pledge, what ho ! some wine,
Here's to thine—here's to thine !
The colours are divine ;
But ho ! the black, the black,
Give me as much again, and let 't be sack ;
She that hath good eyes,' &c.

This song was appropriated by S. Sheppard, in a comedy called the *Committee-man Curried*, 1647, without any acknowledgment of the source from whence he stole it.

SONG BY SIR ROBERT PEEL.

HERE's to each Tory and Radical too ;
Just only my Income Tax pass, boys,
And you'll see how completely John Bull I shall " do,"
By taking the duty off *glass*, boys.
Let the bill pass,
John's such an ass,
I'll warrant he'll find an excuse in the glass.

Here's the debater whose speeches we prize,
And here's to the spouter of twaddle :
To gentlemen gifted with brains, and likewise,
To those who have none in their noddle.
Let the bill pass, &c.

Here's unto Cobden, and here's to Friend Bright,
The farmers' and landowners' friend, too ;
To those who for Corn-Law monopoly fight,
And those for Free Trade who contend, too.

Here's to the few for class interests who vote,
With a view to the loaves and the fishes ;
Here's to the many who strive to promote
Their constituents objects and wishes.

Here's to young England and here's unto old !
For all parties I care not a feather :
So long as you all are contented to hold,
In support of my Budget, together.
Let the Bill pass, &c.

Punch. March 8, 1845.

LOVE, YOU MUST OWN, IS A COMICAL THING.

LOVE, you must own is a comical thing,
'Tis hoaxing, and coaxing, and teasing,
It's power is so great it can conquer a king,
Still its heaviest chains are oft pleasing.
Its praise let us sound,
For I will be bound,
There are nine out of ten in love all the year round.

Stoics may preach against love if they please,
Still, still I'll declare it a pleasure ;
For though a fair maiden may often times tease,
Still the girl of my heart is a treasure.
Its praise let us sound, &c.

Husbands may say when they're wed a few years,
A wife's a hard bargain to deal with ;
But I value not their lamentations and tears,
For some lass I will soon sign and seal with,
Its praise let us sound, &c.

Let single or married rail as they will,
Yet love is the sunshine of life, sirs.
And I will stand forth as its advocate still,
Nor stop till I get me a wife, sirs.
Its praise let us sound, &c.

I am in love, as before I have said,
And no cynic my passion shall smother,
I'll marry a wife, and when she is dead,
Why, then, I will marry another.
Its praise let us sound, &c.

Then come in our dreams, love, love it shall be,
Our joy it shall sweeten our glasses ;
We'll drink it by land, and we'll drink it by sea,
For without it we lose all our lasses.
Its praise let us sound, &c.

BRYANT.

ELECTION SONG.

HERE's to the Voter whose terms are fifteen ;
Here's to the vote that costs fifty ;
Here's to the Candidate shabby and mean,
And here's to the one that's not thrifty.
Let the Bill* pass ;
'Tis but a farce ;
I warrant they'll find an excuse for a glass.

Here's to the Voter whose freehold we prize,
Here's to the tenant with none, Sir ;
Here's to the host who the liquor supplies,
Here's to the beer-taps that run, Sir.
Let the Bill pass, &c.,

Here's to the Candidate, pure as the snow,
With an agent as black as a berry ;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the bribe makes her merry.
Let the Bill pass, &c.

For let them be clumsy or cautiously trim,
Snug or open, I care not a feather ;
So fill all the pewter-pots up to the brim,
And let both sides get drunk altogether.
Let the Bill pass,
He's but an ass,
Who's puzzled to find an excuse for a glass.
Punch. April 3, 1852.

* The Bill for the suppression of Corrupt Practices at Elections.

THE BOOKMAKER'S TOAST.

HERE's to the Ringman that's made a grand *coup*,
 And here's to the loser, the duffer!
 And here's to the Ringman that hasn't a screw,
 And here's to his dupes that all suffer!
 Yet, don't scruple to spend, but pay to the end,
 And I'll warrant you'll find that the layer's your friend.

Here's to the ninny backs all in the race,
 And here's to the cautious beginner!
 Who's surely, though quietly, learning the *pace*,
 While the old hands are spotting the winner.
 Then let the toast swing, and drink to the Ring,
 For I'll warrant in time they'll let *outsiders in*.

The Globe.

EASTER.

EASTER for maidens of bashful fifteen,
 Easter for lovers of fifty.
 Easter for all should be mild and serene,
 Not gusty and shiftily and driftily.
 Easter (alas!)
 Soon may it pass)
 I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for a glass.

Easter might brighter be as to the skies,
 What has become of the sun, sirs?
 Easter our temper exceedingly tries,
 When Easter is not a fine *one*, sirs.
Coughing Chorus—Easter, alas, &c.

Easter is made up of drizzle and snow,
 Easter is changeable very,
 Easter's unlike what it was years ago;
 But still let us all drink and be merry.
Sneezing Chorus—Easter, alas, &c.

A TOAST TO MANKIND.

HERE's to the man with a balance in hand—
 Here's to the party who's *minus*,
 Here's to the friend who's unable to stand,
 And here's to the swell that will dine us.
 Let the toast gee—
 Drink to him, he,
 I warrant, excuse for a bumper will be!

Here's to the swell with a landed estate,
 Here's to the chap who has *nil*, sir,
 Here's to the card who's presented with plate,
 And, to him who's presented a bill, sir,
 Let the toast gee—
 Drink to him, he,
 I warrant, excuse for a bumper will be.

Here's to the cove with the shirt-front of snow,
 Now to him who's not even a dickey;
 Here's to him on whom Fortune all gifts doth bestow,
 And to him now, with whom she is tricky.
 Let the toast gee—
 Drink to him, he,
 I warrant, excuse for a bumper will be.

For whether they're sinking, or whether they swim,
 Poor or wealthy, I care not a dump's sum.
 Come fill up a bumper—nay, fill to the brim,
 And drink to mankind as a lump sum.
 Let the toast, pray,
 Pass, sir, for they
 Will prove an excuse for our moistening the clay.

Fun,

HERE'S TO THE FRESHER!

HERE's to the Fresher not out of his teens;
 Here's to the fellow of forty;
 Here's to the feud with our 'vis à vis' Queen's;
 And here's to the "town and gown" *sortie*!

Chorus.—Toss the wine down,—
 Drink to the gown,
 I'll warrant they'll prove quite a match for the town,

Here's to old Univ. whose trophies we prize;
 Here's to the college with none, sir:
 Here's to our "pet" with a pair of black eyes,
 And here's to his foe with but one, sir!
Chorus.—Toss the wine down, &c.

Here's to our "Firsts" which the Honour lists shew,
 Here's to the blows we deliver;
 Here's to our "Drag" as they merrily go;
 Here's to us Head of the River!

Chorus.—Toss the wine down, &c.

Here's to our time honoured "esprit de corps,"
 Past or present I care not a feather;
 Old Univ. will always be well to the fore,
 As long as we all pull together!

Chorus.—Toss the wine down, &c.

Univ: Coll: Oxford. A. HASKETT SMITH.

A NEW SONG FOR THE NEW TIMES.

HERE'S to the motley, mellifluous host
 Whose agreement might well be more hearty,
 Who, of all creeds and none, yet their Unity boast—
 Here's to the Liberal Party.

Radical, Whig,
 Little and big,
 We all for the moment must dance the same jig.

Chamberlain rushes he doesn't care where;
 Derby is timidly backing;
 Hartington sideways is dragged here and there;
 Goschen keeps trimming and tacking.
 Still let us pray
 That for one day
 We all, when the tug comes, may pull the same way.

And now for the man who can never do wrong,
 Who's name's an electoral lever,
 Whose temper is short, and whose speeches are long—
 Here's to the grand old Deceiver:
 More than once tried,
 Found a blind guide,
 Yet still finding legions to fight at his side.

Only for plunder, and only for power,
 (Fools may for principle fight on),
 But for one object and but for one hour,
 Interest let us unite on.
 Though they look glum,
 Whigs must be dumb,
 And all discords be drowned by the Radical drum.

In office again shall our bonds be untied,
 On that point we own no illusion;
 Then as before we shall break and divide,
 And all as before be confusion.
 Once fairly there,
 Why need we care
 If Europe deride and if England despair?

Blood may flow vainly and commerce decay,
 Let not your cheers be less hearty.
 Honour and Empire in dust pass away,
 But flourish the Liberal Party !
 At his feet fall,
 Vote at his call,
 Whose grand old Umbrella will cover us all.

St. James's Gazette. November 16, 1885.

—:O:—

POT AND KETTLE.

(*Some way after Sheridan.*)

SMART Churchill, 'cute Chamberlain flouting and slanging,
 His speeches compares to a cracked tin-pot clanging.
 The mode in which Randy the argument carries on
 Suggests to tired hearers another comparison.
 For noise and for nuisance the claims who may settle
 'Twixt Chamberlain's pot and Lord Randolph's old kettle?
 For, alas ! as a source of detestable din,
 Men find sounding brass quite as bad as cracked tin.

Punch. November 8, 1884.

—:O:—

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true ;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

From *The Duenna*.

STEWED STEAK.

HAD I a pound of tender steak,
 I'd use it for a stew ;
 And if the dish you would partake,
 I'll tell you what to do,
 Into a stew-pan, clean and neat,
 Some butter should be flung ;
 And with it stew your pound of meat,
 A tender piece—but young.

And when you find the juice express'd
 By culinary art,
 To draw the water off, were best,
 And let it stand apart.
 Then, lady, if you'd have a treat,
 Be sure you can't be wrong
 To put more butter to your meat,
 Nor let it stew too long.

And when the steak is nicely done,
 To take it off, were best ;

And gently let it fry alone,
 Without the sauce or zest*
 Then add the gravy—with of wine
 A spoonful in it flung ;
 And a shalot cut very fine :
 Let the shalot be young.

And when the whole has been combined,
 More stewing 'twill require ;
 Ten minutes will suffice—but mind,
 Don't have too quick a fire.
 Then serve it up—'twill form a treat !
 Nor fear you've cook'd it wrong ;
Gourmets in all the old 'twill meet,
 And *gourmands* in the young.

Punch. March, 1852



SONGS by Dr. CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN BROWN, OR A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I.

I'VE a guinea I can spend,
 I've a wife, and I've a friend,
 And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown ;
 I've a cottage of my own
 With the ivy overgrown,
 And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown ;
 I can sit at my door
 By my shady sycamore,
 Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown ;
 So come and drain a glass
 In my arbour as you pass,
 And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

II.

I love the song of birds,
 And the children's early words,
 And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown ;
 And I hate a false pretence,
 And the want of common sense,
 And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown ;
 I love the meadow flowers,
 And the brier in the bowers,
 And I love an open face without guile, John Brown ;
 And I hate a selfish knave,
 And a proud, contented slave,
 And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

III.

I love a simple song
 That awakes emotions strong,
 And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John
 Brown ;
 And I hate the constant whine
 Of the foolish who repine,
 And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown ;
 But even when I hate,
 If I seek my garden gate,
 And survey the world around me and above, John Brown ;
 The hatred flies my mind,
 And I sigh for humankind,
 And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown,

IV.

So, if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unven'd, John Brown ;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown ;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown ;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown !

C. MACKAY.

JOHN BROWN'S ANSWER

TO "THE PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY."

I've listened to your song, and, unless I'm very wrong,
There is much in it of what we now call bosh—Tom Smith.
It is easy so to sing, but to *do's* another thing,
And I fear that your philosophy won't wash—Tom Smith.
Of course that's not your name—but 'twill answer all the same
For the person I'm presumed to argue with—Tom Smith.
And offended you can't be, as you've done the same to me,
For I'm no more John Brown than you're Tom Smith—
Tom Smith.

What you love and what you hate—you're at liberty to state,—

I've nothing upon earth with that to do—Tom Smith.
De gustibus non est—I've no doubt you know the rest,
And besides, I've much the same dislikes as you—Tom Smith.

It's on matters of finance, in which there's no romance,
I would break with you a lance—if you please, Tom Smith.
I'm myself a family man, and I don't believe you can
Contrive to live with yours on bread and cheese—Tom Smith.

You've "a hundred pounds a year"—well, let's even say it's clear

Of income-tax, that's not two pounds a week—Tom Smith.
But the cottage is "your own," so the rent must in be thrown,

Which I grant will help your income out to eke—Tom Smith.

Per contra, you've a wife, as dear to you as life,—
I hope she is, I'm sure, for both your sakes—Tom Smith.
But the more you hold her dear, the more must be your fear,
If anything your little income shakes—Tom Smith.

Of children you've a troop—an interesting group,
But to tell how many form it you forgot—Tom Smith.
Say five or six in all, which for "a troop" is small.—
Of bread and butter they must eat a lot—Tom Smith.
Of their clothes you may be spare, but they cannot go quite bare,

And whooping-cough and measles you must count—Tom Smith,

And if only one be ill, I'm afraid the doctor's bill
Might at Christmas prove a serious amount—Tom Smith.

'Tis philosophy, no doubt, trifles not to fret about,
And "sufficient for the day" is a fine text—Tom Smith ;
But at your garden gate do you never scratch your pate,
When you think what's in the cupboard for the *next*—Tom Smith ?

The pot you know must boil ; 'twould be better sure to toil,

And add by honest labour to your store—Tom Smith,
Than moon away your time, in philosophic rhyme,
Or sitting 'neath your shady sycamore—Tom Smith.

You bid me, as I pass, come and drain with you a glass,
But it cannot be of wine, or beer, or grog—Tom Smith.
It's more like "Adam's Ale," I'm afraid, than "Bass's Pale,"

And to drink, I water shun like a mad dog—Tom Smith.
If "a guinea you've to spend," I advise you as a friend,
To put it in the Savings' Bank forthwith—Tom Smith.
You will want it before long, and sing another song,
Unless, as I suspect, you are a myth—Tom Smith.

J. R. PLANCHE.

—:o:—

CHEER, BOYS! CHEER!

CHEER, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day!
So farewell, England! Much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before ;
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!

Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheers, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand,
Cheers, boys! cheer! there's work for honest labour—
Cheers, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

C. MACKAY.

* * * * *

BEER! BOYS, BEER!

BEER! Boys, Beer! for that's the stuff for sorrow,
Forage out more, we will, upon our way ;
The score behind the door, we'll make right to-morrow,
When we get over the drinking of to-day.
So, farewell, Landlord, much as we may owe thee,
We'll dry the pots up, if you'll only draw ;
Why should we sleep? let's drink to better fortune ;
So Farewell, Landlord, Farewell, old boy, hurrah!

Beer! Boys, Beer! all over town and country,

Beer! Boys, Beer! with pewter pot in hand ;

Beer! Boys, Beer! for all who don't mind labour,

Beer! Boys, Beer! who a gallon's going to stand?

Beer! Boys, Beer, off the froth we're blowing,
Our throats to freely pour down Barclay's best ;
The "Bobby" may follow in the track we're going
The "Star and Garter" we'll drop in, to rest,
Though we have toil, we've skittles to reward it,
But when we've plenty, we'll do our Champagne :
Then ours shall be Port and Sherry for the poorest,
And foaming measures we'll fill and fill again.

Beer! Boys, Beer! all over town and country,

Beer! Boys, Beer! united, pot in hand ;

Beer! Boys, Beer! for all who hardly labour,

Beer! Boys, Beer! who the next is going to stand?

J. A. HARDWICK.

VOTE, BOYS, VOTE!

VOTE, boys, vote, for Freedom's noble leader ;
Shout, boys, shout, our chieftain's battle cry.
Ireland's wrongs at length have found a pleader,
Ireland's hope at length is drawing nigh

Long her barque has seemed like one benighted,
 Drifting down a troubled, shoreless sea ;
 But at last a welcome haven's sighted
 Leading on to peace and liberty.

Chorus—Vote, boys, vote, &c.

Chamberlain and Hartington and Goschen
 May attempt to thwart the nation's will ;
 But the British people's true devotion
 Centres in their honoured chieftain still.
 Trust again the troth he's nobly plighted
 And he'll reach the welcome promised goal—
 Erin's sons, by ties of love united,
 Shall be "one with Britain's, heart and soul."

F. TOPHAM.

The Weekly Dispatch. June 27, 1886.

BEER, BOYS, BEER !

BEER, boys, beer ! No more absurd restriction,
 Courage, Bass, Meux, and Barclay must give way ;
 Half pints and quarts have vanish'd like a fiction,
 Why then, submit to the brewers' despot sway ?
 Brown stout of England ! much as we may love thee,
 (Which, by the way, I rather think we do.)
 Pale draught of India, shall they charge us for ye,
 Twice what you're worth, for the profit of a few ?
 Beer, boys, beer ! abundant, deep, and vasty !
 Beer, boys, beer ! the stunning, strong and grand !
 Beer, boys, beer ! the cheap, and not the nasty !
 Beer, boys, beer ! at a price a man can stand !

Beer, boys, beer ! The present scale of prices,
 Leads to a style of tippie not the best ;
 Vile Spanish root, and quassia, which not nice is,
 Bad for the bile, and oppressive to the chest.
 But, let's unite with hearty agitation ;
 Push for our rights, and battle might and main ;
 And ours shall be a large yet brimming tankard
 Of real wholesome stuff, brew'd out of roasted grain.
 Beer, boys, beer ! no more of gentian's nausea ;
 Beer, boys, beer ! with liquorice away !
 Beer, boys, beer ! no logwood chips or quassia,
 Beer ! boys, beer, which is all I have to say !

Diogenes, Vol. II. 1853.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

* * * *

(Six verses omitted.)

CHARLES MACKAY.

This song, which was one of a series entitled "Voices from the Crowd," originally appeared in the second number of the *Daily News* (London).

Most of Dr. Charles Mackay's songs breathe sentiments of hope for the future of the people, and trust in their good sense and ability to govern themselves. Such sentiments were very unpopular forty years ago, when revolutions were of frequent occurrence on the Continent, and Chartism was dreaded in England. Hence Mackay's verses were parodied as follows:—

THE PICKPOCKET'S BLESSING.

(By Charles Quackay.)

CURSES on thee, haughty England !
 Shall thy sad heart-broken child
 Pray for blessings on a parent,
 Who hath well-nigh made him wild ?
 Why should I prate of thy freedom,
 When I'm laden with the weight
 Of two hundred pounds of iron,
 Forged by thy much-vaunted State ?
 Wait awhile, boys ! Go ahead.
 Safety comes for thieves and knaves,
 Felons shall not then be slaves—
 Go ahead, boys ! Go ahead !

When a child I prigg'd an apple,
 When a youth I "faked a cly,"
 When a man I shot a keeper ;
 And for this am I to die,
 In a land of iron bondage,
 Bound by chains I cannot break,
 Scorned by every honest detard ?—
 Vet some day my wrath I'll slake !
 Wait awhile, boys ! Go ahead ! &c.

Richly fed and richly clothed,
 Was the honest greasy fool,
 Who in judgment sat upon me ;
 He, of tyrant's wretched tool,
 Ne'er, forsooth, stole fruit or kerchief ;
 Richly fed and richly clothed,
 Each unhappy wretch he punished,
 As a thing he deeply loathed.
 Wait awhile, boys ! Go ahead, &c.

I was led before a jury,
 Stuffed and gorged with choicest food ;
 They, vile enemies of freedom,
 Sentenced me, in coolest mood,
 To be bound in iron fetters,
 'Midst the basest of mankind.
 But though mine are chains of iron,
 Theirs are chains which gird the mind !
 Wait awhile, boys ! Go ahead !
 Safety comes for thieves and knaves,
 Felons shall not then be slaves—
 Go ahead, boys ! Go ahead !

(Five verses omitted.)

This parody occurs in a very scarce pamphlet, of which no copy is to be found in the Library of the British Museum, entitled *The Puppet-Showman's Album*, illustrated by Gavarni. This is not dated, but it was evidently printed about 1848, or 1849. It contains imitations, either in prose or verse, of Lord Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, Leigh Hunt, G. P. R. James, B. Disraeli, Charles Dickens, Charles Lever, A. Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, W. M. Thackeray, W. H. Ainsworth, Douglas Jerrold, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Trollope, John Wilson Croker, Charles Mackay, Albert Smith, and Coventry Patmore.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD IN FLEET STREET.

There's a good road making, boys,
A good road making ;
We may not live to see the day,
But there will be an open way
O'er the good road making :
Pavours may tear up the street,
In time they'll make it stronger ;
'Tis true they're always at it, but
Wait a little longer !

There's a good road making, boys,
A good road making ;
The sewers shall supersede the gas,
When pavours, perhaps, might let us pass
O'er the good road making :
Pipes and earth shall stop the way,
Or bricks, which are the stronger,
To jobs the impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer !

There's a good road making, boys,
A good road making ;
Loud and fierce shall be the cry
From the cabs, that can't get by
On the good road making :
Carts and 'busses shall contend,
To see which is the stronger,
And panels smash for smashing's sake—
Wait a little longer !

(Three verses omitted.)

There's a good road making, boys,
A good road making ;
The drivers shall be temperate,
Nor swear at such a frightful rate,
On the good road making ;
They shall use—and not abuse—
Then patience will grow stronger,
When 'tis not so sorely tried,
Wait a little longer !

There's a good road making, boys,
A good road making ;
Let them get what aid they can,
Every boy and every man,
On the good road making :
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger,
Fleet Street will be clear—some day—
Wait a little longer !

GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT.

From *The Almanack of the Month*. September, 1846.

THE WAITER.

I MET the waiter in his prime
At a magnificent hotel ;
His hair untinged by care or time,
Was oiled and brushed exceeding well.
When "Waiter," was the impatient cry,
In accents growing stronger,
He seemed to murmur "By and by,
Wait a little longer."

Within a year we met once more,
'Twas in another part of town—
An humbler air the waiter wore,
I fancied he was going down.

Still, when I shouted, "Waiter, bread !"
He came out rather stronger,
As if he'd say with toss of head,
Wait a little longer."

Time takes us on through many a grade ;
Of "ups and downs" I've had my run,
Passing full often through the shade,
And sometimes loitering in the sun.
I and the waiter met again
At a small inn at Ongar ;
Still, when I called, 'twas almost vain,
He bade me wait the longer.

Another time, years since the last—
At eating-house I sought relief
From present care and troubles past,
In a small plate of round of beef.
"One beef, and taters," was the cry,
In tones than mine much stronger ;
'Twas the old waiter standing by,
"Wait a little longer."

I've marked him now for many a year ;
I've seen his coat more rusty grow ;
His linen is less bright and clear ;
His polished pumps are on the go.
Torn are, alas ! his Berlin gloves—
They used to be much stronger ;
The waiter's whole appearance proves
He cannot wait much longer.

I sometimes see the waiter still ;
'Gainst want he wages feeble strife ;
He's at the bottom of the hill,
Downward has been his path through life.
Of "Waiter, waiter," there are cries,
Which louder grow and stronger ;
'Tis to old Time he now replies
"Wait a little longer."

Punch.

IT'S A LONG TIME COMING.

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming ;
We may not live to see the day,
But lords their tailors' bills shall pay
In this good time coming.
Politicians then shall speak the truth,
The people's cause be stronger,
And thrive without e'en Cuffey's aid—
Wait a little longer.

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming ;
To foster foul disease shall be,
No certain proof of loyalty,
In the good time coming.
Those men that hate the use of soap
Shall not then be the stronger,
Nor poison hosts for custom's sake—
Wait a little longer.

* * * * *

(Two verses omitted.)

The Puppet-Show. June 3, 1848.

HAPPY ARCADIA.

("General" Booth says that "the Salvation Army is the natural antidote to all the evils on the earth.")

THERE's a good time coming, boys
A good time coming;
The "General" has pointed out,
How all the ill's of life he'll rout
In the good time coming,
Tho' fortune's frown may threaten us,
The "Army" is still stronger,
The *War Cry's* raised—the battle's won—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Bubble companies may break,
Love-sick maiden's hearts may ache,
Till the good time coming,
Altho' woe now may seem supreme,
The "Army" will prove stronger,
Then mirth and jollity shall reign—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Ould Oirland will be our joy,
"Deceased Wife's Sister" won't annoy
In the good time coming.
The Nihilists may menace us,
The "Army" still is stronger,
Our land *will* be Utopia—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We'll have then the Millennium,
Earth will be an Elysium,
In the good time coming,
We only need to join the "Army,"
And make it daily stronger,
And if ills yet *will* come, why we
Must go on waiting longer!

Fun. June 16, 1886.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
When truth and justice will prevail,
And all shall listen to the tale,
In the good time coming;
Every day shall aid our cause,
And make conviction stronger,
That Toryism's but a snare—
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
Education shall be free
To the poor man's family,
In the good time coming;
No class shall be privileged
Though it were ten times stronger.
But all shall share the general good,
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
For the owners of the soil
Starving peasants shall not toil
In the good time coming;
Primogeniture shall be
No struggling people's wronger,
Nor rents be raised at landlords' wills,
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
Sinecures shall have no pay,
Endowments shall be swept away,
In the good time coming;
A pensioned aristocracy,
Which now is growing stronger,
No longer shall impair the State,
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, boys, &c.

* * * * *

(Several verses omitted.)

From *Songs for Liberal Electors.* 1886.

LIBERAL UNION.

THE past has proved a trying time,
And friends, once reckoned hearty,
Have left us now, and vengeance vow
Against the Liberal party.
And are we sorry? Truly, yes.
And hopeless? Nay, not we!
For we all know
Our cause must grow,
Till we victorious be!
Aye, our thinned ranks will fill again!
Already we grow stronger.
There's a good time coming, boys!
So wait a little longer!

Some who have left us will come back:
Nor need the loss much grieve us
If those who flagg'd and often lagg'd
When with us, wholly leave us.
For, purged of traitors and of cowards,
With whom we'd no communion,
The country soon
Will bless that boon,
A real Liberal Union!
Then we for conquest or defence
Shall stauncher be and stronger;
Nor is this happy time far off;
We shall not wait much longer.

Truth Christmas Number. 1886.

There was also a parody of this song in *The Hornet*, May 22, 1872, which is now quite out of date, and another appeared in the *St. Stephen's Review* for July 2, 1887. This prophesies that there will be a "good time coming" when an eminent politician goes to—a certain warm but unmentionable place—the good taste of which assertion might not be obvious to some over sensitive people, so the parody is omitted.

Dr. Mackay wrote a number of other songs. "To the West! To the West!" was very popular; it was imitated in some verses entitled "I'm in Love! I'm in Love!"; whilst "Far, far upon the sea" was parodied by J. A. Hardwick as "Pa, out upon the spree," in three very coarse and slangy verses, which cannot have a place here.

CAREY'S "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

LABBY IN OUR ABBEY.

Of all the Rads that are so smart
 There's none like witty Labby;
 He's played of late a leading part,
 So he'll be at the Abbey;
 No institution in the land
 Escapes the sneers of Labby,
 But all the same, I understand,
 He's going to the Abbey.

Of all the days within the week
 There's one that will be the day,
 And that's a day that's quite unique,
 Victoria's Jubilee Day.
 Then he'll be dressed in all his best
 With nothing old or shabby;
 He may be snarling in his heart,
 But he'll be at the Abbey.

He tried to dock the vote, you know,
 For fitting up the Abbey;
 Perhaps he'd like the Queen to go
 And hail the nearest cabby;
 All sentiment for England's Queen
 He designates as "flabby;"
 But *Truth* must needs describe the scene,
 So he'll be at the Abbey.

The Globe, June 20, 1887.

LABBY AND HIS BABBY.

Of all the would-be witty Rads
 There's none like clowning Labby;
 He is the Mother Gamp of fads
 And farms the Home Rule Babby.
 Not even Lawson, of the Pump,
 Whose jokelets all are flabby,
 When on the water-swilling stump,
 Is in the hunt with Labby.

In fine old Saxon flowers of speech,
 A bargee or a cabby
 Would own there's nothing left to teach
 The conscript Father Labby.
 Bad are his jokes, but even worse
 His Parliamentary manners,
 And so he's chosen for dry-nurse
 By Conybeares and Tanners.

On all the days right through the week,
 From Monday until Friday,
 Incessantly does Labby speak,
 He never has a bye-day;
 And, sucking at Obstruction-pap,
 The wizened Home Rule babby
 Squalls, howls, and chokes, upon the lap
 Of Parnell's dry-nurse Labby.

St. Stephen's Review, July 2, 1887.

J.W.P.



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Better known as BARRY CORNWALL.

Born about 1787. Died October, 1874.

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

SING!—Who sings
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?
 Ah! who is this lady fine?
 The Vine, boys, the Vine!
 The mother of mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?
 Ah! who is this maid of thine?
 The Grape, boys, the Grape!
 O, never let her escape
 Until she be turned to Wine!
 For better is she
 Than Vine can be,
 And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
 Of the God that governs a thousand streams?
 Ah! who is this Spirit fine?
 'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
 O, better is he
 Than Grape or tree,
 And the best of all good company.

B. W. PROCTER.

AN OMNIBUSIAN SONG.

RIDE! Who rides
 In a 'bus that taketh twelve insides?
 Ah! who is this lady fine
 That falls on this lap of mine?
 A lady is she,
 As big as three,
 I prefer her room to her company.

Smoke! Who smokes
 To the great annoyance of other folks?
 Ah! who is this snob so fine?
 A gent, Sirs! a gent!
 He comes with the noxious scent
 Of tobacco, beer, and wine:
 Far better that he
 On the roof should be.
 I prefer his room to his company.

Punch, September 17, 1853.

SING! Who sings
 Of him who weareth the fine gold rings,
 Ah, who is the party fine?
 The Jew I divine,
 Who works the Brummagem line.
 In "h's" he
 Is a dealer free,
 And very unpleasant company.

ANONYMOUS.

A CHAUNT FOR THE CHOUSED.

DINE? who'd dine
At eight shillings a head, or even nine,
With the heaviest price for the lightest wine?
Ah! that house I know too well,
'Tis your "first-class" Hotel:
Sad "Tales of my Landlord" there they tell
Far better for me
To order tea,
And go dinnerless at that hostelry.

Sleep? who'd sleep
Where a standing army their quarters keep,
And in countless legions upon you creep?
Ah! whose form is that I see,—
A flea! Sirs, a flea!
He cometh to sup off me.
Far better, say I,
On the sofa to lie;
I prefer his room to his company.

Stay? who'd stay
To be bitten and fleeced in this wholesale way,
And live at the rate of a fortune a day?
Ah! who'll expose their crimes?
The *Times*, Sirs, the *Times*,
The waiter his fee declines;
Tell the landlord from me
Him further I'll see,
Ere again I'll be fleeced at his hostelry.

Punch. October, 1853.

—:o:—

THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free:
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round:
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune:
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west wind doth blow.
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,

With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!
B. W. PROCTER.

THE CAM, THE CAM.

THE Cam! the Cam! the dirty Cam!
The green, the brown, the black, the blue!
Of every shade, of every hue,
It runneth the list of colours through!
It plays with the sedge, it stagnant crawls,
Or like an o'erfilled kennel brawls.
I'm on the Cam! I'm on the Cam!
Where I never again will be, I am;
With the blue above, and the mud below,
And weeds are wheresoe'er I go—
From *The Individual*. November 29, 1836. Cambridge:
W. H. Smith.

THE PIPE.

THE pipe, the pipe, the German pipe!
The short, the long, the meerschaum ripe!
Its odorous puffs without a sound,
They float my head's wide regions round;
They rise in clouds and mock the skies,
While *Backy* snugly cradled lies.
My hookha wide! my hookha deep!
I've that which I would ever keep;
With the smoke above, and smoke below,
And smoke wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm (like a Chinese gong) should ring
What matters that? I'll smoke and sing.
What matters, &c.

I love—oh! how I love to smoke,
And drink full bumpers of th' foaming soak!
And when its waves have drowned my soul,
I'll whistle aloud such a "Tol-de-rol!"
Don't ask me where the world is going,
Nor why the sou'-west *blast* is blowing.
I never breathed the dull tame air,
But I relished my great pipe mair and mair,
And back again flew for a soothing puff,
Like a bird—I'm sure that's quick enough.
My *mother* it is, and I'll prove it to ye,
(Much more of a mother than the open sea!)
For *smoking*, I am at it ever and ever!
I hope your comment on this line is "clever!"

For fear of growing at all lackadaisical
I hasten to lay down my pen *parody*-sical;
In truth these stanzas concluding with somewhat
'Bout "birth" and "death," which things I can't come
I've only one word, and that's to crave pardon,
These sweet pretty verses that I've been so hard on.

From *The Individual*. Cambridge, January 31, 1837.

THE GIN, THE GIN!

THE gin! the gin! Hodge's Cordial Gin!
It fairly makes our heads to spin;
It gives us marks, and without bound,
It turneth our head completely round;
It plays with our eyes, it mocks our brain,

And sends us rolling in the drain.
 I love the gin ! I love the gin !
 And in a butt of it I could swim,
 Or ever live among butts below,
 For the juniper's taste so well I know ;
 If a drunken storm should rise, and a row begin,
 What matter ? We'll settle it all with Gin.

I love, I love—oh, how I love to bide,
 With a flowing gin-cask by my side ;
 Where every quatern gives relief,
 We whistle a stave, and drown all grief ;
 And when our browns to the host we show,
 The gin-cock then will merrily flow.
 I never tasted watery swipes,
 But I always found they gave me the gripes ;
 So back I flew to my favourite juice,
 Until my sorrows were all reduced.
 No three-outs I'll have, but my whack to the brim.
 For when I was born my mother gave me gin.

The gin it flow'd the glasses to adorn,
 On the drunken hour when I was born :
 The nurse she sang, but I did scream,
 My mother called out for valley's cream ;
 And never was known such a drunken crush,
 As welcomed to life this child of lush !
 I've lived since then in riot and din,
 Full thirty winters quite warm with gin ;
 With ready blunt to the shops I range,
 But where I find it good I never change ;
 And Death, when'er it comes so grim,
 Shall find me guzzling Hodge's gin.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MAIL ! THE MAIL !

THE Mail ! The Mail ! The Royal Mail,
 The black, the red, the never pale ;
 Without a bar, without a gate
 She runneth from Cork to Dublin straight,
 She plays with the stones, she mocks the sands,
 Or like a tilted waggon stands.
 I'm on the Mail, I'm on the Mail !
 I am where I would ever sail,
 With the dust before and the dust behind,
 And driving straight before the wind,
 If a storm should come, and disturb my ride,
 What matter ! what matter ! I can jump inside.

I love, O ! how I love to drive,
 To urge the wheelers all alive,
 While every loose stone strikes the box,
 Or rattles aloft and the boot top knocks,
 And tells how goeth the road below,
 Or why the panting leaders blow,
 I never was in a dull post chaise,
 But on the Mail was fain to gaze,
 And jumped again on the bouyant box,
 Like an ape that sits on its native rocks,
 And my native place I always hail,
 For I was born, was born in the "Royal Mail."

The roads were rough, and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born,
 The wind it whistled, the sign-board swung,
 The leaders jobbed, and out they flung,
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the coachman's child.
 I have lived since then on ale and gin,

Full fifty summers and not grown thin,
 With a coach to run and a team to drive,
 And never have sought or sighed to wive,
 And love if ever in that I engage,
 Must come on the fast light bounding Stage.

From *Wiseheart's New Comic Songster*, Dublin. No date.

THE ROAD.

THE road, the road, the turnpike road !
 The brown, the hard, the smooth, the broad,
 Without a check, without an end,
 Horses against horses on it contend ;
 Men laugh at the gate, they bilk the tolls,
 Or stop and pay like honest souls.
 I'm on the road, I'm on the road,
 I'm never so blithe as when abroad,
 With the hills above, and the vales below,
 And merry wheresoever I go,
 If the opposition appears in sight
 What matters—we'll soon make that all right.

I love—oh ! how I love to ride,
 With a smiling damsel by my side,
 Where every prad keeps well his pace,
 Nor draws my eye from the sweet one's face.
 Nought tells how goeth the time of day,
 Nor why the hours so fly away.
 I never heard the angry sea roar,
 But I love the dry land more and more ;
 And away have flown to my box and reins,
 For whips and wheel sounds are my favourite strains ;
 On my team is all my care bestow'd,
 For I was born on the turnpike road !

The clouds were dark, and grey the morn,
 In the hazy hour when I was born ;
 The guard he whistled, the coach it roll'd,
 And the outriders shrieked and shivered with cold,
 And never was heard such a curious din,
 As when the road-child the world popt in.
 I have driven since then in fair and rough,
 Full forty winters, a traveller tough,
 With primest of cattle, and carriages neat,
 And never had a spill or beat,
 And death, whenever he looks for me,
 Shall come on the road, and not on the sea.

From *The London Singer's Magazine*.

THE STEAK.

OF steak, of steak—of prime rump steak—
 A slice of half-inch thickness take,
 Without a blemish, soft and sound ;
 In weight a little more than a pound.
 Who'd cook a steak—who'd cook a steak,
 Must a fire clear proceed to make :
 With the red above and the red below.
 In one delicious, genial glow.
 If a coal should come, a blaze to make,
 Have patience ! You mustn't put on your steak.

First rub—yes, rub—with suet fat,
 The gridiron's bars, then on it flat,
 Impose the meat ; and the fire soon,
 Will make it sing a delicious tune,
 And when 'tis brown'd by the genial glow,
 Just turn the upper side below.

Both sides with brown being cover'd o'er,
For a moment you broil your steak no more,
But on a hot dish let it rest,
And add of butter a slice of the best ;
In a minute or two the pepper-box take,
And with it gently dredge your steak,

When seasoned quite, upon the fire
Some further time it will require ;
And over and over be sure to turn
Your steak till done—nor let it burn :
For nothing drives me half so wild

As a nice rump steak in the cooking *spiled*.
I've lived in pleasure mixed with grief,
On fish and fowl, and mutton and beef ;
With plenty of cash, and power to range,
But my steak I never wished to change :
For a steak was always a treat to me,
At breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or tea.

Punch.

THE TEA! THE TEA!

THE tea! the tea! the genuine tea!
Souchong, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Bohea—
Without a leaf that was not found,
Growing on Noqua's famous ground.
It fills the teapot, and from the spout,
The hand of beauty pours it out.

I'm for the tea! I'm for the tea!
No chocolate, coffee, or such for me—
No sky-blue milk to blend with its flow—
No silence when round doth the tea-tray go!
If friends drop in, we will hail with glee
Their presence, and quaff our cups of tea!

I love—oh! how I love to sip,
The green—green tea with my willing lip,
When the toast is brown and the muffins hot,
And there's plenty of tea in the China pot,
And to talk some scandal and how below,
Matters and things in this world do go.

I never sat down with a dull tame "bore,"
But I loved a tea-party more and more ;
And I backward flew to the cheerful sup
Like a bird that nibbles its sugar up ;
And sugar it was, and more to me,
For 'twas blent with the flavour of good green tea.

The clouds were dull and rainy the morn—
So the gossips say when I was born.
The kettle sung and the jest was told,
And the teacups and saucers were green and gold.
And never was heard such a chattering wild,
As welcomed to Congo the China child.

I've lived since then upon "heavy wet,"
And all sorts of drinks which a man can get,
With splitting headaches and purpled nose,
With empty pockets and tattered clothes!
But I've signed the pledge, and when death seeks me,
He shall find me over a cup of tea!

ANONYMOUS.

THE SEE.

THE See, the See, the wealthy See!
I can't resign it gratis free ;
Within the mark—within fair bounds—

I think I may say six thousand pounds—
That is little enough—but one's heart's in the skies—
Therefore one can't be worldly wise.

I'm in the See, I'm in the See,
I am where I may ever be.
Suppose I do not choose to go,
What do you say then ; yes or no?
Of the whole of the income I stand possessed,
And I can't be turn'd out of my mother's nest,
For a Mother the Church has been to me,
And I was born for her fattest See.

I love my See, my wealthy See,
I scorn the idea of Simony ;
But I must take care what I'm about,
Six thousand a-year and I'll turn out.
My offer you had better take,
And you will, if you are wide awake,
For Death, whenever he comes to me,
Can alone compel me to quit my See.

Punch. August 2, 1856.

THE TEA.

By Carry Bornwall.

THE tea! the tea! the beef, beef tea!
The brew from gravy-beef for me!
Without a doubt, as I'll be bound,
The best for an invalid 'tis found ;
It's better than gruel ; with sago vies ;
Or with the cradled babe's supplies.

I like beef-tea! I like beef-tea,
I'm satisfied, and aye shall be,
With the brew I love, with the brew I know,
And take it wheresoe'er I go.
If the price should rise, or meat be cheap
No matter! I'll to beef-tea keep.

I love—oh, how I love to guide
The strong beef-tea to its place inside,
When round and round you stir the spoon,
Or whistle thereon to cool it soon.
Because one knoweth, or ought to know,
That things get cool whereon you blow.

I never have drunk the dull souchong,
But I for my loved beef-tea did long,
And inly yearned for that bountiful zest,
Like a bird : as a child on that I messed—
And a mother it was and is to me,
For I was weaned on the beef—beef-tea!

TOM HOOD, the younger.

OPERATIC MEM.

"When the C. from the chest is produced for the first time,
the delight of the tenor is supposed to be so great that he
bursts out into something like the following :

THE C! THE C!
The ALTO C!

Most singers never get past B,
Nor reach that most expensive sound.
The C, which now at last I've found,—
The C! that treasure which to gain,
Lessees shall hunt no more in vain.

I'm up to C!
I'm up to C!

I am where I ne'er hoped to be!"

Diogenes, Volume ii. 1853.

THE VAN-DEMON.

THE Van, the Van ! the hurrying Van !
 Terror alike of beast and man ;
 With awful rush and roaring sound
 It thunders merrily over the ground.
 It smashes the cabs, it crushes the flies,
 Before it in ruin the tax-cart lies.
 I'm on the Van, I'm on the Van !
 Let people get out of the way who can.
 Jolly the day when the Van was born,
 In the noddle of Pickford, or Chaplin and Home ;
 Says they, " The people denounce as slow
 The waggons so huge from our yards that go.
 We'll build a Van that hath equal space,
 And horse it with horses that go the pace ;
 With a scowling blackguard the box we'll man,
 Let people get out of the way who can."

I have lived since then in storm and strife,
 The fierce Van-Demon's right jovial life.
 I drive like mad,—if a cove complains,
 He gets an oath or a cut for his pains ;
 And right and left doth the traffic fly,
 When my thundering Juggernaut car comes by.
 I scrunch folks' spoked as you'd scrunch a fan—
 Let people get out of the way who can.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1859.

—:O:—

KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow,
 He sat where no sun could shine,
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine.

* * * * *

B. W. PROCTER.

SONG OF JULY.

JULY is a rare old fellow,
 He's a month when the sun does shine ;
 He makes the pear quite mellow,
 Sagittarius is his sign.
 Hurra, hurra ! though we don't know why,
 For that rare old month—a hot July.
 The Quail, that ne'er deceives us,
 Now makes his morning call ;
 The fickle cuckoo leaves us,
 But that's the way with them all.
 Then hurra, hurra ! though we don't know why,
 For that blazing month—a hot July.

Punch's Almanac. 1846.

—:O:—

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily we ride along the sea !
 The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free,
 The billows are all sparkling and bounding in the light,
 Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running
 bright.
 All nature knows our triumph, strange birds about us
 sweep,
 Strange things come up to look at us—the masters of the
 deep !
 In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold
 shark—
 Oh, proud must be our admiral of such a bonny bark !

Oh, proud must be our admiral (though he is pale to-day)
 Of twice five hundred iron men who all his nod obey !
 Who've fought for him and conquered, who've won with
 sweat and gore
 Nobility, which he shall have when'er he touch the shore !
 Oh, would I were an admiral, to order with a word—
 To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight rise up a lord !
 I'd shout to yon bold shark there, which follows in our lee,
 " Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning through
 the sea ! "

Our admiral grew paler, and paler, as we flew,
 Still talk'd he to the officers, and smiled upon the crew ;
 And he look'd up at the heavens, and he look'd down on
 the sea,
 And at last he saw the creature that was following in our
 lee !
 He shook—'twas but an instant : for speedily the pride
 Ran crimson to his heart, till all chances he defied ;
 It threw boldness on his forehead, gave firmness to his
 breath,
 And he look'd like some grim warrior new risen up from
 death !

That night a horrid whisper fell on us where we lay—
 And we knew our fine old admiral was changing into clay
 And we heard the wash of waters, though nothing could
 we see—
 A whistle and a plunge among the billows on our lee ;
 Till dawn we watched the body in its dead and ghastly
 sleep,
 And next evening at sunset it was slung into the deep ;
 And never from that moment, save one shudder through
 the sea,
 Saw we, or heard the creature that had followed in our lee !

B. W. PROCTER.

THE RETURN OF THE OMNIBUS.

How gallantly, how merrily, we ride along the lane,
 The passengers all hope to catch the eight o'clock up-
 train ;
 The wind is fresh, the clouds of dust do in our faces fly,
 Like coming from the Derby, when the roads are always
 dry ;
 And all along is triumph : large crows above us sweep ;
 Small boys rush out to shout at us, and maids from win-
 dows peep.
 A free-school urchin hangs behind some way upon the
 road—
 Oh ! proud must be our omnibus of such a jolly load !

And proud is Tom, the driver, too, who smiles, and well
 he may,
 Of twice three people (in and out) who'll each a shilling
 pay ;
 He's proud, too, of that old grey horse, who earns so very
 hard
 The hay and water he shall have when once more in his
 yard.
 Oh, would that I were Tom, to drive and order with a
 word,
 That old grey horse, whose harness is made up of tape
 and cord,
 I'd shout unto the free-school boy who's hanging on our
 lee,
 " If you don't mind, I'll whip behind, as quickly you shall
 see."

Our driver pale, and paler grew ; but, as we went along,
Still talked he to the passengers, and then he hummed a
song ;
And first he looked behind him, and then he looked on
straight ;
And then we thought we heard him say ' I think we is too
late,'
He shook—'twas but an instant—we saw his fearful plight,
The village clock struck eight just then ; but that is never
right.
He flogged the old grey horse along, till he was out of
breath,
And when he reached the station doors he turned as pale
as death.

We heard a bell, and then a pause, and then a bell again !
We knew our fine old omnibus had missed the ' eight up-
train.'

And next we heard a rush of steam, but nothing could we
see,

But a whistle and a puff among the fir-trees on our lee.
We watched the passing vapour till it vanished round the
steep,

Then back again t'wards home with all our luggage did
we creep ;

But never from that moment, having once been ' sold,'
again

We patronised the omnibus that always missed the train.

From *A Pottle of Strawberries*, by Albert Smith.

THE ALDERMAN.

(*By a Parishioner of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.*)

How gallantly, how merrily, they ride upon their way ;
Fleet Street is in commotion, the Queen comes here to-day !
The Aldermen are mounted, and sitting bolt-upright,
Like riders in whose eyes it is no joke to hold on tight.

All London owns their triumph, they ride along two deep,
Small boys come up to look at them, their seats so well they
keep.

In their wake, as mild as new milk, stand policemen stiff
and stark ;

Oh ! who would not be Aldermen, in such a famous lark ?

* * * * *

(*Five verses omitted.*)

Punch. 1844.

THE CRUIZE OF THE OLD ADMIRAL.

How crazily, how lazily,
We creep along the sea ;
Our upper works are straining,
Our hull is rolling free ;
Our lower ports they baffle
Attempts to caulk 'em tight,
Like scuppers, through whose leaky seams
The water runs outright !

E'en coal-brigs o'er us triumph,
Smart yachts about us sweep ;
Green's ships come up to look at us—
The slow-coach of the deep !
In their wake, like any servant,
We sail from day to dark ;
Oh, proud must be our Admiral—
-ly Lords of such a barque !

And proud must be our Admiral
(He's seventy-four to-day)
Of turning out on duty,
Whate'er the doctors say ;
He has fought with them and conquered,
Although 'twas mad, they swore,
To go to sea, when he should have
Been laid up snug on shore.

Oh, if I were an Admiral
I wouldn't be on board,
I'd stay in London, if I could,
And be made a Junior Lord ;
I'd write to the Prime Minister,
" Just find a place for me,
For a sheer hulk lies Tom Bowling,
No longer fit for sea ?"

Our Admiral grew paler,
And bluer and more blue,
'Midst the sniggers of the officers,
And the broad grins of the crew ;
For at sixes and at sevens
His stomach well might be,
'Twas so long, the poor old creature !
Since he had been at sea.

He heaved—'twas but an instant—
For the old sailor's pride
Succeeded in the effort
His nausea to hide.
So he mopped his poor old forehead,
And held hard his wheezy breath ;
And, like a steamboat passenger,
Sat, looking grim as death !

That night the surgeon's whisper
Went round the mess to say,
That our poor old used-up Admiral
Was in a dreadful way :
Next day we beat to quarters,
In a Bath-chair wheeled was he,
With a Welsh wig, and his legs
Wrapped in fleecy hosiery !

That night a glass of toddy
Sent him cozily to sleep,
And next morning into harbour
The old ship made shift to creep.
And never from that moment,
(Lest again sick he might be)
Excepting in fine weather,
Did we venture out to sea.

Punch. January 15, 1853.

THE RETURN OF THE MEMBERS.

From the great Naval Review in 1853.

How speedily, how puffingly they glide along the rail,
The M.P.'s who went down at morn to see the fleet in sail ;
And now they're going back to town to sit again to-night,
Like creatures who've no Factory Bill to guard their
labour's right ;
And some are jolly, some can scarce their eyelids open
keep,
And some who have been queer all day now are gone to
sleep ;
But in one carriage one young member ventures this re-
mark,
" How proud must be the admiral of every glorious bark !"
* * * * *

Said Bright, "For no inducement's sake an admiral I'd be,
No Peace Societies again would ask me out to tea ;
And people all would think that I demeaned me, as they
say,
That Mr. Boxstone does the fighting Quaker in the play."
"I would not be an admiral," Mackinnon said, "until
Each cannon were subjected to my smoke-prevention Bill,
Else should I fire a single gun 'twould drive me wild to
see
A curl of smoke upon the air, or even on the sea."

Diogenes. Volume ii. 1853.

THE TERM OF THE FRESHMAN.

How jollily, how joyously we live at B. N. C.*
Our reading is all moonshine—the wind is not more free :
The champagne is all sparkling ; we quaff it day and night,
Like creatures in whose sunny throats a thirsty flame burns
bright.
All Oxford knows our triumph : fast birds around us sweep ;
Strange "duns" come up to look at us, their masters
though so deep ;
In our wake, like any serpent, doth the night policeman go,
And at the toll-bar tarrieth the proctor with his pro.
Proud, proud must be each Brasenose man, at least so I
should say,
Of all those grooms and flunkies who promptly him obey,
Who've ta'en his horse to covert, who've cleaned, with
labour sore,
The snowy "tops" which he shall have when chapel-time
is o'er.

Who would not be a Brasenose man to order with a word,
His pink and well-built leathers, to turn out like a lord ?
I'd shout to yonder hack there, though somewhat screwed
it be—
Each morn I'll make thee carry me Lord Redesdale's
hounds to see.
Each term our pace grew faster, and faster still it grew,
Yet talked we to our tradespeople, and gull them not a few ;
And we looked into our bankers, but nothing could we see,
And at last there came the fearful time for what we call
"degree."

We read—'twas but an instant ! for speedily the pride
Of being plucked twice for "little go," all chance of ours
defied ;
This gave boldness to th' examiners, as, sitting in a row,
They told us we might mizzle, for indeed it was no go.

That night a horrid proctor fell on us where we lay,
And we knew some fine policemen were carrying us away ;
And we heard the wash of waters—hard by the gutter we—
And a whistle from a friend of ours who knew how it would
be.
Till dawn they watched the body in its most unpleasant
sleep,
And the two next Terms, at morning, they refused to let us
keep ;
And ever from that moment did one shudder for to see,
The proctor or policeman that had followed in our lee.

From *Hints to Freshmen*. Oxford : J. Vincent.

(An amusing little pamphlet, which has been ascribed to
the Rev. Canon Hole.)

THE RETURN TO TYROL.

I.

How merrily, how jollily we haste along the steep,
Though mist is all around us, and snow is lying deep :

* Brasen Nose College, Oxford.

The green Inn rushes foamingly, far down beneath our
path,
And chafes against the stocks and stones, like an M.P. in
wrath.
All nature holds a washing-day, with froth, and slop, and
steam,
The wintry sun will scarcely deign vouchsafe one vagrant
beam ;
So when we reach Landek and stop, well may the
*Gastwirth*¹ grin.
He sees the Nirgend's² Wanderer come very soppy in :
(*Chorus of enthusiastic partizans and compatriots :—*)
The long-haired German Wanderer comes very soppy in !

II.

Oh ! wet must be the Wanderer, for it has rained to-day,
Though he a red umbrella has, from Rome brought all the
way,
The wind was high, the road was rough, where slushy mud
snow,
Lay on the long and winding path, and through it went our
Joe !
He sneezed ! a moment's weakness, for speedily he cried,
"Bring me a glass of your *Brantwein*,³ and a *masz* of Bier
beside !"
It gave colour to his cheek and nose, yet took away his
breath,
And he look'd like some old fox-hunter, new come in at the
death :

(*Chorus, discriminative and appreciatory :—*)

Like some half-wash'd-out fox-hunter, that rides in at the
death.

III.

The Wanderer grew merrier, and merrier still he grew,
Joining in all the harmless fun of that Tyrolean crew ;
He sang Italian Opera airs, French *chansons*,⁴ English
songs,
And *Bursechen lieder*,⁵ that were chorused as by Chinese
gongs.
He looked in his deep beer-glass : the *kellnerin*⁶ knew the
sign,
And fill'd it up : he took one sup, and then set to at wine.
That night a horrid whisper pass'd, with calumny imbued,
It said "The long-hair'd Wanderer got regularly screw'd !"

(*Chorus, unanimous and valedictory.*)

Of course 'twas false, but how he got to bed he never
knewed !

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH.

Innspruck. 1854.

THE BABY IN THE TRAIN.

"Why is there not a Compartment 'for Babies only'?"
The Crusty Philosopher.

How merrily, how cheerily, we ride along the rail !
We think not of the driving rain, nor care about the gale !
I'm comfortably seated in a snug back corner seat,
With woolly rugs about my knees, and warmers at my feet ;
I've all the morning papers in a heap upon my lap,
I read and calmly contemplate, and think about a nap ;
A nap indeed ? Impossible ! You'll find it all in vain,
To have the slightest slumber with the Baby in the Train !

He's autocratic as to rule, and as to language terse,
He'll freely fist his dear Mamma, and domineer o'er Nurse !

Notes.—¹ Landlord ; ² Nowhere ; ³ Brandy and pint-
measure of beer ; ⁴ Songs ; ⁵ German Students' songs ;
⁶ Waitress.

He wrinkles up his forehead like an ancient Chimpanzee's,
And babbles of the "puff-puff," and prattles of "gee-gees:"

He guggles and he struggles, and he will not stand nor sit,
But he gives an imitation of an apoplectic fit.

I am not very captious, and I wish not to complain—
But *what* a crying grievance is the Baby in the Train!

I wish to feign the friendly, but I earnestly reflect—
In silly finger-snapping do I lose my self respect?
Can I crow or can I chuckle with a countenance serene?
Is "kitchee-kitchee" fitted for my gravity of mien?
Can I talk of "doggie-oggies," or prate of "ittle dears"?
Is "peep-bo" fit amusement for a person of my years?
And though I do my very best to try to entertain,
I'm thought a vile impostor by the Baby in the Train!

He knows that I am longing to make faces on the sly,
How spitefully I'd pinch him if no guardians were nigh!
He clutches at my watch-chain, he smiles upon my suit,
He tries to eat my eye-glass, he jumps upon my boot;
He takes away my walking-stick, he crumples up my *Punch*;
He burrows deep in paper-bags in foraging for lunch;
And cups of milk at stations, too, how eagerly he'll drain,
With sighs of satisfaction, will the Baby in the train!

O bold Directors, build a car to take such household pets!
And fit it up with cots and cribs and rocking bassinets,
And lullabies and picture-books and bon-bons, cakes, and toys,

To soothe the savage bosoms of these little girls and boys.
O brim the cup with candle high! Let Soothing Syrup flow!

Let roasted mutton deck the board, and milky rice also!
And let all Railway Companies immediately sustain
A Separate Compartment for the Baby in the Train!

Punch. March 24, 1883.

THE NEWS.

(After "*The Sea! The Sea!*")

THE NEWS! the News! the motley News!
Oh, how I love the motley News!

'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere,
At market, statute, wake and fair,
And tells to all the country round,
Where rogues and knaves may soon be found.

I love the News! I love the News!
And when I'm bothered with "the blues,"
I turn me to the motley page,
Where barbers boast, and patriots rage,
And if it tells of bankrupt Jews,
What matter? I'm among the News!

I love, oh, how I love the News!
It's gay *bon-mots* and keen reviews—
To loll at ease from morn till night,
With nought but News within my sight,
While lords attend the huntsman's becks,
And set no value on their necks.

I never see the motley News,
But love the more its new-born dew;
And I think of the curl of an editor's nose,
As he scans the scraps of rhyme and prose,
That come to his hand from *wits* and *blues*,
Ambitious of places within the News.

The *devil* was black, 'twas early morn,
And the *pressmen* sweat, when the News was born;
A *proof* had been in the editor's gripe,

And there wasn't a single misplaced *type*.
Each *pig* was set, the *galleys* were high,
No *column* could crumble into *pie*—

The *forme* was so well lock'd up with *quoins*,
And the *chase* was proud of every line.

I love, I love, the motley page,
And if I live to well-fed age,
And e'er-so-often change my views,
What matter? I'll always love the News!

From "*Songs of the Press*, and other Poems relative to the art of Printing, original and selected." Compiled by C. H. Timperley, and published by Fisher, Son & Co., London, 1845.

THE PRESS.

THE Press! the Press! the glorious Press!
The deep, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It searcheth the earth's wide regions round.
It plays with despots, it mocks their spleen,
Or like a flaming rod is seen.

I'm on the Press! I'm on the Press!
I am where I would ever be,
With the ink above, and the paper below,
And the *devil* to pay wherever I go.
If the Os* should storm, and threaten my fall,
What matter? what matter? I can *beat* them all.

It loves, oh! how it loves to ride
On the lordly voice of the popular tide,
When every madcap speaks his mind,
Or thumps his knuckles for want of wind.
And tells how goeth the National Debt,
And why at taxes the people fret.
I never reported for one short hour,
But I loved the free Press more and more,
And backwards flew to my *devils* and *type*,
Like a bear cub that loveth its mother's gripe;
And kinder and kinder it is to me,
For the Press was born to be useful and free!

The world was changed, and the Pope looked round,
When the hydra head of the Press was unbound,
And the eyes of oppression and hatred rolled,
And tyrants offered their bags of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As strove to smother the free-born child.
It has stood since then with great strength and weight,
In spite of prisons and engines great,
With Truth to guide, and Power to range,
And never may England see its change;
And life,—whenever it loves me less,
Shall see me bound to the glorious Press!

From *Songs of the Press*.



OLD SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION.

(A Ballad to the tune of *Chevy Chase*.)

God prosper long our noble king,
And eke his subjects too;
And grant such deeds as now I sing
We never more may rue.

In seventeen hundred sixty-eight,
All on a summer's day,
Grim death did on our member wait,
And took him clean away.

O, then a writ was issued out,
To chuse a member in ;
And soon began a mighty rout
For Procter and for Glynn.

When as the day advanced nigh,
Each party did its best ;
And Horne (who scorns to tell a lye)
Turn'd Procter's cause to jest.

Some worthy wights, the Lord knows who,
Of Irish strength assur'd,
Provided many a gallant crew,
True men, I'll pawn my word.

Such crowds to Brentford town did hie,
As fill'd the place outright ;
While thousands knew not where to lie,
And so—sat up all night.

At length the fatal morning came,
O had it ne'er arriv'd !
For many a wight crawled home quite lame,
Full glad that he surviv'd.

Soon as the rising sun had clear'd
The gloomy shades of night,
All on the hustings they appear'd—
O ! 'twas a glorious sight !

With ribbon and with star bespread,
(Given by the good old king)
Sir William hung his languid head,
And looked—like any thing.

The serjeant held his head upright,
For conscious still was he,
That those who do the deed that's right,
Have real cause for glee.

Mr O'Murphy too was there,
Hight counsellor at law—
His business was to strut and stare,
And find or make a flaw.

Count Gambler look'd as who should say,
"I'll bet ye six to one
"That Beauchamp Procter gets the day :"
"I'll take it, damme."—"Done."

Whilst bustling still from place to place,
Old Brentford's priest was seen,
Who for this meal said many a grace,
And fervent pray'r, I ween.

And still to heighten all they could
This mighty gallant show,
Close by the hustings numbers stood,
Like—soldiers all a-row.

The clock told two, up flew the hat,
(A signal for each wounder)
And soon the freeholders lay flat
As ever lay a flounder.

Then eyes and sculls, and arms and legs,
Were darken'd, fractur'd, broke ;
And those who could not keep their pegs,
Fell down—to mend the joke.

And many a ribbon flew about,
(For favours then were common)
And hundreds of the rabble rout
Were dizen'd out like yeomen.

What they did more, let other bards
In other guise declare ;
For, truth to say, they play'd their cards,
To make all England stare.

Now God preserve our noble king,
And grant henceforth, for aye,
No future poet e'er may sing
The deeds of such a day !

THE LITCHFIELD DEFEAT.

God prosper long our noble king !
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful horse-race late there did
At Whittington befall.

Great Bedford's duke, a mighty prince !
A solemn vow did make,
His pleasure in fair Staffordshire
Three summer's days to take,

At once to grace his father's race,
And to confound his foes :
But ah ! (with grief my Muse does speak)
A luckless time he chose.

For some rude clowns, who long had felt
The weight of Tax and Levy,
Explained their case unto his Grace
By arguments full heavy.

* * * *

The whole of this parody will be found in volume iv. of
The New Foundling Hospital for Wit. London, 1786.

Another parody of *Chevy Chase* occurs in the same
volume, it is very long, and relates to some persons and
political events of interest in 1776, but long since
forgotten.

— : o : —

VERSES BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Go soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errant,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must dye,
And give them all the lye.

Go, tell the court it glowse
And shines like painted wood ;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, does no good.
If court and church replye,
Give court and church the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting, but oh ! their actions,
Not lov'd unless they give !
Not strong, but by their factions.
If potentates replye,
Give potentates the lye.

* * * *

A PARODY WRITTEN IN 1764.

Go, truth, unwelcome guest !
 Upon a thankless errant ;
 Fear not to touch the best,
 For truth is a safe warrant.
 Go, since thou needs must die,
 And give them all the lye.

Go, tell the Tory faction,
 Now in their noontide hour,
 England won't bear an action
 Of an arbitrary power.
 If Tories should reply,
 Give Tories all the lye.

Go, tell th' ennobled thief,
 While cares oppress him most,
 He ne'er shall taste relief
 From guilt—from Ayliffe's ghost.
 And if the thief reply,
 Then give the thief the lye.

* * * * *

The original and the parody are both given at full length in volume iv. of *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*. London, 1786.

—:o:—

BEN JONSON'S "ODE ON THE STAGE."

Ben Jonson was very unfortunate in not conciliating the affections of his brother writers. He possessed a great share of arrogance, and was desirous of ruling the realms of Parnassus with a despotic sceptre. That he was not always successful in his theatrical compositions is evident from his abusing, on the title pages of his plays, both the actors and the public. I have collected the following three satirical odes, written when the unfavorable reception of his "*New Inn*, or *The Light Heart*," warmly exasperated the poet.

He printed the title in the following manner : "*New Inn*, or *The Light Heart* ; a Comedy never acted, but most negligently played by some, the King's servants ; and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the King's subjects, 1629. Now at last set at liberty to the readers, his Majesty's servants and subjects, to be judged, 1631."

At the end of this play he published the following Ode, in which he threatens to quit the stage for ever ; and turn at once a Horace, an Anacreon, and a Pindar.

"The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play, begat this following Ode to himself :

COME, leave the loathed stage,
 And the more loathsome age ;
 Where pride and impudence (in fashion knit),
 Usurp the chair of wit
 Inditing and arraigning every day
 Something they call a play.
 Let their fastidious, vaine
 Commission of braine
 Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn ;
 They were not made for thee,—less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
 And they will acorns eat ;
 'Twere simple fury, still, thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste !
 To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead !

No, give them graines their fill,
 Husks, draff, to drink and swill.
 If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
 Envy them not their palate with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale
 Like Pericles*, and stale
 As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish-
 Scraps, out of every dish
 Thrown forth, and rak't into the common-tub,
 May keep up the play-club :
 There sweepings do as well
 As the best order'd meale,
 For who the relish of these guests will fit,
 Needs set them but the almes-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then,
 Brave plush and velvet men
 Can feed on orts, and safe in your stage clothes,
 Dare quit, upon your oathes,
 The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peers),
 Of larding your large ears
 With their foul comic socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks :
 Which if they're torn, and turn'd, and patch'd enough,
 The gamesters share your guilt and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take the Alcaick lute,
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre ;
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire ;
 And, tho' thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold,
 Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout, to their defeat ;
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain†.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy King,
 His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men,
 They may blood-shaken then,
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers,
 As they shall cry like ours,
 In sound of peace, or wars,
 No harp ere hit the stars,
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain."

This Magisterial Ode, as Langbaine calls it, was answered by *Owen Feltham*, author of the "*Resolves*." His character of Ben Jonson should be attended to :—

AN ANSWER TO THE ODE, "COME LEAVE THE LOATHED STAGE, &c."

COME leave this sawcy way
 Of baiting those that pay
 Dear for the sight of your declining wit
 'Tis known it is not fit
 That a sale poet, just contempt once thrown
 Should cry up thus his own.
 I wonder by what dower,
 Or patent, you had power
 From all to rape a judgment. Let's suffice,
 Had you been modest, y'ad been granted wise.
 'Tis known you can do well,
 And that you do excell

* This play, Langbaine says, was written by Shakespeare.
 † Jonson had the palsy at the time.

As a translator ; but when things require
A genius, and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by other pains,
As oft y'ave wanted brains
And art to strike the white,
As you have levell'd right :
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peek, Fly*, and all
Your jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain
Thro' all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles.
Where yet there is not laid
Before a chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd†, as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage, then ? when the show
Should judgment be, and know-‡
ledge, there are plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets' looser lines, but wits,
And all their perquisites ;
A gift as rich as high
Is noble poesie :
Yet, tho' in sport it be for Kings to play,
'Tis next mechanicks' when it works for pay.

Alcæus lute had none,
Nor loose Anacreon
L'er taught so bold assuming of the bays
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation
Is new to your's alone :
And prospers not : for known,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful ; and who dares to prove
A rape on her shall gather scorn—not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood,
Eclipse what else is good :
Then, if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much :
And but forbear your crown
Till the world puts it on :
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.

To console Ben for this reprimand, Randolph, one of the adopted poetical sons of Jonson, addressed him as follows :—

AN ANSWER TO MR. BEN JONSON'S ODE,
TO PERSUADE HIM NOT TO LEAVE THE STAGE.

I.

BEN, do not leave the stage
Cause 'tis a loathsome age ;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee ; Stand high, as is thy cause ;
Their hiss is thy applause :

More just were thy disdain,
Had they approved thy vein :
So thou for them, and they for thee were born ;
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

II.

Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains had such a taste
As more delight in mast :
No ! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best muse can cull ;
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalise ?

III.

Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their pallets : let 'em them refuse,
For some Pye-corner muse :
She is too fair an hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn :
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain ;
Yet, if they will have any of the store,
Give them some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

IV.

And let those things in plush
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broom* swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to cloaths, but brains :
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes ;
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry they'll not see him that are blind.

V.

Why shou'd the scene be mute
'Cause thou canst touch the lute
And string thy Horace ? Let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say, th'art mine.
'Twere fond, to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire :
For by so strange neglect
I should myself suspect
Thy palsie were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they please.

VI.

And tho' thou well canst sing
The glories of thy King,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To heaven, and fix it there ;
Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee chuse
Only a treble muse ;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

* The names of several of Jonson's Dramatis Personæ.

† New Inn, Act iii. Scene 2.—Act iv. Scene 4.

‡ This break was purposely designed by the poet, to expose that equally singular one in Ben's third stanza.

* Richard Broome, wrote with success several comedies.
He had been the amanuensis or attendant of Ben Jonson.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

(Born about 1618. Educated at Oxford. Imprisoned by the Long Parliament. Afterwards served in the French army. The latter part of his life was very miserable. He died in an alley near Shoe Lane, in 1658.)

TO ALTHEA.

WHEN Love, with unconfin'd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnnet-like, confin'd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarg'd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,*
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty. R. LOVELACE.

SONG.—AFTER LOVE-LACE.

GREY hairs do not a prophet make,
Nor wrinkled brow a sage ;
Though Innocence as such may take
These signs upon Life's stage.
Some think they are in "wrinkles" wise,
And some a *profit* find
In hair—but then it is in dyes,
And braids to pin behind !

Though flowing locks will drop away,
The flowing cups remain.
The drops they hold will go, but they
Can still be filled again.
And 'tis a "wrinkle" Age has taught,
That clay must ne'er be dry,
Lest into crumbling dust 'tis brought
So, fill the Tankard high !

C. H. WARING.

From *Hood's Comic Annual*. 1885.

The author of the above parody, Mr C. H. Waring, is a frequent contributor to *Fun*, and other humorous periodicals.

* The lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,"

were evidently suggested by Shakespeare :—

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

Julius Cæsar Act I. Sc. iii.

He was formerly associated with George Cruikshank in several literary ventures. The amusing parody on Lord Tennyson's *Revenge* entitled "*Retribution*," on page 42, Volume I. *Parodies*, was also from his pen.

A FRUGAL MIND.

CHAMPAGNE will not a dinner make,
Nor Caviare a meal ;
Men gluttonous and rich, may take
Those till they make them ill.
If I've potatoes to my chop,
And after chop have cheese,
Angels in Pond and Spiers's shop
Know no such luxuries !

Punch. April 3, 1875.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.
True, a new mistress now I chase,—
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger love embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore :
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

R. LOVELACE.

THE GRAND OLD O'DIDDLE TO MISS ERIN.

TELL me not, sweet, it is a dodge
Because so swift I hie,
From making love to Molly Hodge
And wink at thee an eye !
True, a new charmer now I chase
Across wild Faction's field,
Prepared, with shame-forgetting face,
Whate'er thou wilt, to yield.
Yet this apostasy is such
As thou, too, shalt adore :
I should not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not office more.

Moonshine. January 2, 1886.

HANG SORROW, LET'S CAST AWAY CARE.

THE Rev. Mr. J. W. Ebsworth, a great authority on our early songs and ballads, supplies the following information as to the different existing versions of "Hang sorrow."

The music of this old ballad was composed by William Lawes, and "published by John Hilton : printed for John Benson and John Playford, and to be sold in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, and in the Inner Temple neare the Church doore, 1652." It reappeared in 'Windso' Dollery,' 1672, with a few verbal alterations.

From J. Hilton's 'Catch that Catch Can,' 1652 (music by William Lawes) :—

HANG Sorrow and cast away Care,
and let us drink up our Sack ;
They say 'tis good to cherish the blood,
and for to strengthen the back.

'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
and fills the body with heat ;
Besides 'tis good, if well understood,
to fit a man for the feat :
Then call and drink up all,
The Drawer is ready to fill,
A Pox of care, what need we to spare ?
my father has made his will.

Another version appeared in an excessively rare work,
"The New Academy of Complements," 1671, as, Song
276 :—

Hang fear, cast away care,
The parish is bound to find us,
Thou and I and all must die,
And leave this world behinde us.
The Bells shall ring, the Clerk shall sing,
And the good old wife shall winde us,
And John shall lay our bones in clay
Where the Devil ne'er shall find us.

A later version is in Playford's 'Musical Companion,'
1673. There is also a Roxburghe ballad beginning
similarly, but quite distinct from these two songs. It is
entitled, "Joy and Sorrow mixt together. To the tune
of, Such a Rogue should be hang'd." Which is the same
tune as 'Old Sir Simon the King.' Here is the first of the
fourteen stanzas for comparison. The ballad is preserved
in the Roxburghe Collection (vol. 1. fol. 170), and has
been reprinted in the Ballad Society's publication, vol. 1.
p. 509 :—

Hang sorrow, let's cast away care,
for now I do mean to be merry,
Wee'l drink some good Ale and strong Beere,
With sugar, and clarret, and sherry.
Now I'll have a wife of mine own,
I shall have no need to borrow ;
I would have it for to be known
that I shall be married to-morrow.

(Burden :) Here's a health to my Bride that shall be,
Come pledge it you boon merry blades :
The day I much long for to see,
We will be as merry as the Maides, &c.

This ballad was written and signed by Richard Climsell,
and was printed for John Wright the younger, dwelling in
the Old Bayley.

DRINKING SONG.

CAST away care, he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow ;
Money is trash ; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho !
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

* * * * *

JOHN FORD. (About 1623.)

A play, ascribed to Fletcher, entitled *The
Bloody Brother ; or Rollo, Duke of Normandy*,
printed as early as 1640, contains a somewhat
similar defence of drinking :—

A DRINKING SONG

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow :
Best, while you have it, use your breath ;
There is no drinking after death.
Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it :
It helps the head-ach, cough, and ptisick,
And is for all diseases physick.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health ;
Who drinks well, loves the Commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf, still in October,*

Five reasons for Drinking.

There are five reasons, as I think,
Why man, being reasonable, should drink.
A friend—a bottle—being dry.
Or, that one may be, by and bye,
Or—any other reason why.

—:O:—

THREE BAND OF HOPE BOYS.

(*Anti-Bacchanalian Song, dedicated to the Temperance
Society, as an Aid to Moral Suasion.*)

AIR.—"Three Jolly Postboys."

THREE Band of Hope Boys, drinking, on their mettle,
Three Band of Hope Boys, drinking, on their mettle,
And they determin'd,
And they determin'd,
And they determin'd again to tap the kettle.
We'll have t'other cup ; pour on the water.
We'll have t'other cup ; pour on the water.

Fill us the teapot up,

Fill us the teapot up,

Fill us the teapot up, strong liquor's self-slaughter.
Tea cheers the gloomy, the sad, and melancholic,
Tea cheers the gloomy, the sad, and melancholic,
And it not inebriates,
And it not inebriates,

And it not inebriates like potions alcoholic.
He that drinks mixed punch, and goes to bed mellow,
He that drinks mixed punch, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he shouldn't do,
Lives as he shouldn't do,

Lives as he shouldn't do, and wakes a seely fellow.
He that drinks mild tea, and goes to bed sober,
He that drinks mild tea, and goes to bed sober,
Lasts as the leaves do,
Lasts as the leaves do,

Lasts as the leaves do, bright green in October.

Punch. May 7, 1870.

—:O:—

THE BOYS FOR YOU !

(*After the Earl of Dorset's Song.*)

AIR.—"To all you Ladies now on Land."

Ho ! all you toilers in the land
Who freedom would promote,
We fain would have you understand
The way you ought to vote.

Old Whigs eschew,

And Tories too—

The Rads, they are the boys for you—
Boys for you !

With a fal-lal, lal-lal, la, la, la—

With a fal-lal, lal-lal, la, la, la—

With a fal-lal-lal, fal-lal-lal—

The Rads are the boys for you !

To Jingoos, of whatever ilk,
Who'd bid you with them march,

* The following well-known glee is formed on this song :—

"He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

Proclaim for Chamberlain and Dilke,
And men like Burt and Arch.
Brave men and true,
Good work they'll do,
And they're the only boys for you—
Boys for you!

ABRACADABRA.

The Weekly Dispatch. October 25, 1885.

—:O:—

BACK FROM THE WARS.

SADLY Lord Salisbury
Muttered "Oh, lor!"
As he was hobble-ing
Back from the war;
Wailing, "From Voterdom
Hither I come;
Party dear, Party dear,
Welcome me home!"

She at the thought of him
Mournfully wept;
Ruefully dreamt of him
Too, while she slept;
Wailing, "From Voterdom
Would thou could'st come
Victor—yet, Salisbury,
Hurry back home!"

Into her presence then
Slowly he came,
Seeking her sympathy,
Battered and lame;
Wailing, "From Voterdom
Vanquished I come:
Party dear, Party dear,
Soothe me at home!"

Fun. December 16, 1885.

AIR.—"*Gaily the Troubadour.*"

GAILY the Grand Old Man
Spoke by the way,
As he was hurrying
Home from the fray,
Singing, "From Parliament
Hither I come;
Darling Midlothian,
Welcome me home."

She for her veteran
Felt much distress'd;
Sadly she grieved for him,
By foes sore press'd,
Singing, "To succour thee,
Would I might come;
Grand Old Man! Grand Old Man!
Haste to thy home."

Hark! 'twas the Grand Old Man
Breathing her name.
Through the applauding crowds
Swiftly he came,
Singing, "No need have I
Farther to roam.
Darling Midlothian,
Here is my home."

EXCELSIOR.

Truth. July 15, 1886.

THE CHIEF OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

AIR.—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Now, all ye hungry Whigs, who wait
For pickings from your Premier's plate,
Attend, while I predict the fate
Of the Chief of the Liberal Party.
No more he plays the daring game
That made all Europe fear his name;
The *Temple* now enshrines a *name*
Whose trumpet-notes are rather tame.
And he's only saucy, "jaunty Pam"—
His boasted power's an empty sham—
And his colleagues groan when he says, "I am
The Chief of the Liberal Party."
Joking—poking feeble fun—
That is the way his work is done
By the Premier Palmerston—
The Chief of the Liberal Party."

Pam's oft the victim of his men—
For Gladstone's tongue, or Russell's pen
Brings into trouble, now and then,
The Chief of the Liberal Party.
Now Gladstone's fancy decks finance
With all the charms of fair romance,
And shows an Income-tax advance.
Or cheapened rates on goods from France,
To be, in fact the nation's gain—
While poor John Bull protests in vain,
And of his taxes doth complain

To the Chief of the Liberal Party.
Taxing, waxing, more and more,
We pay in peace the price of war—
Thanks to our brilliant Chancellor,
That *not* too "liberal" party.

Then Russell *will* despatches write,
And bark at States he dares not bite:
His every movement causes fright
To the Chief of the Liberal Party.
"Non-intervention" is his plan.
And yet he'll meddle where he can;
But nobody minds the little man,
Except perhaps poor, weak Japan,
And he'll bully Prussia about the Danes,
And get a snubbing for his pains—
Till not a rag of respect remains

To the Chief of the Liberal Party!
Meddling, peddling everywhere—
Intervene and interfere—
Oh! what a Foreign Minister
Has the Chief of the Liberal Party!

But now the Whigs are in retreat—
At every poll they lose a seat—
So bid "good-bye" to Downing Street,
Oh, Chief of the Liberal Party!
The bench you fill, you soon shall face,—
Like your own jokes, be *out of place*!
And a better man your post shall grace—
The country's fav'rite in the race;—
So clear the course for the DERBY-day!
Tories gather in strong array!
And Whigs prepare to clear the way
For the great CONSERVATIVE Party!
Gladstone, Russell, Grey & Co.,
Nobody mourns your overthrow—
Your time is come—so *out* you go
With the Chief of the Liberal Party!

E. J. GOODMAN, 1864.

These verses were first sung at a dinner of the Edin-

burgh Conservative Club, on February 19, 1864, and were published in the *Edinburgh Courant*, February 21, 1864.

—:o:—
SIGN THE BILL STAMP, SIGN.

(*A Lay of the Downy One.*)

AIR.—“*Dance, the Boatman, Dance.*”

I LEAD a very merry and a rollicking life,
Each passing day with fun is rife,
I've hunters, I've a yacht, I've an Opera box,
And this is how I steer clear of rocks.

Sign the Bill Stamp, sign,

Sign the Bill Stamp, sign.

You may dance all night, 'neath the gay gas light,
If you only do a bill in the morning.

Heigho! I'm the regular doo,

Floating down Life's river on an I.O.U.

I'm Director of ten railways, and a tip-top swell,

My villa's at Richmond, my Club in Pall Mall.

I laugh at petty larcenies, and never cut my stick,

For this is the way we do the trick.

Sign the Bill Stamp, sign,

Sign the Bill Stamp, sign.

You may revel all night, and yet feel all right,

If you only do a bill in the morning.

Then heigho! for the regular doo,

Floating down Life's river on an I.O.U.

The Man in the Moon. Vol. I.

—:o:—
LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

GENTLE Zitella, whither away?

Love's ritornella, list while I play.

No, I have linger'd too long on my road,—

Night is advancing, the Brigand's abroad,

* * * *

REAL HAVANNAH.

REAL Havannah! precious cigar!

Gentle as manna, bright as a star;

Pleasant at fire-side, cheery on road,

Best of all perfumes at home or abroad:

Real Havannah!

Puff away care—

Blow my misfortunes

Into thin air.

Real Havannah! O who would dare,

Meerschaum or hookah with thee compare?

When thy bright tip any mortal may see,

Thou art his choice, and a smoker is he:

Real Havannah, &c.

Real Havannah! primest of stuff,

Sell me no humbug, vender of snuff;

Think not on me you can cut any jokes,

'Tis Toper Thomas himself who now smokes:

Real Havannah, &c.

—:o:—
JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

About forty years ago this was a very popular song. The music was accompanied by a picture representing a French soldier taking leave of a peasant girl, who is saying:—

“You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette, There's no one left to love me now, and you, perhaps, may forget.

With your gun upon your shoulder, and your bayonet by your side,
You'll be courting some fair lady, and making her your bride.”

* * * *

THE LAY OF THE CREDITOR.

You are going far away, far away from all your Debts,
There's no one left to pay me now, for you have no assets,
My bill it will be with you, wherever you may go;
Can you look into my ledger, and deny me what you owe?
When you wear the light moustache, and the vest of brilliant blue,

I fear that you'll forget then all about my I. O. U.

With the reins between your fingers, and a *danseuse* by your side,

You'll spend your uncle's legacy, and all your duns deride.

Oh, were I Lord John Russell, or still better Robert Peel,

I would pass a stringent measure that would make you debtors feel;

I would put a stop to swindling, or at least would find a way

That the man who had the goods should be the only one to pay.

The Puppet Show, April 1, 1848.

In the same paper there was another parody relating to the Company of French actors, whose appearance at Drury Lane Theatre led to some disgraceful disturbances on the part of the “gents” of the period.

A MONTE CHRISTO BALLAD.

You are going to the play, if an order you can get,
And *Monte Christo* you're to see; so mind you don't forget
To take two days' provisions, and remember ere you go,
That I want some cash to “keep the house” till you come back, dear Joe.

When you're sitting in the pit, and when “part the first” is o'er,

You'll be voting Monsieur Dumas a most terrific bore;
With your head upon your hand, and your hand upon your knee,

You will long to be at home again at Kensington with me.
When the playhouse doors are opened, you'll be madly rushing on,

Never thinking if they squash you, that your only chance is gone;

For your hard eggs will be broken, and your brandy bottle cracked,

And you'll faint from thirst and hunger in the pit so densely packed.

Oh! if I were Lord Chamberlain, or, better still, the Queen,

At Drury Lane, I'd take good care, no Frenchmen should be seen.

If they choose to bring out pieces which it took two nights to play,

They should keep such stuff for Paris, and from London stop away.

—:o:—
THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

If you wish to make a pudding in which everyone delights,
Of a dozen new-laid eggs you must take the yolks and whites;

Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine,
And shred and chop some suet particularly fine;

Take a pound of well-stoned raisins, and a pound of currants dried,

A pound of pounded sugar, and a pound of peel beside ;
Stir them all well up together with a pound of wheaten flour,

And let them stand and settle for a quarter of an hour ;
Then tie the pudding in a cloth, and put it in the pot,
Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it hot ;
But though I don't know which of these two methods I should praise,

I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs.
Oh ! if I were Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,

I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I dined at home ;
And as for other puddings whatever they might be,
Why, those who like the nasty things should eat them all for me.

Punch.



PARODIES OF "TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS."

There was a parody of this song in "The Rise and Fall of Richard III.," a burlesque by F. C. Burnand, produced at the New Royalty Theatre, Soho, in 1868. It possesses little interest apart from the context.

Song by BARON ALBERT GRANT.

TEN Joint Stock Companies, none of which were mine,
One got into Chancery, and then there were Nine !
Nine Joint Stock Companies, all with prospects great,
One never paid at all, then there were Eight !
Eight Joint Stock Companies, one a mine in Devon,
The sea got into that, and then there were Seven !
Seven Joint Stock Companies, all their Boards played tricks ;
One couldn't pay its rent, and then there were Six !
Six Joint Stock Companies, scarcely kept alive,
One wound up amicably, and then there were Five !
Five Joint Stock Companies, dividends long o'er,
A liquidator bled one, and then there were Four !
Four Joint Stock Companies, as rotten as could be,
One ruined scores of folk, and then there were Three !
Three Joint Stock Companies, having naught to do,
A small panic killed one, and then there were Two !
Two Joint Stock Companies, their course well-nigh run,
One was tried as a fraud, and then there was One !
One Joint Stock Company, just kept on for fun,
The Chairman bolted with the books, and then there was None !

From *Finis*.

THE "BARMAID CONTEST."

Held in the North Woolwich Gardens, when under the management of Mr. William Holland.

"Good character, business habits, neatness of costume, and respectability, are the chief points."—Advertisement.

TEN little barmaids, sitting in a line ;
One answer'd saucily, and then there were nine.

Nine little barmaids, trying to be great ;
One look'd too pompously, and then there were eight.

Eight little barmaids—one came from Devon—
Not quite genteel enough—and then there were seven—

Seven little barmaids—one was up to tricks,
Glancing at the gentlemen—and then there were six.

Six little barmaids, eager all to strive ;
One fell to quarrelling, and then there were five.

Five little barmaids, counting up their store ;
One show'd her *dirty* hands, and then there were four.

Four little barmaids evidenced their glee—
One not "respectably"—and then there were three.

Three little barmaids said it was "a do ;"
One said it *loudly*—and then there were two.

Two little barmaids wish'd it all was done ;
One yawn'd too plainly, and then there was one.

One little barmaid thought it "famous fun ;"
She took the prizes—and then there were none.

Judy.

THE SIX ROYAL PERSONS,

Six royal persons in the realm alive,
One went to India, and then there were five.
Five royal persons, finding town a bore,
One went to Russia, and then there were four.
Four royal persons—pleasant sight to see—
One went to Gibraltar, and then there were three.
Three royal persons—nothing else to do—
One went to Nice for health, and then there were two.
Two royal persons, who together run,
Thus the second doesn't count, and so there was one.
One royal person—Session not yet done !—
She went to Germany, and then there were none !

Reynolds' Newspaper. April 16, 1876.

THE TEN HIGH COMMISSIONERS.

(*A Song of the Conference.*)

TEN High Commissioners in council did combine ;
But Salisbury gave up at last, and then there were but nine.
Nine High Commissioners no longer would debate ;
For next Ignatieff went off, and so there were but eight.
Eight High Commissioners tried Turkish rule to heaven .
Count Corti he went back to Rome, and then there were but seven.
Seven High Commissioners were just in the same fix,
Till Count Calice started off—reducing them to six.
Six High Commissioners would fain see Turkey thrive,
But Werther back to Bismarck went, and then there were but five.
Five High Commissioners found they could do no more,
And so Count Zichy he went home, and left there only four.

Four High Commissioners still failed their way to see ;
And even Elliott gave in—and so there were but three.
Three High Commissioners, of course, could nothing do ;
And Chaudordy packed off to France, and left there only two.

Two High Commissioners found talking sorry fun ;
So Bourgoing he quitted too ; and then there was but one.
A Turk was he, who winked his eye, as one who is elate ;
And, chuckling much, "Aha," he said ; "Bismillah !
God is great !"

Judy, February 7, 1877.

THE IRISH JURYMEN.

TWELVE Irish Jurymen trying Prisoners seven,
One had a frightened wife, and then there were eleven !
Eleven Irish Jurymen consulting up in a pen,

One of them had oxen got, which left but only ten !
 Ten Irish Jurymen brought there by a fine,
 One dreaded "Boycotting," then there were but nine !
 Nine Irish Jurymen listening there in state,
 One got a threatening note, and then there were but eight !
 Eight Irish Jurymen not without some leaven,
 One had had a Landlord, then there were but seven !
 Seven Irish Jurymen sitting in a fix,
 One feared the highway shots, and then there were but six !
 Six Irish Jurymen in the legal hive,
 One knew a murderer, then there were but five !
 Five Irish Jurymen springing from the poor,
 One of them half-witted, leaving only four !
 Four Irish Jurymen wishing to be "three,"
 One spouted treason, and then there were but three !
 Three Irish Jurymen softly whispering "Pooh !"
 One backed out of it, and then there were but two !
 Two Irish Jurymen loving not the fun,
 Tossed up a half-penny, then there was but one !
 One Irish Jurymen a verdict had to give,
 Nobly said "Not Guilty," and was allowed to live !

Punch. January 22, 1881.

TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS.

TEN thousand soldiers, too many in the line ;
 We'll cut off a thousand, then there'll be nine.
 Nine thousand soldiers, a number far too great,
 The country can't afford them, let's make it eight.

Chorus.

10,000, 9,000, 8,000, 7,000, 6,000 soldier boys,
 5,000, 4,000, 3,000, 2,000, 1,000 soldier boys.

Eight thousand soldiers to guard us all, good heaven !
 Can't we do with fewer men, and show up only seven ?
 Seven thousand soldiers to help us in a fix,
 Let's reduce a little more, and bring them down to six.

Six thousand soldiers ! as I am here alive,
 I see no necessity for having more than five.
 Five thousand soldiers, when there ain't a war !
 The Reserve is ten thousand, we can't want more than four.

Four thousand soldiers—between you and me,
 Don't you think we'd be quite safe if we had only three ?
 Three thousand soldiers—between me and you,
 I haven't got rifles enough for more than two.

Two thousand soldiers shooting with a gun,
 I like doing things by halves, and half of two is one.
 One thousand soldiers wouldn't be much fun,
 Let's sweep them all away, then there'll be none.

When there's no more soldiers there'll be no more strife,
 We shall live a little time a peaceful sort of life,
 Till the Opposition come and kick us through the door,
 Then they'll raise an army of a hundred thousand more.

10,000, 20,000, 30,000, 40,000, 50,000 soldiers more,
 60,000, 70,000, 80,000, 90,000, 100,000 soldiers more !

St. James's Gazette. June 29, 1881.

SMALL BY DEGREES.

TEN British Ironclads, floating on the brine :
 Reed* went out of office, and then there were Nine !

Nine British Ironclads to defend the State :
 Reed cocked his eye at them, and then there were Eight !
 Eight British Ironclads lying safe in haven :
 Reed raked 'em fore and aft, and then there were Seven !
 Seven British Ironclads, sound from keel to sticks :
 Reed wrote a pamphlet, and then there were Six !
 Six British Ironclads—hooray ! Jack's alive !
 Reed spoke in Parliament, and then there were Five !
 Five British Ironclads cruising round the Nore :
 Reed made a platform speech, and then there were Four !
 Four British Ironclads ruling of the Sea :
 Reed wrote unto the *Times*, and then there were Three !
 Three British Ironclads buffeting the blue :
 Reed had dyspepsia, and then there were Two !
 Two British Ironclads, big in plate and gun :
 Reed was snubbed by Brassey, and then there was One !
 Oh, make him Chief Constructor once again, whate'er
 befall ;
 Or soon of British Ironclads we shall have—none at all !

Punch. April 25, 1885.

—:O:—

SEND A REMITTANCE FROM HOME.

(Parody on "Write me a Letter from Home.")

WRETCHED I sit here and cry,
 Poorer than I've been for years,
 Not a bad ha'p'ny have I,
 Nothing but sorrows and tears.
 Poor trust, at the cook-shop, is dead,
 My creditors bully and foam,
 Oh ! how's a poor man to be fed,
 Without a remittance from home.

Post Office Orders or stamps,
 What shall I do till they come ?
 Oh ! go, wake the old people up,
 To send a remittance from home.

I hope that they'll send a good lot ;
 The last time they wrote to me here,
 A blessing was all that I got
 From father and mother so dear.
 They hoped I'd be honest and true,
 And ne'er in extravagance roam,
 But what's a poor devil to do
 Without a remittance from home ?
 Post Office Orders or stamps, &c.

I have not the money for stamps,
 So when I write home ev'ry day,
 They think me the worst of young scamps,
 For twopence each time they've to pay.
 My best suit is sold, I possess
 But these clothes, one sock, and a comb,
 And they, too, will vanish unless
 They send a remittance from home.
 Post Office Orders or stamps, &c.

My candles are burnt, and my coals
 Are out, but my taxes are in,
 And as for my boots, poor old souls !
 Like me, they've grown terribly thin.
 Unless money comes I shall die,
 And, chang'd to a goblin or gnome,
 Shall haunt the old people, and cry,
 "How 'bout that remittance from home ?"
 Post Office Orders or stamps, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

* Sir E. J. Reed, M.P.

POST ME A PARCEL FROM HOME.

LONELY I sit here and long,
 Charging the air with my sighs;
 Whence comes a yearning so strong?
 Fawcett, *you* know I surmise.
 The products of garden and lea
 Now haunt me wherever I roam,
 Oh! tell the old people from me
 To post me a parcel from home.
 Have they forgotten my taste,
 Or do they expect me to come?
 At any rate bid them with haste
 To post me a parcel from home.

I think of the butter and cream—
 I've "boshed" it for many a year—
 Of the plums and the apples I dream,
 Why shouldn't they comfort me here?
 Some paper and string, don't you see,
 Can now bring me whiffs of the loam,
 So do tell my people from me
 To post me a parcel from home.
 Have they forgotten, &c.

—:O:—

A DARWINIAN BALLAD.

OH, many have told of the monkeys of old,
 What a pleasant race they were,
 And it seems most true that I and you
 Are derived from an apish pair.
 They all had nails, and some had tails
 And some—no "accounts in arrear,"
 They climbed up the trees, and they scratched out the—
 these
 Of course I will *not* mention here.

They slept in a wood, or wherever they could,
 For they didn't know how to make beds
 They hadn't got huts, they dined upon nuts,
 Which they cracked upon each other's heads.
 They hadn't much scope, for a comb, brush or soap,
 Or towels, or kettle or fire.
 They had *no* coats nor capes, for ne'er did these apes
 Invent what they didn't require.

The sharpest baboon never used fork or spoon,
 Nor made any boots for his toes,
 Nor could any thief steal a silk handkerchief,
 For *no* ape thought much of his nose;
 They had cold collations, they ate poor relations:
 Provided for thus, by-the-bye.
 No Ou-rang-ou-tang a song ever sang—
 He couldn't, and so didn't try.

From these though descended our manners are mended,
 Though still we can grin and backbite!
 We cut up each other, be he friend or brother,
 And tales are the fashion—at night.
 This origination is all speculation—
 We gamble in various shapes;
 So Mr. Darwin may speculate *in*
 Our ancestors having been apes.

ANONYMOUS.

—:O:—

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always find in the Book of Life

Some lessons I have to learn.
 I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work at my task with a resolute will
 Over and over again.

* * * * *

The path that has once been trod
 Is never so rough to the feet;
 And the lesson we once have learned
 Is never so hard to repeat.
 Though sorrowful tears may fall,
 And the heart to its depth be driven
 With storm and tempest, we need them all
 To render us meet for Heaven.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

(As Parodied by Miss Seventeen.)

OVER and over again,
 No matter whom I may send,
 They always find in the old brown box
 Some stockings for me to mend.
 I must put up my fancy crocheting,
 I must go for that horrid old yarn,
 And set to work at it, smiling,
 Though I hate it—learning to darn.

I never can measure the hole
 In even the tiniest stocking,
 Nor number the stitches giving way
 Of the ornamental clocking;
 But the hole must somehow be darned,
 And the clocking must be replaced,
 And done, too, in such a way
 That the stocking be not defaced.

Over and over again
 The yarn through the needle goes,
 And over and over again
 I mend the heels and the toes;
 Once doing will not suffice,
 And the doing seems, sometimes, in vain
 When, after mending it twice and thrice,
 A stocking needs mending again.

But though socks that have once been darned
 Are never so soft to the feet,
 And, mending, if twenty times done,
 Is just as hard to repeat;
 While sorrowful tears may fall
 As my heart grows weary with strife;
 I must forget all and darn,
 Would I ever be somebody's wife.

ANONYMOUS.

—:O:—

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND'S SONG.

MEN say that I'm a humourist, and I can tell them why:
 Upon the ways of life I look with keen observant eye.
 So looked three centuries ago old England's wondrous
 WILL,
 Whose magic pen immortal made the precincts of Gad's
 Hill,
 For GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name, my boys,
 GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name.

Not to be poet I pretend—there are but two or three:
 And dear old THACKERAY'S caustic touch is not the thing
 for me.

I could have sketched in modern prose with tolerable skill,
The wild young PRINCE, and reckless POINS, and FALSTAFF
on Gad's Hill,
For GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name, my boys,
GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name.

Ay, sweet JACK FALSTAFF! Verily, his humour was
sublime;
I introduce my PICKWICK, the FALSTAFF of the time:
Imagine that rare hero engaging with a will,
A mob of men in buckram by moonlight on Gad's Hill!
For GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name, my boys,
GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name.

All round the year men read me: and faith! I mean to
write,
So long as these clear eyes of mine are filled with living
light,
So long as oddities abound, and laughter lingers still,
So long as there is magic in the memory of Gad's Hill.
For GAD'S HILL CHARLIE is my name, my boys,
GAD'S HILL CHARLIE* is my name.

Echoes from the Clubs. September 25, 1867.

—:0:—

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

OH! my love stood under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall,
She whispered and said she'd be true to me,
Over the garden wall.
She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair,
And many a time have I kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.

Chorus—Over the garden wall
The sweetest girl of all.
There never was yet, such eyes of jet,
And you may bet, I'll never forget,
The night our lips in kisses met,
Over the garden wall.

* * * * *

OVER THE HANDLES.

ONE day I was riding my wheel so free,
Towards the garden wall;
A charmer was standing and looking at me,
From over the garden wall,
Her face was fair,
So saucy her air
I was rattled completely,
And right then and there
I took a bad header,
And flew through the air
Over the garden wall.

Chorus—Over the garden wall, a terrible, terrible fall;
I never did yet a header get
That filled my soul with such regret,
As the time I struck, head-first in the wet,
Over the garden wall.

I picked myself up and said, "How do you do?"
Over the garden wall.
She said, "I'm certainly better than you,"
Over the garden wall;

* Charles Dickens then resided at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, Kent.

"But much I should like,
To know why you strike,
And get so hot, and muddy, and dusty like,
And take such a header from off your bike,"
Over the garden wall, &c.

Chorus—Over the garden wall, &c.

"My dear," said I, "I can surely explain,"
Over the garden wall;
The case in a moment, if I may remain,"
Over the garden wall;
"Your glance was so shy,
I wished to be nigh,
So over the handles I went with a fly!
But now I'll beware of a saucy black eye,"
Over the garden wall.

The Wheeling Annual. 1885.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

WILLIE M'Cann one midsummer night,
Over the garden wall;
Crept to greet his Julia bright,
Over the garden wall.
The daisies gemm'd the tender grass,
And flowers enshrin'd the lovely lass,
Said Willie, "the happiest hours I pass,
Over the garden wall."
"Over the garden wall—the sweetest time of all!
I'm happy to come, delighted to stay,
Each hour I wish as long as a day;
And sorry I am to wander away
Over the garden wall."

The hours flew by and an old man peer'd
Over the garden wall;
Then stealthily into the house he steer'd,
Over the garden wall,
But soon returned with a big thick stick,
And caught poor Willie a terrible lick,
That made him scramble excessively quick
Over the garden wall.

Over the garden wall—the sweetest time of all!
He was happy to come, delighted to stay,
But somehow that night I'm sorry to say,
He hurried extremely in getting away
Over the garden wall.

F. L. RICHARDSON.

POPULAR IRISH CHORUS.

(*As sung in April, 1887.*)

THEN down with the Castle wall!
Home Rule once for all!
On Gladstone yet
Our hearts are set
And you may bet
He'll never forget
How the wishes of Ireland must be met.
Down with the Castle wall.

—:0:—

THE TWO OBADIAHS.

SAID the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah,
I am dry, Obadiah, I am dry.
Said the old Obadiah, to the young Obadiah,
Well, that's queer, Obadiah, so am I.
So am I.

But the two Obadiah's had between them not a brown,
And all they sought to borrow from responded with a frown.

You must pay us what you owe before we lend you what you need,
Said the old Obadiah "that be d—d."

* * * * *

This not very elegant song had a considerable musical popularity, it was parodied by L. M. Thornton in a version, entitled "*The Two Marias*," which was rather more vulgar, and less amusing than the original.

THE TWO TORY OBADIAHS.*

SAID the Old Tory Leader to the Young Tory Leader,
"It's my duty, Tory Leader, to complain."

Said the Young Tory Leader to the Old Tory Leader,
"What, again, Tory Leader? what again?"

Of course, you ought by this time to know what you're about;

But in thus of me complaining I myself have not a doubt
That you'll find your indignation—as you've oft before found out—

Is in vain, Tory Leader, is in vain!"

Said the Old Tory Leader to the Young Tory Leader,
"But think, Tory Leader, what you said!"

Said the Young Tory Leader to the Old Tory Leader,
"If my speech, Tory Leader, you have read,
You will know that I objected at more robbery to wink,
Or to let more public money in the City quagmire sink;
That, in short, I told the 'Bumbles' just exactly what I think—

So its not a bit of use to shake your head!"

Said the Old Tory Leader to the Young Tory Leader,
"But I must and I will, I say, protest!"

For of all our trusted friends, who work hard for Tory ends,
Why the City Corporation is the best!

And yet you go and tell it that it sadly needs reform;
You denounce the Board of Works, too, in a manner very warm.

Let me tell you that already your mad speech has roused a storm!"

Said the Young Tory Leader, "Bah! you jest!"

Said the Old Tory Leader to the Young Tory Leader,
"Jesting matter, Tory Leader, this is none!"

Said the Young Tory Leader to the Old Tory Leader,
"Do have done, Tory Leader, do have done!"

For your talk at first amused me, but it now begins to bore,
So let me plainly tell you that I wish to hear no more;
Or you'll make me put my foot down, as I've put it down before,

When, as you will not forget, I've always won!"

* * * * *

(Five verses omitted.)

Truth. November 25, 1886.

DUET.

The Tory Obadiah, by Mr. Marriott, M.P.

The Union Obadiah, by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

SAID the Union Obadiah to the Tory Obadiah,
"We have both, Obadiah, turned our coats!"

* The Young Tory Leader, Lord Randolph Churchill.

Said the Tory Obadiah to the Union Obadiah,

"That, our 'cuteness, Obadiah, but denotes!"

For we turned them to some purpose; for example, in my case,

Did I not receive, most promptly, from the Tories a good place?

Come, my worthy fellow-ratter, let us cordially embrace!"

Said the Union Obadiah, "Wait a bit!"

Said the Tory Obadiah to the Union Obadiah,

"But surely, Obadiah, I am right?"

Said the Union Obadiah to the Tory Obadiah,

"No, not quite, Obadiah; no, not quite!"

It is true that when you 'ratted'—by the way, I hate that word—

A by-no-means ill-paid office on you promptly was conferred
But that I have taken office, as a fact, I have not heard."

Said the Tory Obadiah, "But you might!"

Said the Union Obadiah to the Tory Obadiah,

"Self-respect, Obadiah, very strong,

Would compel me any offer from the Tories, Obadiah,
To reject, Obadiah, as most wrong!"

The Tory Obadiah merely winked with his left eye,

And the Union Obadiah, with one glance at his ally,

Fell back laughing in his chair so that he'd scarcely strength to cry,

"Go along, Obadiah, go along!"

Truth, Christmas Number. 1886.

—:o:—

OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(Genuine Version.)

OUR dear old Church of England,

Let's rally round you now,

Though there's not the least occasion

For kicking up a row:

You know you're safe as ever,

And watched with loving eye,

But Dizzy (who's so clever)

Suggests a little Cry.

So, dear Old Church of England,

(And none can tell you cheap)

We'll make your name a war-cry,

For those who'd office keep.

Declare to win elections,

Old Mother Church so dear,

With these, our crack selections,

Yourself, and Gold, and Beer.

SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1868.

SONG OF THE CHURCH UNION.

(AIR—"And shall Trelawney Die?")

AND shall they strike at Ritual rites?

Shall Tooth in durance lie?

Then fourteen thousand Union Men

Will know the reason why!

For Church and conscience James's days

Saw Bishop's sev'n confined;

But Cornwall's sons found means and ways,

To change the royal mind.

So we'll resist Tait, Cairns, and Pen,

And Law, in them, defy,—

We, fourteen thousand Union men,

And not men to say die.

Matters of moment still we'll make,
Of chasuble and stole ;
With Tooth, in teeth of Law, we'll take
The Mass of Rome for goal.
While we scorn Tait and Cairns and Pen,
And power of Law defy,—
In Union's name Disunion Men,
Though with no reason why.

Our Roman candles high shall flare,
On Romish altar-plate,
And lace and flowers and frontals fair,
While Mass we celebrate.
So using tooth and tongue and pen
The Law Courts to defy,
We fourteen thousand Union Men
Will hang each other by !

We'll under-creep or over-leap
All Acts our course that bar ;
Obedience to our Bishops keep,
But while with us they are,
And till we stump Tait, Bench, and Pen,
Against the three we'll cry :
If Law dares thwart Church-Union Men,
Shall they be bound thereby ?

Punch. February 3, 1877.

EX-PARLIAMENTARY.

(AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE THAT MIGHT BE TRUE.)

Gladstone.—"OUR party's doing very well,
Amending ev'ry bad law,
I've silenced the O'Donnell's yell,
And now I'll shut up Bradlaugh.
My copious flow of words each night
Would any good-sized pan fill ;
And what I say is always right—" "
"You think it is," says Granville.

Granville.—"I fear we've not done much as yet,
And daily I'm affrighted
That one of us may p'rhaps forget
We all should be united.
Against our party house of glass
That Harcourt's thrown a bad stone.
I *hope* no damage, but—" "Alas !
He's smashed a pane," says Gladstone.

"A penny on the Income Tax
Who's mean enough to grudge it,
When duties they on malt relax ?
Indeed, a glorious Budget !
And ev'ry night my words fall fast,
Like hammer blows on anvil,
While wond'ring hearers gape aghast—" "
"They do indeed," says Granville.

"Yet somehow certain words you speak
Require explanation ;
And when their Premier eats the leek
It don't much please the nation.
You may not like our old Whig ways,
But we don't like your Rad's tone,
Nor can we bear your talking craze—" "
"You'll have to, though," says Gladstone.

Judy. June 23, 1880.

There was also a parody, of the same original, in

Judy October 10, 1883, on the Election of Alderman Fowler as Lord Mayor of London ; and another in *Punch*, February 9, 1884, relating to the elephant Jumbo, entitled "*Jumbo and Zaoung*," but neither is of any interest now.

—:O:—

"WE ARE A MERRY FAMILY."

Song.—MISS MARY ANDERSON.

I AM the pink of proberness, and wheresoe'er I roam
I carry the accessories to make a happy home.
I bear about an old armchair, the very best of mothers
A step-papa, a cousin Jane, a time-piece and two brothers.

Chorus.—Oh ! we're a happy familiee,
From Mary down to Jo,
Step-pa, mother, sister, brother,
I, and cousin Flo ;
We have a very cosy hearth
Which scandals never mar,
We're a devoted familiee
We are ! we are ! we are !

I always hurry home to them when once the curtain's down,
'T would kill me were mamma to weep or step-dada to frown.
My servants fully understand "No followers allowed,"
And o'er my spotless domicile there rests no scandal cloud.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familiee, &c.

When interviewers visit me (I know not why they call),
I rattle in my artless way, and tell my little all ;
How I work hard for mother dear, and teach my brother Jo.
And how we spend our happy hours, and where to church
we go.

Chorus.—For we're a happy familiee, &c.

Yet people dare to say that when a soap I recommend,
It's not because I *merely* wish the maker to befriended ;
And that when I am photographed (in somewhat scant attire),
'Tis not twelve copies for myself *alone* that I require.

Chorus.—Yet we're a happy familiee, &c.

Truth, Christmas Number. 1884.

A LAY OF THE LAW.

THE CRUSTED OLD BENCHER *sings*.

WE are a Corporation rich, with coffers filled with gold ;
Our aspirations high we pitch ; we're proud and close and
old ;

We hold our honour very dear, our services likewise ;
But 'tis a thumping sum per year most fervently we prize !
And so that we may get the more incessantly to waste,
Those blocks law students took of yore, we're pulling down
in haste ;

And in their stead are running up palatial flats, wherein
Rich snobs can pose as barristers and reputation win.

Chorus (supported by all the performers).—To always take,
our motto is, to give—we seldom can ;
For he who gives the least, of course, becomes the
richest man ;
Ours is a strange morality, peculiar to the bar ;
We are a grasping family—we are ! we are ! we are !

THE POPULAR COMMON-LAW BARRISTER *sings*.

WE never ask for any fees, oh ! no, we've too much pride ;
But we've a clerk who always sees our briefs have cheques
inside ;

Who duns attorneys when they shirk refreshers to renew —
In short, does all the dirty work *we'd* rather die than do.

If any scandal should arise, quite safe is *our* fair fame ;
We just repudiate his acts, and he gets all the blame ;
But he is quite prepared for this, and knows his place 'twill
cost

If, through some squeamishness of his, a fee is ever lost.

Chorus.—'Tis for this clerk, our strong right hand, we make
our clients pay,

He costs *us* not one penny-piece, his stipend they
defray ;

So as you see, our trickiness is rather over par ;

We are a grasping family—we are ! we are ! we
are !

THE SUCCESSFUL M.P.-Q.C. *sings.*

We take more work than we can do, and know it at the
time ;

But if a client's case fall through, we don't think that a crime !
For though his all he may have lost by our insatiate greed,
He cannot sue us for the cost, so what care we, indeed ?
Besides, when we've received more briefs than we can ever
read,

A surplus one enables us to do a kindly deed ;

For we choose some young barrister, whose chance of work
is dim,

And with a patronising nod, toss on the brief to him.

Chorus.—Oh, yes ; we take the widow's mite, the orphan's
little store,

And if a bigger fee come in, look at their briefs no
more.

Our carelessness their lot may blight, their life,
their honour mar,

But we're a grasping family—we are ! we are ! we
are !

THE INCAPABLE BARRISTER WITH A CONNECTION *sings.*

We're very jealous of our trade, and anxious to retain

Monopoly's ill-omened aid our rivals to restrain ;

We know solicitors are fit to plead in court their cause—

Nay, as a rule, they're better up than we are in the laws.

But still to keep the barrier up protects all weaker men,

For if there were free trade in briefs, why, where would
they be then ?

So " *Vive* abuses old ! " say we, and long live anything
That extra guineas to our purse more easily will bring.

Chorus.—So *Vive* th' abuses of the past ! Long live the good
old days !

Why should we try to alter what such thumping
income pays ?

We'll foster all the mystery that hangs about the
Bar—

We are a grasping family—we are ! we are ! we
are ! !

Truth, Christmas Number. December 1882.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, *Loq.*

" I AM the cleverest of men ! In all that I essay,

It is my rule on no account to second fiddle play.

There's scarce a talent or a gift to which I lay not claim,

And " Chamberlain " has, thanks to me, become a famous
name.

I brook no interference with the plans which I propose ;

I'm dictatorial, to a fault, alike to friends and foes.

Nor am I satisfied applause for my own acts to win—

No ! I demand the self-same praise for all my kith and kin.

For we're a clever family,

From Arthur down to Dick ;

My Nephews, cousins, quite by dozens,

And brother-in-law Ken-*rick.*

So who dares question aught we say,

Or our advance to bar ?

For we're a clever family,

We are ! we are ! we are !

" The nation must be daft to doubt a word of what I say,
Or think that Mr. Gladstone's plan is equal to *my* way !
Poor man ! What use is it for him his played-out brains to
tax,

When all that Birmingham can give so notably he lacks ?
He was not born there, has not been its Alderman or Mayor,
Nor tasted of those honours which our family still share.
O, foolish Gladstone ! to suppose that any chance he runs
With me, the pride of Brummagem, and greatest of her sons !
And head of such a family, &c,

" And what can England be about to not at once agree
To simply leave her welfare to my family and me ?

Why need she fear the rising storm will wreck or overwhelm ?

Does she forget her Chamberlains have hurried to the helm ?

Not Joseph only, for he's called his brethren to his aid.

Oh ! silly, silly England, to be, in spite of this, afraid !

For how can harm upon you come, or ill of any kind,

When, for your sake, the Chamberlains have openly com-
bined ?

For we're a clever family, &c.

" And do those Radicals believe, who dare to me condemn,
That they can still exist without the Pride of Brummagem ?
Do they suppose their Caucus can throughout one session
last

If I withdraw the nerve and strength I gave it in the past ?

Can they in sooth imagine that, however they may strive,

Their party possibly can hope my loss to long survive ?

'Twould seem they can, and yet—no ! no ! it surely cannot
be ;

They *must* have learned the value of my family and me.

For we're a clever family, &c.

" And yet how strange it is that though I've turned against
my chief,

He still exists—such stubbornness is well-nigh past belief ;

I've told him he must reckon with my family and me,

And yet he has not bowed as yet, not even on one knee.

I've warned him that he must my wrath most certainly
expect,

And yet he positively dares to hold his head erect ;

He must be mad, yes, very mad, to think that thus he can

Defy not me, the chief alone, but Caine and all my clan !

For we're a clever family, &c.

" And yet, as days and weeks go by, 'twould seem, I must
confess,

That if my influence grows at all it only grows much less.

The Tories who two months ago knelt humbly at my feet,

Ignore the man who brought about the Government's defeat ;

The Whigs who warmly welcomed me as their most dear ally,

Already seem inclined to be reserved with me and shy.

In short, 'midst friends and foes alike a tendency I see

To underrate most shamefully my kith and kin and me.

Though we're a clever family, &c.

" 'Tis vain for me a caucus new to start, and it to man

With brothers and with relatives, all members of my clan,

If Radicals continue to ignore that caucus new,

And further dare my policy to laugh at and pooh-pooh ;

In vain my family and I display our talents thus,

If the ungrateful State declares 'twill not be saved by us ;

And 'tis in vain, too, that my foes I threaten and asperse,

When they are clearly for my threats in no wise aught the
worse.

Though we're a clever family, &c,

"And yet I scarce can bring myself to think I've had my day,
And ne'er again shall have the power a Ministry to slay.
Can it, indeed, have come to pass that Birmingham's chief pride
Is now a pow'rless leader who is feared by neither side?
Can it, indeed, be true that I, spite all my brethren's aid,
Shall see that Statesman triumph who so lately I betrayed,
And, hardest blow of all, live on to but too surely find
That England is a match for all us Chamberlains combined?

Though we're a clever family,
From Arthur down to Dick,
With kith and kin, both stout and thin,
And brother-in-law Ken-*rick*.
But to the last, spite all that's past,
This fact we'll spread afar,
We are a clever family!
We are! we ARE!! we ARE!!!"

Truth. August 5, 1886.

THE POLITICAL HAPPY FAMILIEE.

We are a Happy Familee,
And never, I engage,
Was known such peace and unity
As flourish in our cage!
For we are all true Unionists,
And it is good to see
With what delight we all unite,
How sweetly we agree!

Chorus—For we're a Happy Familee,
From Peter to John B. !
From Joseph's brothers, and sundry others,
To Hartington and me!
We are devoted, one and all,
And never snap nor spar,
For we're a Happy Familee,
We are! We ARE!! We ARE!!!

John Bright and Randolph Churchill make
A truly loving pair,
And gushing Goschen has no notion
Which Rylands does not share;
Collings and Caine would moan with pain
To be from Chaplin parted;
And Hartington, relieved of James
Would be quite broken-hearted!

Chorus—For we're a Union Familee,
Whose hearts with fondness glow;
Peter and Otto've but one motto,
And so have John and Joe.
No thought of rupture troubles us,
No split, no party jar,
For we're a Happy Familee,
We are! We ARE!! We ARE!!!

Truth Christmas Number. December, 1886.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

Popular Premier Pipes to a Popular Air.

WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
Afar from the House you be,
Out in the Hawarden woodlands,
Under the still home tree.
Doubtless Town misses you, my William.

Winds blow and storms are raging high;
Willy, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, Willy,
Wait till the clouds roll by;
Willie, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

* * * * *

(Two verses omitted.)

Willy, here's time for thinking.
Salisbury's pack is hushed;
But in affairs of empire,
Have you been fogged—or rushed?
Hodge has his boon, and is contented,
But foreign foes seem in full cry.
Willy look sharp, but take it coolly;
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by!

Willy, *canards* are flying,—
Cool skill will bring them down.
But, when the eagles gather,
Danger perchance may frown;
Give it your careful thought, my William,
Don't be alarmed,—yet *mind your eye*!
But when the bogey-mongers croak, man,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, Willy,
Wait till the clouds roll by;
Willy, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Punch. January 24, 1885.

THE CHILDREN'S VOICES.

I HEAR the children's voices
Shouting at their play,
And the tears don't rise unbidden,
For I know well what they say.
They use strange words, and call each other
Names that are forbid,
And their sole idea of repartee
Is "Didn't!" "Yaas! ye did!"

Chorus—Sweet children's voices haunt me night and day,
And how I wish those children's voices
far, far away.

I hear the children's voices
Singing in the street,
And I do not like their singing,
For its neither low nor sweet.
They are not singing quite in tune,
The pitch is far too high,
And I do not like the tune they sing,
For its "Wait till the clouds roll by." *Chorus.*

I hear the children's voices,
Behind my cottage door,
And I think I never heard them
So soft or low before.
I hear a gentle tapping,
I rush out in the rain,
And I hear their little voices shouting
"Hullo! sold again!" *Chorus.*

I hear the children's voices,
Murmuring in the lane,
As I saunter 'neath the elm trees,
To meet my pretty Jane.
We fondly sit together,
That little lass and I,
And they softly creep behind us both
And loudly call out "Hi!"

Chorus.

Written and composed by CORNEY GRAIN. Published
by J. Bath, Berners Street, London.

—:O:—

THE VOLUNTEER'S SONG,

(Air—"I am a Simple Muleteer.")

I AM a Rifle Volunteer,
And quite particular to rules ;
Nor march, nor drill, how'er severe,
My military ardour cools.
I am but in my country's cause,
To keep her from the Eagle's claws ;
If they attempt a swoop to make,
Crack, crack ! my course is clear ;
They'll find they've made a slight mistake—
I am a Volunteer !

* * * *

Punch. July 21, 1860.

—:O:—

OH! GIVE ME BUT MY ARAB STEED.

OH ! give me but my Arab steed,
My shield and falchion bright,
And I will to the battle speed,
To save him in the fight.
His noble crest I'll boldly wave,
And gird his scarf around ;
But I must to the field repair,
For hark ! the trumpets sound.

Oh ! with my Arab steed I'll go,
To brave the embattled plain,
Where warriors brave their valour show,
And drain each noble vein.
His brow that oft the battle braves
With fadeless laurels crown'd,
Shall guide me where his falchion waves,
But hark ! the trumpets sound.

OH! GIVE ME BUT MY DONKEY, JOE.

OH ! give me but my donkey, Joe,
His panniers fixed on tight ;
And I will to my doxie go,
And do the thing what's right !
Her bran new wipe I'll proudly wear,
And pass the punch around,
But I must to my crib repair—
For, hark ! the cleavers sound.

Oh ! with my donkey I will go,
And greens and lettuce cry,
While my doxie patters with the foe,
I'll toddle on the sly.

Their chaffing without fear she braves—
Her head with carrots crowned,
Shall guide me where her hand she waves—
But hark ! the cleavers sound.

From *Wiseheart's Merry Songster.* Dublin.

THE COACHMAN'S LAMENT.

(Air—"Oh ! give me but my Arab steed.")

FAREWELL my ribbons, and, alack !
Farewell my tidy drag ;
Mail-coachmen now have got the sack,
And engineers the bag.

My heart and whip alike are broke—
I've lost my varmint team,
That used to cut away like smoke,
But couldn't go like steam.

It is, indeed, a bitter cup,
Thus to be sent to pot ;
My bosom boils at boiling up,
A gallop or a trot.

My very brain with *fury's* racked,
That railways are the *rage* ;
I'm sure you'll never find them *act*,
Like our old English *stage*.

A man whose *passion's* crost, is sore,
Then pray excuse my *pet* ;
I ne'er was *overturn'd* before,
But now am quite *upset*.

From *The Comic Latin Grammar.* By Paul Prendergast
(Percival Leigh). London. D. Bogue. 1848.

—:O:—

JUST BEFORE THE WEDDING, MOTHER.

PARODY ON "*Just before the Battle, Mother.*"

JUST before the wedding, mother, what a lot there is to do,
Seeing after wreaths and dresses, and the wedding favors,
too ;
Bridesmaids six, around one crying, spoiling pretty bonnets
gay,
Oh ! what a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come
every day.

Farewell, mother, we must sever,
We must sever, mother,
Cries the bride in tones of pain ;
But oh ! you'll come and see us, mother,
You will come and see us,
When we're back in town again.

Just before proposing, mother, oh ! how nervous young men
are,
Even after they're accepted, and referred to dear papa.
For the settlements and breakfast, dear papa has got to pay,
And says, "Oh ! what a comfort, mother ; weddings *don't*
come every day."

Just before the breakfast, mother, no one knows what to be
at,
But when guests are round the table, they are more at home
at that ;
Billious wedding-cake and speeches—save me from such
speeches, pray—
Oh ! what a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come
every day.

Just before departing, mother, and the carriage is outside,
Aunts and uncles, brothers, sisters, tearfully caress the
bride ;

Every slipper in the household after them is thrown away,
Oh ! what a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come
every day.

Just before the christening, mother, such a fuss you never
saw,
When the household is commanded by "dear mamma-in-
law."

"Pretty Poppet," cry the ladies ; "happy father," people
say.

Ah well ! he has *this* consolation, *christenings* don't come
every day.

Dearest mother, did you ever—no, I never, mother,
See so fine a child before ;
You may take the glove off, mother,
From the knocker on that door !

The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle. May 28, 1887.

JUST AFTER THE WEDDING, MOTHER.

PARODY ON "*Just after the Battle, Mother.*"

STILL upon my recent marriage I am thinking, Mother dear ;
But the fatal step I've taken cannot now be help'd, 'tis clear ;
She was such a duck, I told her that to eat her I'd be glad,
And now, between ourselves, dear Mother, don't I only wish
I had.

Mother dear, your boy is married ; all regret is now
in vain ;

But oh, how gladly would I, Mother, be a bachelor
again.

Oh, those callers in were fearful, Jones, and Robinson, and
Brown,

Shower'd in congratulations, when we first returned to town.
All my darling wife's relations came to breakfast, sup, and
dine,

And oh ! what appetites, dear Mother, oh ! the fearful
waste of wine.

Mother, dear, &c.

Oh ! our dreadful cook and housemaid, oh ! that boy we did
engage,

In the hist'ry of our servants, gladly I'd blot out that page ;
All our china he demolish'd, not a glass upon the shelves ;

And oh ! the only spoons remaining are our two unlucky
selves.

Mother, dear, &c.

Sweet she look'd in gipsy bonnets blushing, like a damask
rose,

Little did I think that angels wanted such a lot of clothes ;
Wives, of course, are very charming, but be careful if you
can,

And when you chose one take a warning by a henpeck'd
married man.

Mother, dear, &c.

THE THREE JOVIAL STATESMEN.

Sir William Harcourt, at Glasgow, in quoting from *The
Three Jovial Huntsmen*, referred to it as "a delightful illus-
trated story-book," which he advised all his hearers to buy.
Quite so, Mr. Caldecott's pictures are simply delicious, and
the verses themselves are quaint and pithy. But the "bearings
of 'em lie in their application." And here's their appli-
cation—much at your service, Sir William.

It's of Three Jovial Statesmen, and a-stumping they did go ;

And they spouted and they flouted, and they blew their
horns also.

Look ye there !

And one said "Mind your eye, Staff, there's Reaction in the
wind,

And soon, by hook or crook, we a winning cry shall find."

Look ye there !

They spouted and they flouted, and the first thing they did
find,

Was a tattered scare-crow-mummy-thing, which seemed
much to their mind.

Look ye there !

One said it *was* a scare-crow, but another he said "Nay ;
It's the real farmer's friend, Fair Trade, and I think this
cry will pay."

Look ye there !

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did
find

Was a swelling, swaggering Bogey, its arms waving in the
wind.

Look ye there !

One said it *was* a Bogey, but another he said, "Nay ;
It's our dear old Jingo-Fi-Fo-Fum, not yet quite past away."

Look ye there !

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did
find

Was a Bull who browsed at leisure, and seemed easy in his
mind.

Look ye there !

One said 'twas brave John Bull himself, another he said
"Nay ;

It's just a Boer-whipt Jackass, without even pluck to bray"

Look ye there !

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did
find

Was a fat pig grunting in a sty, with anger almost blind.

Look ye there !

One said it *was* a fat pig, but another he said "Nay ;
It's just a worthy Alderman who fears Reform's black day."

Look ye there !

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did
find,

Was two old Patriots trying to bring Pat to his right mind.

Look ye there !

One said they *were* two Patriots, but another he said, "Nay ;
They're just two ranting Demagogues. We're sold ! let's
come away."

Look ye there !

So they spouted and they flouted, till the setting of the sun ;
And they hadn't got a cry at last, when their stumping-course
was run.

Look ye there !

Then each unto the other said, "This stumping doesn't pay ;
But we've pounded up and down a bit, and had a rattling
day."

Look ye there !

Punch. November 5, 1881.

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

(New and abbreviated version sung by Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill on
their return from stumping the country.)

It's of three Jovial Huntsmen, an' a-hunting they did go ;

And they hunted, an' they hollo'd, and they blew their
horns also.

Look ye there !

And one said, "Mind your eyes, and keep your noses
right i' the wind,
And in Leeds or in Midlothian some game we're bound to
find."

Look ye there !

They hunted and they hollo'd, and the first thing they did
find
Was that a previous huntsman little game had left behind.

Look ye there !

One said there was a chance for them, but another he said
"Nay ;
In these North Country moorlands we have been and lost
our way."

Look ye there !

* * * * *

They hunted and they hollo'd, and the last thing they did
find
Was a Bull, safe in a Liberal fold, and that they left be-
hind.

Look ye there !

One said he was John Bull still, but another, he said
"Nay ;
He's no better than a jackass since he learned the Radical
bray."

Look ye there !

So they hunted and they hollo'd till their holiday course
was run,
And they'd nought to bring away at last when their hunt-
ing time was done.

Look ye there !

Then one unto the others said, "This hunting does not
pay ;
But we've pounded up and down a bit, and had a rattling
day."

Look ye there !

Punch. October 18, 1884.

————:O:————

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

(With a Drift)

OH ! the snow, the beautiful snow
(This is a parody, please you to know ;
Over and over again you may meet
Parodies writ on this poem so sweet ;
Rhyming, chiming, skipping along
Comical bards think they do nothing wrong ;
Striving to follow what others have done,
One to the number may keep up the fun).
Beautiful snow, so gently you scud,
Pure for a minute, then dirty as mud.

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow !
Here's a fine mess you have left us below ;
Chilling our feet to the tips of our toes ;
Cheekily landing full pert on our nose ;
Jinking, slinking, ever you try
'Neath our umbrella to flop in our eye ;
Gamins await us at every new street,
Watching us carefully, guiding our feet,
Joking, mocking, ready to throw
A hard-compressed ball of this beautiful snow.

ANONYMOUS.

O, THE snow ! the beautiful snow !
Feathering down to the ground below.
Snow on the pavement and snow on the street,
Snow on the boots of the people you meet.
Train, cab, or omnibus ? O, no !—no !
Nothing to-day but the beautiful snow ;
Nothing to go by and nowhere to go,
All through the fall of the beautiful snow.

O, the slush ! the ineffable slush !
Snow, mud, and fog churned to maddening mush,
Slush that slips in through the boots on your feet,
Slush that slops up to your chimney-pot neat.
Into town—into country—wherever you rush
Nothing to-day but ineffable slush :
Bedraggled merino and velvet and plush
Trail through the swamps of ineffable slush.

The Globe. January 28, 1886.

————:O:————

WHERE THE WET COMES IN.

(Parody of "When the Tide Comes In.")

HE had a dull and beery look,
And I was ill at ease,
When from the kitchen came the cook :
"The plumber, if you please."
His very first request of me
Was for a "drop o' gin ;"
And then he said, "I'll quickly see
Where the wet comes in."

He hammered there for many hours,
At what I couldn't guess,
And broke some pots of winter flowers,
Making an awful mess ;
Then said "he'd mended every crack,"
Departing with a grin,
Remarking, "I will soon be back
If the wet comes in."

I saw the main with joy again
The empty cisterns fill.
When, at a sound like summer rain,
My heart began to thrill ;
While o'er the furniture it ran,
A voice came through the din :
"We're certain now," cried that false man,
"Where the wet comes in !"

Funny Folks. February 8, 1879.

————:O:————

IF DIRTY DEEDS.

(Sung by an inebriated Chimney-sweep. After Sullivan's
"If Doughty Deeds.")

I.

IF dirty deeds my lady please,
I'm jest the man to soot 'er ;
With me she's sure to feel at ease,
Both now and in the futur'.
A dingy colour o'er me lies,
Wot pictur's forth my art ;
Wich, if it gets into my heyes,
It alwuss makes 'em smart.
Then say if I shall soot my love,
Oh, say if I shall soot 'er !
Or else—weep ho !
I'll drown my woe
In this 'ere pot of pewter.

II.

But, if fond love 'er 'eart could gain,
 I wish she'd tell me 'ow ;
 For love it is wot gives the pain
 As haggeriwates me now.
 Ah, yes ! I'm weepin' still—'weep ho !—
 And likely to continner :
 Not thinkin' so to soothe my woe,
 But trustin' thus to win 'er.
 Then say if I shall soot my love,
 Oh, say if I shall soot 'er !
 Hair from my grief
 I seeks relief
 In this 'ere pot of pewter.

From *The Humorous Works of the late gifted Hopkins*.
 London : James Blackwood & Co. An anonymous and
 undated book, with Eight Illustrations by *Phiz*. It also
 contains a few parodies of Longfellow, and E. A. Poe.

A WET SHEET.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like an eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(*A Voice from the Ventilator.*)

WITH wet feet, in a committee,
 To our seats tied hard and fast,
 We sit half-starved, and to our call
 Comes Dr. Reid at last :
 Comes Dr. Reid at last, my boys,
 And turns the valves so free ;
 Away the cold air flies and leaves
 The room at eighty-three.

"Oh, for a cool and gentle wind !"
 I heard a member cry ;
 "But give it to me hot and hot,"
 Another did reply :
 Another did reply, my boys ;
 So Dr. Reid made free
 To give it to us half and half,
 And wretched men were we !

The Speaker sits at freezing point,
 At fever heat the crowd ;
 In the reporters' gallery
 They all complain aloud :
 They all complain aloud, my boys,
 Of Reid in language free ;
 And say, not even Peel can blow
 So hot and cold as he !

Punch. 1845.

At that time there were loud complaints about the bad ventilation of the House of Commons, and every remedy tried, seemed only to make matters worse. Nor was much improvement felt when the members were installed in Sir Charles Barry's new Palace of Westminster, which has nearly every fault that it is possible a large public building can have. The site is probably the worst that could

have been selected. The palace lies low, close to a polluted river, which smells intolerably in the summer, and gives off fog and damp in the winter. The style of architecture is totally unsuited for our climate, or for the purposes for which it is intended, and the stone of which it is built is rapidly crumbling away, whilst although the building covers nine acres of ground, the room in which the Commons meet will only accommodate a little more than half their number.

Every consideration of comfort and utility was sacrificed to gratify an architectural fad, and the requirements of the two legislative bodies who use the building were simply ignored. Frequent debates have been held, and divisions taken, to express the dissatisfaction of the members. Committees have been appointed to examine into, and report upon the heating and ventilation, the sanitary arrangements, and the possibility of enlarging the Commons chamber. Costly repairs are constantly going on, crumbling stonework is removed and replaced, and experiments of all kinds have been tried to remedy the structural defects. But all to no purpose, and the building remains a costly monument of a nation's folly, and an architect's vanity and incompetence.

SIR PERCY AND THE FEARFUL FOGGE.

(*A new "Percy Relique."*)

FULL seven hundred Members mayde aloude thys one remark—

"Scarce can we breathe, or speke, or thynke. Wee all are in the darke."

Like unto pygmies arm'd against great Basan's Monarque Og,

So gasping, gallant gentlemen doe battell with the Fogge.

Stout Percy to the Commons went, all in Westministeere. Quoth he, "Ye have good neede of help, the Fogge doth enter heere.

"I ventylate and drayne the House, and keep it sweet and cool."

Cryd every man, "Who'll stay the Fogge?" Quoth bold Percy, "I wool !"

"Now bless thee, Doctor Percy !" cry the Commons with a cheer,

"If thou the Fogge shall set at naught all in Westministeere ;

"And if with cotton-wool thou pluggest cranny, hole, and crack,

The' Lords we'll dysestablyshe, and to thee give the Wool-sack."

Stout Percy sniff'd a pynche of snuff, all of the olden schoole. Quoth he, "And if I fayle I'll get the Sack without the Wool."

"Natheless the cotton-wool I'll try ; my very best I'll do."
 "No more can we expect," sayde each to each. "*Que woolley woo ?*"

Stout Percy hies him to the work, nor lists to knave nor fool. "Plenty of 'cry' there be," quoth he, "My ears hold cotton-wool."

"As walls have ears, I trow," quoth he, "those at Westministeere

Will thank me soe for saving them from much that else they'd heare."

Then Heav'n send Doctor Percy may bring them light and peace !

May Fogge clear from Westministeere, and all obstruction cease !

Punch. March 19, 1887.

In August 1887, Mr. Plunket, questioned by Mr. Esslemont and Dr. Kenny, said "he had no reason to believe that the air of the House of Commons was noxious. As to the artificial system of ventilation, it simply consisted in drawing up the air through the ceiling when it had been breathed by members, in order that there might be a freer and more constant access of fresh air from below. That air passed over ice to make it cooler, and he could not recommend the discontinuance of the system. Straining the air through cotton wool had been tried, but the officials were waiting for the next fog before making another experiment."

—:o:—

SHE AND I.

I IN a mighty palace,
 She in a lonely room,
 I where the lights are shining,
 She where there is but gloom,
 I amid mirth and laughter,
 She where no laugh is known,
 I with gay friends around me,
 She with her fears alone.
 I where gay music soundeth,
 She where the clock ticks loud,
 I where the lights are shining,
 She with her fair head bowed,
 I noble, rich, and courted,
 Chief of a mighty throng.
 She by her kin deserted,
 Burdened with care and wrong.
 Could I but share her sorrow,
 One aching thought beguile,
 Gladden her heart to-morrow,
 Woo from her lips one smile,
 Oh, then I would give how gladly
 The joys that the world may prize,
 For one touch of her gentle fingers,
 One glance of her loving eyes.

G. COURTENAY BOYLE.

I AND SHE.

SHE in a gay gin palace,
 I in a lonely room,
 She where the gas is shining,
 I where there is but gloom,
 She amid mirth and laughter,
 I where no mirth is known,
 She with young swells around her,
 I with my pipe alone.
 She where the money clinketh,
 I where no tick's allowed,
 She where the masher drinketh,
 I with my poor head bowed,
 She pretty, young, and courted,
 Chief of the Barmid throng,
 I by my friends deserted,
 One more good man gone wrong.
 Ah! she could soothe my sorrow,
 This aching heart beguile,
 If from her I could borrow
 Ten shillings for a while.
 And, oh, I would take it gladly,
 Altho' it perhaps sounds queer,
 If she drew me with gentle fingers
 One glass of her bitter beer.

From *The Keys 'At Home.'* By J. M. Lowry. London. Field and Tuer, 1885.

WILD WEST-MINSTER!

Air—"Do you ken John Peel?"

Do you ken Arthur Peel in the nightly fray?
 Do you ken Arthur Peel at the break of day?
 Do you think he won't wish himself far far away,
 Ere the House rises early in the morning?

Chorus—

For the sound of the Pats keeps us each from our bed,
 And the Tory horse bolts if you give him his head,
 And the row of the Rads, by sly Labouchere led,
 At Wild West-minster sounds until morning.

Yes, I know Arthur Peel, with his seat so true,
 And he needs it indeed on that buck-jumping screw,
 Which to fling Arthur Peel has done all that it knew,
 The bit and the bridle still scorning.

Chorus—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken Arthur Peel of the resolute will,
 And the "hand" that is worthy of Buffalo Bill?
 Do you think the buck-jumper would not like to spill
 The cool hand on its back ere the morning!

Chorus—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know Arthur Peel for a rough-riding body,
 At handling a rogue almost equal to Cody,
 And down like a hammer on noodle and noddy,
 Though kept in the saddle till morning.

Chorus—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken Arthur Peel with a snaffle so strong,
 Prepared for a contest that's dour and ding-dong,
 For a rally that's sharp and a struggle that's long,
 Which may last all the night until morning?

Chorus—For the sound, &c.

Do you ken Arthur Peel with the spur at his heel,
 Which the stubbornest buck-jumper's bound for to feel,
 And flinch at the punishment dealt out by Peel,
 While Wild West-minster howls in the morning?

Chorus—For the sound, &c.

Yes, I know Arthur Peel as a chap who won't shirk;
 But his mount of to-day is a tiger, a Turk,
 And to break it to harness he'll have all his work,
 Though he leathers and spurs night and morning.

Chorus—

For the sound of its snorts and the pad of its feet
 Show this buck-jumping brute is a teaser to beat,
 And Peel will do well if he still keeps his seat
 When Wild West-minster shuts some fine morning.

Punch. May 14, 1887.

—:o:—

BOATSWAIN CHAMBERLAIN.

Air—"Sailing, sailing."

THE Liberal Barque is on the wave,
 And manned by seamen stout and brave,
 And though the Tory shoals are near,
 The gallant ship will danger clear,
 For Chamberlain
 The bo'san's pipe will blow,
 And a hardy crew
 Stand ready for the foe—

Then here's to the captain,
 With grand old heart so true.
 To Harcourt, Dilke, and Hartington,
 Who lead a gallant crew—

Sailing sailing,
 Over the bounding main,

Ready and ripe,
At the sound of the pipe,
Of Boatswain Chamberlain.

Joe Chamberlain is bold and free,
And skipper some day he will be,
For never a heart more true and brave,
A murmuring people counsel gave;
No false step marks
His actions or career;
And he sounds his pipe
For action now to clear—
Then here's to the captain, &c.

From *Songs for Liberal Electors*. Manchester, A. Heywood, 1885.

(This parody was written before Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington joined the Conservative party.)

“JOLLY NOSE.”

The late Mr. William Bates writing to *Notes and Queries* in December, 1863, pointed out that this capital drinking song is a translation of one of the *Vaux-de-Vire* of the fine old Norman Anacreon, Olivier Basselin. W. H. Ainsworth puts the song into the mouth of “Blueskin” in his novel *Jack Sheppard*, but it was made famous by the late Paul Bedford, who sang it in his celebrated impersonation of “Blueskin” at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

A SON NEZ.

BEAU NEZ, dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pipe
Du vin blanc et clair,et
Et duquel le couleür richement participe
Du rouge et violet;
Gros Nez! Qui te regarde à travers un grand verre,
Te juge encore plus beau.
Tu ne ressemblas point au nez de quelque hère
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.
Un coq d'inde, sa gorge à toy semblable porte:
Combien de riches gens
N'ont pas si riche nez! Pour te peindre en la sorte,
Il faut beaucoup de temps.
Le verre est le pinceau, duquel on t'enlumine;
Le vin est la couleur
Dont on t'a peint ainsi plus rouge qu'une guisgne
En buvant du meilleur.
On dit qu'il nuit aux yeux; mais seront ils les maîtres?
Le vin est la guarison
De mes maux: J'aime mieux perdre les deux fenestres
Que toute la maison.

DRINKING SONG.

JOLLY NOSE! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
Were dug from the mines of Canary;
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.
Jolly Nose! he who sees thee across a broad glass,
Beholds thee in all thy perfection;
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
Entertains the profoundest objection.
(For a turkey-cock's neck one might surely mistake thee:
Why there's many a well-to-do fellow
Can't boast such a nose! what a time it must take thee
To get to a colouring so mellow.)

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wine is my colour;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
The fuller I fill it,—the fuller.

Jolly Nose! there are fools who say drink hurts the sight
Such dullards know nothing about it;
'Tis better with wine to extinguish the light,
Than live always in darkness without it.

Mr. Ainsworth had omitted the third verse, this is supplied in the above version by Mr. Bates, but it will readily be seen that his lines are inferior to the gay sparkling verses of Mr. Ainsworth's translation.

DERBY AND JONES.

(With convivial compliments to Mr. James Molloy.)

THE Derby's here, and I'm getting grey,
By Jove I'm fifty if I'm a day;
But through dust and sun, I like my fun
As the cab rolls on.
So we, that is Jones my friend and I,
Have each to our wives made this reply:
“Yes, we're going,—like two staid elderly men,
But don't mean, my dear, to do it again.”
And its always the same! Serious tones,—
Then a nice little game with my old friend Jones.
A nice little game with my old friend Jones.

Arm-in-arm, after lunch that day,
Arm-in-arm,—well we made our way:
And everything spun round and round like fun
As the cab bowled on!
Arm-in-arm, we managed to slide,
Though the streets and lamps all took the wrong side;
And we never could quite tell how or when
Each of us got safe home again!
Always the same!—Banjo and Bones—
Always the same with my old friend Jones.
Always the same with my old friend Jones.

Punch. June 4, 1881.

GLADSTONE SINGS:—

(Addressing the Earl of Derby.)

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,
Fifty years since my Newark day;
Changes will come to every one
As the years roll on.
Derby, dear, when the votes went wry,
Out in the cold and alone was I;
Ah! but the thought of you cheered me then,
“’Tis not for long he can hold with Ben.”
Always the same, Derby, my own,
Always the same to your old Glad-stone!
Always the same to your old Glad-stone!

Derby, dear, but I did feel riled,
When the Jingoës with joy went wild,
Until hope whispered Knowsley's lord
“Loveth not the sword.”

Derby, dear, 'twas your backing out
Showed the way for the Tories' rout,
Ah, dear! how you stilled my fear,
Life appeared better and office near.
Always the same, Derby, my own,
Always the same to your old Glad-stone!
Always the same to your old Glad-stone!

Punch. December 23, 1882.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY CLERK.

COME dwell with me, and be my own,
 For a joyful lot is mine;
 I've a sunny bank, with turf o'ergrown,
 And a cottage on the line.
 And two policemen own my sway,
 And strive to be my slaves,
 And daren't receive gratuities,
 Though each one well behaves.
 Then, dearest, be for ever mine,
 In that small station on the line.

And though my lot's all day to stamp
 Those slips of card-board blue,
 When faded is the mail's red lamp,
 I come to love and you.
 Then, dearest, you must not refuse,
 But to my prayers incline;
 I'll fetter thee, in Hymen's noose,
 Not in—but on—a line.
 And let me link my lot with thine,
 And love thee on the banks of line.

From *The Man in the Moon*. Edited by Albert Smith.

MUTTON CHOPS.

COME dine with me, come dine with me,
 And our dish shall be, our dish shall be,
 A mutton chop from the butcher's shop
 And how I cook it you shall see.
 The chop I choose is not too lean;
 For to cut off the fat I mean.
 Then to the fire I put it down,
 And let it fry until 'tis brown.
 Come dine with me; yes dine with me, etc.

I'll fry some bread cut rather fine,
 To place betwixt each chop of mine;
 Some spinach, or some cauliflowers,
 May ornament this dish of ours.
 I will not let thee once repine
 At having come with me to dine:
 'Twill be my pride to hear thee say,
 "I have enjoy'd my chop, to-day."
 Come, dine with me; yes, dine with me;
 Dine, dine, dine, with me, &c.

—:O:—

DON'T DYE YOUR HAIR WHEN YOU GROW OLD.

(Parody on "Silver Threads among the Gold.")

DON'T dye your hair when you grow old,
 Or you surely will be sold,
 As I found myself one day
 When my hair was turning grey,
 On a pretty girl, named Grace,
 I was spooney, quite a case,
 But her hair was black and bright,
 Whereas mine was turning white.
 Don't dye your hair when you grow old,
 Either black, or brown, or gold,
 Or the day you'll surely rue,
 "Ne'er say *dye*" what'er you do.

Then to myself I said, said I,
 I'll try a bottle of hair dye;
 Out I rush'd, and hurried back
 With a bottle labell'd black.
 When I'd rubb'd it on my head,
 I look'd beautiful, folks said,

But when I'd embraced dear Grace
 I found out I'd dyed her face.
 Don't dye your hair, &c.

And in the morning, I declare,
 Bright magenta was my hair.
 To the hairdresser I flew,
 "Sir," said he, "that's nothing new,
 Try our ostrich marrow grease,
 Try it, and your fretting cease;"
 So I did, and next was seen
 With my hair a light pea green.
 Don't dye your hair, &c.

Next day, alas! 'twas dirty pink,
 Then the colour of red ink;
 Next 'twas purple, then 'twas blue,
 Every colour it's gone through.
 Now content with homely grey,
 Often to dear Grace I say,
 "Locks may lose their black or gold,
 But true love will ne'er grow old."
 Don't dye your hair, &c.

—:O:—

A CHILD'S HYMN OF PRAISE

I.

I THANK the goodness and the grace,
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me in these Christian days,
 A happy English child.

* * * * *

From *Hymns for Infant Minds*. By Jane & Ann Taylor.

A PARODY.

UPON my childhood's pallid morn,
 No tropic summer smiled,
 In foreign lands I was not born,
 A happy heathen child.

Alas! but in a colder clime,
 A cultured clime I dwell,
 All in the foremost ranks of Time,
 They say: I know it well.

You never learn geography,
 No grammar makes you wild.
 A book, a slate you never see,
 You happy heathen child.

I know in forest and in glade,
 Your games are odd, but gay.
 Think of the little British maid,
 Who has no place for play.

When ended is the day's long joy,
 And you to rest have gone,
 Think of the little British boy,
 Who still is toiling on.

The many things we learn about
 We cannot understand,
 Oh, send your missionaries out
 To this benighted land!

You blessed little foreigner,
 In weather fair and mild,
 Think of the tiny Britisher,
 Oh, happy heathen child.

Ah! highly favoured Pagan, born
 In some far hemisphere,
 Pity the British child forlorn
 And drop one sorrowing tear.

From "*That very Mab*." Published by Longmans.

SCOTCH SONGS.

Parodies of the Songs of ROBERT BURNS, and other Scotch Authors appeared in Volume III., but the following were not included.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Supposed to have been modernised from an old Scotch song by Douglas, and dedicated by him to Annie Laurie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. Tradition says that Douglas was rejected by the young lady, and further, that he did not "lay him down and dee."

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew ;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true ;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet ;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

OLD SIR PETER LAURIE.

THE Guildhall Bench is funny,
When prisoners stand in view,
For it's there Sir Peter Laurie,
Gives them his promise true.
Gives them his promise true,
To "put 'em down," he'll try ;
How that Old Sir Peter Laurie
Lays down the Law—my eye
How that Old Sir Peter Laurie, &c.

His nose is like the roast beef,
The Civic board upon ;
His phiz it is the ruddiest,
That e'er the gas shone on,
That e'er the gas shone on,
And grey his gooseberry eye ;
And how Old Sir Peter Laurie
Lays down the Law—my eye !

Like a dray through Cheapside going,
Is the fall of his heavy feet ;
Like a windy knacker blowing,

His voice about as sweet.
His voice is just as sweet,
And to put down all he'll try ;
How that Old Sir Peter Laurie
Lays down the Law—my eye !

J. A. HARDWICK.

In his day old Sir Peter Laurie was about as unpopular on the Bench as Mr. Newton is in this, and was scarcely less distinguished for the folly of his magisterial remarks. The actual circumstance which gave rise to the parody occurred in 1844, when a poor forlorn, half starved, and wholly ruined young woman was charged before this great and good Alderman.

"Sir Peter Laurie said he should send her to the Old Bailey for attempted suicide. It was a fit case for trial, *and he had no doubt she would be transported.* He had put an end to persons attempting to drown themselves ; he would now try the same cure for attempted poisoning. He had no doubt that those who took poison did not do so for the purpose of self-destruction, but for the purpose of exciting sympathy."

—:O:—

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(*Air*—Mary o'Argyle.)

I HAVE heard the cats a-squealing
On the slates at early morn ;
I have the seen the tiles a-stealing,
From the roof-tops in a storm ;
But the sound which most doth fear me,
And disturb life's sweet repose ;
I have seen an eye still blacker,
Than the ink upon white clothes.

'Tis thy voice, my once dear-mother-
In-law, which doth me rile,
When you speak the house doth tremble,
So roof-lifting is your style.
Though thy voice may lose its gruffness,
And thine eye its pot-black hue ;
And thy lengthy step its longness,
And thy hair its redness too ;

Still to me thou'lt be more frightful,
Than I shall ever own ;
I have shunn'd thee for thy harshness,
But not for that alone.
'Tis thy voice—hark—now 'tis stealing,
Down the garret stairs, the while,
Like sad funeral bells a pealing,
I must answer it, or I'll—

DAVID WELCH.

Detroit Free Press. January 15, 1887.

—:O:—

POOR JOE.*

OH, dear ; what can the matter be ?
Oh, dear ; what can the matter be ?
Oh, dear ; what can the matter be ?
Joseph's so very much out.

* Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

He promised to give us a cow and three acres,
And make us contented and placid as Quakers,
But now we can't even get bread at the bakers,
Joe was so very much out !

He told us that Erin was not to be trusted,
And that our friend William was very nigh "busted,"
But all his remarks with romance have been crusted,
Joe was so very much out !
"Our Imperial Integrity" was the foundation
Which lured us to "back up" poor Joe's declamation,
But the words, it appears, meant a clap-trap oration,
By Joe, who was very much out !

Then let us rejoice to rejoin the old master,
Who never has led us to wrong or disaster,
Nor pretended to cure us with "Brummagem plaster,"
Like Joe, who was very much out !
Oh, dear ; what can the matter be ?
Oh, dear ; what can this chatter be ?
Oh, dear ; what can this clatter be ?
Why, Joseph's so very much out.

Truth. July 15, 1886.

—:o:—

RANDY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL O !

A new version of an old Scotch favourite, suggested by recent events, and dedicated to the *Standard*.

Kick him now the bold outlaw,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
Show no mercy Tories a',
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Let the cheeky laddie see
How we curse with muckle glee,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !

Long old Sal. has doom'd his fa',
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
For he spurned the Tory law,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
We can for our party dee,
We will e'er staunch Tories be
And can ne'er forget—forgie
Randy Randolph Churchill O !

Ne'er again the Primrose pride,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
Our reward must now abide,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !
Long from office let him pine,
We're but glad he did resign,
Kick him, then, for auld lang syne,
Randy Randolph Churchill O !

Pall Mall Gazette. 1886.

—:o:—

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,

To tak' a kiss or grant ye ane ;
But, guid-sake ! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Whate'er ye do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this ;
But, loosh ! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
When we're our lane, you may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae, I dinna care ;
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;
Sic tales I doubt are a' deceit ;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten before folk.

THE ANSWER TO "BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK."

CAN I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyte before folk ?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie coaxing way

That my poor wits ye lead astray,
And ding me doilt before folk,
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk ;
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
A kissing ye before folk ?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet howlet-like my eelids steek,
And shun sic light before folk ?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me before folk ?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump an' ripe, sae tempts me to 't,
That I maun pree't though I should rue't,
Ay twenty times before folk !
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When temptingly it offers me
So rich a treat before folk ?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright,
That shapely neck o' snowy white ;
That tongue e'en when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk !
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka charm, young, fresh, and warm,
Cries, " Kiss me now ; " before folk ?

An', oh, that pawkie, rowin ee,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my soul, let be
Frae kissing you before folk !
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tack a smack before folk ?

Ye own that were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane ;
Weel, gin there be no harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk ?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk ?
Sly hypocrite, an anchorite
Could scarce desist before folk !

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll hae a " blythesome bridal " made,
When ye'll be mine before folk,
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk ;
For whereas then ye'll aft get ten,
It winna be before folk.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

—:O:—

THE TURTLE DOVE.

(Air—Jessy of Dunblayne.)

As lonely I sat on a calm summer morning,
To breathe the soft incense that flowed on the wind,
I mus'd on my Boots in their bright beauty dawning,
By Warren's *Jet Blacking*—the pride of mankind.

On a maple-tree near sa a turtle bemoaning,
With sorrowful cooings, the loss of her love ;
Each note that she utter'd seem'd sadness exhaling,
And plaintively echo'd around the still grove.

When, lo ! in my Boots, the lone mourner perceiv'd
Her form, and suppos'd that her lover was there ;
Even I, that the vision was real, half believ'd ;
The *Blacking* reflected her image so clear.

She hover'd around, at the figure still gazing,
Anxiety seem'd but to heighten her woe ;
She perch'd on the Boot with a courage amazing,
And fondled the vision that bloom'd in its glow.

I pity'd the dove, for my bosom was tender,—
I pity'd the strain that she gave to the wind ;
But I ne'er shall forget the superlative splendour
Of Warren's *Jet Blacking*—the pride of mankind.

This easy-shining and brilliant *Blacking*, is prepared by
Robert Warren, 30, Strand, London.

Old advertisement.

—:O:—

KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie Lassie, O,
Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O ;
Where the rose, in all her pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

* * * * *

"LET US HASTE AND JOIN THE CHASE.

LET us haste and join the Chase,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
See the morning's peeping face,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
We'll sound the lightsome horn,
Brush the dew-drop from the thorn,
And danger treat with scorn,
Jolly huntsmen, O !

Hark, hark, the barking pack,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
Bids us seek the courser's back,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
So, mount ! away we'll go ;
Give our victim a death-blow,
With laughter, mirth, soho !
Jolly huntsmen, O !

And then, when drowsy night,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
Brings the brown ale to our sight,
Jolly huntsmen, O !
Then we'll quaff the flowing can,
And ugly care trepan,
With a health to every man
Jolly huntsmen, O !

The Universal Songster. Volume III.

—:O:—

SONG OF MARCH.

MARCH, March ; daisies and buttercups
Put forth their petals in exquisite order.
March, March ; crocuses springing up,
Give a gay aspect to bed and to border.

Little birds fly about ; turkeys' eggs lie about,
And the broad daylight gets broader and broader.
Boreas goes about ; everything blows about ;
Bonnets and hats are in dreadful disorder.

March, March ; daisies and buttercups
Put forth their petals in exquisite order.
March, March ; crocuses springing up,
Give a gay aspect to bed and to border.

Punch's Almanac. 1846.

—:O:—

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither could nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
I' the land o' the leal. &c.

* * * * *
LADY NAIRNE.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL. (*New and improved version.*)

I'm frightened for ye a' weans,
Sic merriment to shaw, weans,
That's no the thing ava
For the land o' the leal.
There's nae lauchin' there, weans,
Nor faces smilin' fair, weans,
There's nought but looks o' care,
In the land o' the leal.

II.

Ye'll winder hoo I ken, weans?
I'm no like ither men, weans,
I live juist but and ben
Frae the land o' the leal.
An' gloomy faces stare, weans,
Wi' looks o' wan despair, weans,
Upon me ilka where,
Frae the land o' the leal.

III.

Then bend your little broos, weans,
An' hing your bonny moos, weans,
An' hear my blessed news,
Frae the land o' the leal.
That thegither we may meet, weans,
An' sab, an' sigh, an' greet, weans,
In happiness complete,
In the land o' the leal.

The Kincardineshire Advertiser.—[On the occasion of a Scottish minister addressing an assembly of 300 children and forbidding them to applaud, as "there would be no laughter in Heaven."]

A CORN LAW RHYME.

WHERE the poor cease to pay,
Go, lov'd one, and rest !
Thou art wearing away
To the land of the blest.

Our father is gone
Where the wrong'd are forgiven,
And that dearest one,
Thy husband, in heaven.

No toil in despair,
No tyrant, no slave,
No bread-tax is there,
With a maw like the grave.
But the poacher, thy pride,
Whelm'd in ocean afar ;
And his brother, who died
Land-butcher'd in war ;

And their mother, who sank
Broken-hearted to rest ;
And the baby, that drank
'Till it froze on her breast ;
With tears, and with smiles,
Are waiting for thee,
In the beautiful isles,
Where the wrong'd are the free.

Go, loved one, and rest
Where the poor cease to pay !
To the land of the blest
Thou art wearing away.
But the son of thy pain
Will yet stay with me,
And poor little Jane
Look sadly like thee.

From *Corn Law Rhymes*, by Ebenezer Elliott. London.
B. Steill. 1844.

—:O:—

THE LAMENT OF THE LOST ONE.

Residing in the Unprotectorate of Notting Hill.

OH where, and oh where is our one policeman gone ?
Each night (when it was light) we used to see him come ;
And 'tis oh, in my heart, I fear we're now not safe at home.

Suppose at my nose a cocked pistol I espy,
No policeman comes to save, tho' *Murder* ! loud I cry ;
And for aid I must wait till somebody passeth by.

To "first catch your hare" is sound advice 'tis true ;
But when my burglar's caught, pray what am I to do ?
One can't hold him, like a baby, in one's arms the whole
night through.

For peace and police each half-year a rate I pay ;
But, alas ! I find them pass only once or twice a day ;
And 'tis night when thieves delight to steal a march, they
say.

Punch 1856.

OH, WHERE, AND OH, WHERE, DOES YOUR OWN TRUE LOVER STRAY ?

OH, where, and oh, where does my own true lover stray ?
He's gone upon his travels, oh, he's gone to Botany-Bay ;
And its oh, in my heart I hope he will not stay.

Oh, where, and oh, where does your own true lover dwell ?
He lived in Tothill-fields, at the sign of the Blue Bell ;
And its oh, in my heart I loved him very well.

What cloth, and what cloth does your own true lover
wear ?

He's clothed in wool and yarn, and they've shaved off all his hair.

And its oh, in my heart, I love him to despair.

But what should I do if my own true love should die?
I'd fret myself to death, oh, I would lay me down and cry.
And its oh, in my heart I hope he will not die.

The Universal Songster. Volume III.

—:O:—

ORMONDE, M.P.

An Election Song. June, 1886.

To the "House" at Westminster, 'twas wisdom that spoke,

The Home Rule of Gladstone is nothing but smoke;
Then each brave elector, who loves honour and me,
Let him stand by the flag of the kingdoms, all three.

Chorus—

Come fill up your cup, come fill up your can,
Come saddle your horses and follow your man;
Frustrate disunion, and let us gae free,
For its all up with Gladstone and his minis-trie.

The Light 'un is mounted, he rides up the street,
Bravo! cry the whigs, and the "rads" they retreat:
Whilst the Tory (douce mon) says just e'en let it be,
For we've had quite enough of Old Ver-bos-i-tie.

The horseman is loyal, in speech he is short,
He's his country to serve, and has no other thought;
No seeker for pension, no time server he,
Nor lawyer, place hunter, nor peers pro-te-gée.

There are hills up to Highgate and lands as set forth,
There are Lords in the west, and Lads in the north;
And bold free electors, twice thousand times three,
Who can make Little Leighton our local M.P.!

Then awa' to the highlands and meadows in cocks,
Eer I'd own with old Gladstone I'd crouch with the Fox:
Oh! tremble false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my colours or me.

—:O:—

GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS.

To the millions of England, 'twas Gladstone who spoke,
"I've freed you at last from the Squire's strong yoke,
The march of the people to triumph I've led,
And, henceforth, the rule of the Tories is dead.

Come, follow me, men, for the fight that is near;
Come, gather and rank for the battle that's here;
And again your old Leader to lead you, you'll see,
And you'll fight and you'll conquer again, led by me.

"You'll fight as you fought when the people I led,
With Cobden and Bright, and with Peel, for cheap bread;
You'll fight as you fought and you triumphed with me,
When commerce and trade we for ever set free.

Come, follow me, men, for the fight that shall say
If you or the Tories shall rule from to-day;
And again your old leader to lead you you'll see,
And you'll fight and you'll conquer again under me.

"Think how we have fought for the people's free Press,
For the schools that with knowledge your children shall bless,

For the laws that from Ireland swept wrong upon wrong,
In Church and in land, that she'd suffered so long;
So gather, my men, for the fight that is near,
And follow me, men, when the battle is here,

And again your old leader your leader shall be,
And you'll fight and you'll conquer again, led by me."

(Two verses omitted.)

He spoke, and the people arose at his word,
And the march of the millions to aid him, I heard;
"At my call how they gather to triumph," said he,
"And they'll conquer and conquer again yet with me;
For England's I am till I yield up my breath,
Like Chatham, I'm her's still in life and in death,
To the last, for the people, their leader I'll be,
And they'll conquer and conquer again, led by me."

W. C. BENNETT.

—:O:—

TO THE PEERS.

To the Peers 'tis the People that sturdily spoke
'Ere Privilege rule us its power shall be broke;
So let the Lords tremble if hostile they be,
For the end of their House they will certainly see.

Chorus.

Then be it the duty of every man
To fight for the franchise as hard as he can,
And teach gilded puppets, whoever they be,
That England from fossilised claims will be free.

For who are the handful of lords who assume
The right thus to silence the millions to doom?
Why, the answer is plain, they are bubbles which dream
They rule, since they float upon Time's mighty stream.

But the bubbles, though gilded and gay they appear,
The tempest of anger will find very near;
And ere they perceive that it speeds on its way
The bubbles called Peers will be blown far away.

J. PRATT.

The Weekly Dispatch. August 24, 1884.

A very good parody of *Bonnie Dundee* will also be found in "*Three in Norway*, by two of them," published recently by Longmans & Co., London. The parody is entitled "An Ode to the Last Pot of (Keiller's Dundee) Marmalade." A parody of "A Highland Lad my Love was born," entitled "The Grand Old Man," and commencing "*In Tory bonds our Bill was born*," appeared in *Punch*, December 16, 1882.

—:O:—

THE BLACK BROOM.

THE BROOM cam capouring doon to the Hoose,
Wi' a mossion aboot an Excisemon;
It sims the Exchequer can loosen a noose
Which the law too cruelly ties, mon;
So Looshington cried, "Ye've foond a mare's nest,
We weesh ye much joy o' the prize, mon;
'Tis a vera new grievance, but ane o' the best,
Whan the Trasury snubs the Excisemon."

The Broom is commonly pawkie enoo;
Boot was, faith, ilka night, not a wise mon,
Ef he thought in the coontry, to make a hubboo,
Wi' a mossion aboot an Excisemon;
For the Trasury cried, "Ye've foond a mare's nest,"
&c., &c.

* * * * *

(Two verses omitted.)

From *The New Whig Guide.* London. 1819.

Henry Brougham, M.P. (afterwards Lord Chancellor), brought a motion before the House of Commons on April 2, 1816, relative to the remission of Excise penalties.

THE RIFLEMEN'S RETURN.

The Belgians are coming,
 Oh, dear ! oh, dear !
 The Belgians are coming,
 Oh, dear ! oh, dear !
 Says Colonel Loyd Lindsay, M.P., M.P.,
 We'll take 'em our Sydenham Palace to see,
 To Richmond and Windsor, and give 'em some tea,
 In return for their great hospitalitee,
 So let 'em be coming, oh, dear, &c.

* * * * *

The Belgians are coming,
 My dears, my dears !
 They're coming, receive 'em—
 With cheers, with cheers ;
 But Colonel Loyd Lindsay, I'm sure will be,
 Delighted his Belgian friends to see,
 And treat them at all events more handsomely,
 Than our Royaltee treats foreign Royaltee.
 The Belgians are coming, &c.

Punch. May 25, 1867.

In October, 1866, a large number of English Volunteers went to the *Tir National* in Brussels, and were received with every mark of kindness and attention. The Belgians were lavish in their hospitality, and on October 20, the King gave a splendid dinner to all the English Volunteers then in Brussels.

In 1867, about 2,000 members of the Belgian Garde Civique paid a return visit, and were most cordially received by the London Volunteers. A great deal of money was spent in entertaining them, but the general arrangements were faulty in the extreme, and Royal hospitality was conspicuously absent.

—:O:—

A DIRGE FOR THE DEPARTED.

BY AN OLD MEMBER.

Air.—"The flowers o' the forest are a' wude awa'."

So mourn we to-night ! Yet not all of them—nay !
 But we miss many proud, Parliamentary, blossoms,
 We lucky "survivals" assembled to-day,
 Sad fog in our brains and soft pangs in our bosoms ;
 The fog for the future, the pangs for the past,
 A past peopled fair with—we will call them flowers,
 Whose petals were strewn by November's chill blast,
 Or beaten to earth by December's dread showers.

Where are they, the bright ones who bloomed and looked
 brave,

Hardy annuals, year after year on these benches ?
 Some Villon should "wake" them with lachrymose stave,
 The mild modern Muse from the tragical Childers.
 "A Ballad of M.P.'s Unseated," Good luck !
 Master Francois would make it pathetic and pretty ;
 But he, too, is fled and will hardly come back,
 Though tempted by Swinburne, though coaxed by Rossetti.

Oh, for yester-year's snows ! Where is Newdegate gone ?
 The House without him ! 'Tis a thought that bewilders.
 Shaw Lefevre, where's he ? Like the rose season gone
 With rare Farrer Herschell and radiant Childers.
 The rose will return, and these twain in its train
 May, like penitent peris, in Paradise sport on ;
 But ever henceforth may we hunger in vain
 For the shout and the snuff-box of Bill-blocker Warton.

Where's Firth ? How the flushed City Fathers rejoice
 At the fall of the foe who assailed them so rashly !

Where's the Alderman Lawrence's soul-soothing voice ?
 And where, O ye Graces, is Evelyn Ashley ?
 Like Villon's fair Echo, "beheld of no man"
 Any more in the House ; mute as Lesbia's dumb pet,
 Departed to Limbo the weary and wan,
 With Lawson's Joe Millers and Thomasson's trumpet.

Where's Briggs ? Who'd suspect' neath his Cymon-like air,
 A consuming desire to coquet with the Muse hid ?
 Where poor "Toots" McIver ? where's Elliot ? and where
 Is Sir Patrick O'Brien, the luscious and lucid ?
 Campbell-Bannerman's gone ; we have no "Truthful James"
 To o'erwhelm us with wild economical shoddy ;
 And—oh, ruthless fate ! 'twas the sorest of shames
 To deprive us of Virtue's palladium in Waddy !

That general *fidus Achates*, "dear Caine,"
 Is a wanderer now, which seems cruel, most cruel.
 Like Mossoo in his seat O'Shea "does not remain."
 Smug McArthur has got—and deserved it—his gruel.
 Sidney Waterlow's down 'tis low water with him.
 Smart George Russell's defeat Rads regard with abhorrence ;
 But few of them weep that Dame Fortune's wild whim
 Has upset Lambeth's *bête-noir*, Sir "Jamie" Clarke
 Lawrence.

And Power, Ciceronian O'Connor ? Alack !
 Where was Kennington's wit when, though loving, she lost
 him ?
 Well he, like poor Bo-peep's strayed sheep, will come back
 To the seat which his pluck, for the season, hath cost him.
 But Wolff ! Ah, Sir Henry, 'tis pitiful work.
 To "Shoe the Gray Goose" Eastward—Ho you were
 summoned,
 And while you were wasting your time with the Turk,
 Fickle Portsmouth played jilt. 'Tis too bad, my dear
 Drummond !

Then Bright, Jacob Bright ! But time fails us to tell
 The whole sorrowful tale of our manifold losses.
 Big Ben's solemn boom strikes the ear like a knell,
 As we muse on our Ecroyds, and moan o'er our Crosses.
 Good Gosset, 'tis well you no longer are here,
 For the Lobby strikes chill, and the Terrace looks sodden ;
 The winter wind wails, not a Happy New Year,
 But a mournful lament like the dirge after Flodden.

So sounds it to one who remembers old days :
 Yet dreams of the past are but bogies and spectres,
 The House from to-night sets its foot in new ways,
 Hurrah for the choice of the county electors !
 We have the Grand Old One, at least, to the good ;
 Neither Time nor the Tory dished him in December.
 One tear for the fallen may soften one's mood,
 Then face to the fray with the freshest New Member !

The Daily News, January 13, 1886,

—:O:—

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED
ROSE.

My love is like the red red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 My love is like the melody
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

But, fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my dear,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS

MY LOVE SHE HAS V RED RED NOSE.

O MY love has got a red red nose,
I long to see it soon,
O my love is like the mulberry,
All cover'd o'er with bloom.

As fond as thou my bonny lass,
Of full-proof gin am I;
For I will drink with thee, my dear,
And drain the bottle dry.

I'll drain the bottle dry, my dear,
We'll sing and dance for fun;
And if you wish for more, my dear,
Why for it I will run.

But I must cut my stick, my love,
And hop the twig ashore;
And we'll get fou again, my dear,
A thousand times or more.

My love he has a great red nose—
Would that its hue were whiter!
Yet every day it larger grows,
And every hour gets brighter.
But still it is a useful nose
For on a winter's night,
As bright as any fire it glows,
And gives a brilliant light.

* * * * *

(Two verses omitted.)

From *The Humorous Works of the late Gifted Hopkins*.
London, James Blackwood.

"An Address to the Game Laws," imitated from Burns,
may be found in a 12mo. pamphlet with the singular title:—

"A small Note-Book on Wealth and *True Wit*.
"Pen sketch took by S. H. Hewitt.
"Not to be had of those who all books sell
"But only of the Author, M. R. C. S. L." 1851.

—:o:—

THE HOME RULE WAR SONG.

MEN whose fathers crushed the wrong,
Men whose love for freedom's strong;
Shall the rights you've won so long
Down be trod to-day?
Tories now and traitors threat
Fetters on your rights to set;
That you're voters they forget;
Sweep the fools away.

Yours to-day are rule and power;
You, the People, reign this hour;

Do they dream you'll basely cower?
At their threats, you scoff:
Up, you millions, for the fight;
Up, to rush your foes to flight;
Up, for freedom and for right;
Sweep these Tories off.

Tell them this is not the day
They, their tyrant tricks, can play
Up, and forward to the fray;
On, to war and win;
What you will you've strength to do;
Men, you'll to yourselves be true;
Out with Salisbury and his crew;
In with Gladstone—in.

Thunder well your meaning out;
Leave the Whigs and rats no doubt,
All the turn-coats, out you'll rout;
Even Joe and John.
If your teeth you plainly show,
They turn tail as well you know;
Will they wait your bite? No—no;
On to smash them—on!

From *Radical Rhymes*. By W. C. Bennett.

A parody in a somewhat similar strain will be found in
Punch, June 26, 1886, relating to Mr. Gladstone's election
tour in Scotland.

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

WHERE'S the girl can fear disdain?
Where's the man can woman pain?
Where's the heart not proud to gain
Love and Liberty?

Where's the wretch can woman shun?
(Woman! life's meridian sun!)
Cold, and not by beauty won!
Poltroon let him be!

Fill the glass to Beauty's power!
Fill the glass to Freedom's hour!
Naught that breathes should live to sour
Love and Liberty!

The Universal Songster.

—:o:—

THE "MODEL" SUIT.

SHOULD old habiliments be forgot,
Especially such as mine?
Oh, no, I venerate the lot,
For the sake of Auld Langsyne!
For Auld Langsyne my boys,
Though them and I decline,
And they shabby get, I'll stick to 'em yet,
For the sake of Auld Langsyne.

Now, here's a beaver, look at that,
This old chapeau of mine;
'Tis the first Policeman's left off hat,
In eighteen twenty-nine,
In eighteen twenty-nine, my boys,
Yet still to make it shine,
I dip it into the water but,
For the sake of Auld Langsyne.

There's a coat, my boys, that saw the days
Of poor Queen Caroline,

Of the fit and cloth, that George the Fourth,
 In as Regent used to shine.
 That is it *was* a fit, my boys,
 But I don't too often dine,
 So it's rather loose, and worse for use,
 Still I don it, for Auld Langsyne.

* * * * *

J. A. HARDWICK.

—:O:—

AULD LANG SYNE

LET auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Oh ! from your memory ever blot
 The days of auld lang syne.
 No steam—no gas, rail-road to pass,
 O'er Menai Bridge so fine ;
 The present hour is worth a power
 Of days of auld lang syne.

* * * * *

For friend of auld lang syne, dear ma'am,
 Was never friend of mine—
 Depend on me, *no enemy*
Like friend of auld lang syne !
 The ancient fair with youthful air
 Who'd pass for twenty-nine,
 Finds no such bore, when past twa score,
As friend of auld lang syne.
 Take this advice of mine, dear ma'am,
 Cut friends of auld lang syne ;—
 The twaddling sage who tells one's age,
Is—friend of auld lang syne !

By Lady Clarke, in "The Comic Offering" for 1832.
 London. Smith, Elder & Co.

A SONG FOR SMALL GERMANS, IN 1871.

YE German Princes pair an' proud,
 You sae do Commerce scorn,
 Ye wadna hae Louise allowed
 To wed the Lord o' Lorne,
 In trade's honest line, you fools,
 In trade's honest line ;
 Because o' kinsmen to Argyll,
 In trade's honest line !

Your wealth and wits alike are sma',
 Ye pack o' lazy loons,
 You that were in your mouths born a'
 Wi' German siller spoons.
 In trade's honest line, you fools,
 In trade's honest line ;
 Wad ye'd the wit your bread to get
 In trade's honest line !

Are ye na blate, ye pauper chieles,
 Ye burdens on the soil,
 To think ye're owin' for your meals
 To ither people's toil?
 In trade's honest line, ye fools,
 In trade's honest line ;
 Their livin' whilst your betters earn
 In trade's honest line ?

Punch. February 4, 1871.

SHOULD BRANDY EVER BE FORGOT ?

SHOULD brandy ever be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ?
 Should brandy ever be forgot,
 For port or sherry wine ?
 For port or sherry wine my friend,
 For port or sherry wine ;
 We'll tak' a glass of brandy yet,
 And kick away the wine.

And, surely, you'll your quartern be,
 And, surely, I'll be mine ;
 And we will drink so merrily,
 But we'll not call for wine.
 But we'll not, &c.

And here's six-pence, my own good friend
 Give me six-pence of thine ;
 We'll for another quartern call,
 To wile away the time.
 To wile away, &c.

The Universal Songster. Volume III.

—:O:—

A RINK'S A RINK FOR A' THAT.

Is there, at jolly skating rinks,
 Who shakes his head and a' that,
 Who from the fun of skating shrinks ?
 We still will rink for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Whate'er it cost and a' that,
 The entrance is but half-a-crown—
 At least we're good for a' that.

What tho' we get an ugly spill,
 And break our limbs and a' that,
 We will not bear it any ill,
 A rink's a rink for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 We do not care for a' that,
 And rinking, spite of all its risks,
 Is king o' sports for a' that.

You see your party blithe and gay,
 Who bats and bowls, and a' that,
 Though hundreds go to see him play,
 He cannot rink for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 His bat, and ball, and a' that ;
 The man who feels at home on wheels,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
 As come it will and a' that,
 That roller skates and skating rinks,
 May hold their own and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 The time will come, and a' that,
 When every man and woman, too,
 Shall skate and rink and a' that.

From *Idyls of the Rink.* By A. W. Mackenzie. Second
 Edition. London : Hardwicke & Bogue. 1877.

—:O:—

A GLADSTONITE'S LAMENT.

THERE's nought but loss on ev'ry han'
 As each election passes, oh !
 What signifies the Grand Old Man ?—
 He cannot move the masses, oh !

Chorus.

A' fools and asses, oh,
 Ding doon "the classes," oh !

In spite of breath and siller spent
We cannot move the masses, oh !

For power and place the Tories race
(The Whigs too seldom shy them, oh !)
But though at last they catch them fast,
We'll see if they'll enjoy them, oh !

Gie me some more o' Parnell's men,
(Great Parnell's William's dearie, oh !)
And Unionists an' Upper Ten
Shall a' gae tapsalteerie, oh !

Now John and Joe ye'll smile at this ?
(Ye're naething else but asses, oh !)

The langest tongue the world e'er saw
Has ceased to move the masses, oh !

Dame Gladstone swears the Nobs and Peers
Are clean against the masses, oh !
Her 'prentice han' for Grand Old Man
Had failed to drive the classes, oh !

Chorus.

A' fools and asses, oh !
Ding doon the classes, oh !
In spite of breath an' siller spent,
We cannot move the masses, oh !

The Globe. London, July 9, 1886.

G.

“GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O !”

THERE'S naught but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O !
What signifies the life of man,
An' 'twere not for the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O !

The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may flee thee, O !
And when at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O !

Give me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my deary, O !
Then warly cares and warly men
May all gang tapsalteery, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent among the lasses, O !

For ye sae douce ye sneer at this,
Ye're naught but senseless 'asses, O !
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O !

Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O !
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
Green grow the rashies, O !
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O !

ROBERT BURNS.

CURÆ corrodunt Urbem, Rus,
Et sapientum cellulas,
Nec vitā vellem frui plus
Nī foret ob puellulas—
Virent arundines !
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas

Divitias avaro dem,
Insudet auri cumulo,
Quærat quocumque modo rem,
Inops abibit tumulo.
Virent arundines
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas !

Cum Sol obscurat spicula,
Mī brachio tunc niveo,
Stringente, fit, amiculā,
Rerum dulcis obliuio !
Virent arundines !
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas !

Num dices contrā ? canum grex !
An fuit vir sagacior
Quam Solomon ? aut unquam rex
In virgines salacior ?
Virent arundines !
At me tenellulas
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inter fui puellulas !

Quas cum de terræ vasculo
Natura finxit bellulas,
Tentavit manum vasculo
Formavit tunc puellulas.
Virent arundines !
At me tenellulas,
Tædet horarum nisi queis
Inte fui puellulas !

FATHER PROUT.

(The Rev. Francis Mahony.)

In the “Works of Father Prout,” published by George Routledge & Sons, London, there will also be found a Latin translation of “John Anderson, my jo, John.”

THE WEARING O' THE SASHES, OH !

ALL people bow at Fashion's Shrine,
Especially where there cash is, O !
And the latest thing in Fashion's line
Is most extensive sashes, O !

Chorus.

We've seen those sashes, O !
Red and yellow sashes, O !
In fact, all hues the ladies choose
For vast and varied sashes, O !

That lovely and all-conquering sex,
Who in man's heart makes gashes, O !
Will now still more man's mind perplex
By flying such big sashes, O !—(*Chorus.*)

For now, where Fashion's nymphs are seen,
Through man this thought now flashes, O !
That maybe all the darlings mean
To hide themselves in sashes, O !—(*Chorus.*)

And, oh ! if Woman *should* do this,
We'd need sackcloth and ashes, O !
Then do not rob us of our bliss
You fine and large new sashes, O !—(*Chorus.*)

Who but reveres the lovely dears?
Love meant us for their "mashes," O !
And so, why plan to draw poor man
By adding large-sized sashes, O !

Chorus.

But still they wear those sashes, O !
And sweet are all those sashes, O !
Like window-frames our maids and dames
Now need a lot of sashes, O !

Fun. August 4, 1886.

MY KITTY O !

DULL books, good bye ! No more shall I
In you seek recreation, O ;
I'll pore no more o'er musty lore
For fruitless information, O,
I'll o'er the foam, I'll hie me home,
I'll leave the dreary city, O,
O'er hill and dale, through glen and vale,
I'll roam alone with Kitty, O,
My Kitty, O ! My Kitty, O !
Oh, what are joys of city, O,
Long years compared with one hour shared
In converse sweet with Kitty O ?

Her eye is bright, her step so light
It scarcely bends the daisy, O.
If men her laugh like wine could quaff
'Twould surely send them crazy, O.
Soft ringlets press in fond caress
Around her ears so pretty, O,
And brow of snow, and lips aglow,
And rosy cheeks has Kitty, O.
My Kitty, O ! My Kitty, O !
She's handsome, winsome, witty, O ;
Seek far and near, from Bann to Clear,
You'll meet no peer for Kitty, O !

From *Irish Songs and Poems.* By M. Fahy. 1887.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

'A MAN's a man,' says Robert Burns,
'For a' that, and a' that ;'
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

II.

If all who 'dine on homely fare'
Were true and brave and a' that,
And none whose garb is 'hoddin grey'
Was fool or knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would disappear and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as Kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

III.

But 'tis not so ; yon brawny fool,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As Duke or Lord and a' that,
Is but an animal at best,
And *not* a man for a' that,

IV.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that.
And Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Is nothing but a brutal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

V.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old and a' that,
'The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'
And though you'd put the self-same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

VI.

For a' that and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,
And whether he be rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

CHARLES MACKAY.

HE'S THE MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for tenets Liberal
That hangs his head and a' that,
And thinks the de'il is in us all—
Bah ! he's a fool for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 Perhaps he's right for a' that ;
 But what's the odds, we've ta'en an oath
 To vote wi' Glad. for a' that.

What tho' he beaten ten times o'er is,
 Cried down, despised and a' that,
 By fools of Rads and knaves of Tories.
 Why, he's the man for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Perhaps he's wrong for a' that ;
 But what's the odds if he mistake,
 We're pledged to him for a' that.

Ye see yon members, Liberals ca'ed,
 They fume and fret and a' that,
 When asked to vote they hummed and ha'ed,
 They've a just cause for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 They're honest perhaps for a' that ;
 But whoso hangs by Gladstone's tail
 He scoffs at them for a' that.

Moonshine. May 8, 1886.

A parody on the same song, but taking exactly the opposite view of the question, appeared in *The Liberal Home Ruler* for January 8, 1887. It was written by W. E. Sadler, and commenced, "*Is there for honest policy.*"

—:o:—

A RADICAL'S LAMENT.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my Joe,
 "When we were first acquent,"
 Your speech was like a Radical's,
 With us your life was spent ;
 But now you've sadly changed, Joe,
 Your voice we hardly know,
 While Tories have your sympathy,
 Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

(Two verses omitted.)

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe,
 The right is on our side ;
 And we have gallant leaders, Joe,
 All trusty, true, and tried.
 And though you have deserted us
 And gone to join the foe,
 We mean to fight and conquer yet,
 Joe Chamberlain, my Joe !

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe,
 With us you climbed the hill ;
 And hand to hand we helped you up,
 With Radical good-will.
 Now, hand in hand with Salisbury,
 You down again will go,
 And you'll "sleep together at the foot,"
 Joe Chamberlain, my Joe !

The Liberal Home Ruler. April 9, 1887.

Punch for June 21, 1879, contained a parody of this song relative to the Golden Wedding of the Emperor of Germany, and there were also political parodies of it in *England* for May 30, 1885, and the *St. James's Gazette* for March 19, 1886.

—:o:—

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Thomas Campbell's version of the above song was given (as well as several parodies

based upon it) in Volume III. (Part 26), but no mention was made of the fact that Campbell had borrowed the main idea from the following old song by Martyn Parker:—

YE gentlemen of England.
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah ! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound or scar ;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow.
 And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade :
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth, we know ;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

YE PUGILISTS OF ENGLAND.*

I.

YE Pugilists of England,
 Who guard your native sod,
 Whose pluck has braved a thousand years,
 Cross-buttock, blow, and blood,
 Your corky canvas sport again,
 To mill another foe,
 As you spring, round the ring,
 While the betters noisy grow ;
 While the banging rages loud and long,
 And the betters noisy grow.

II.

A Briton needs no poniards,
 No bravos 'long his street—
 His trust is in a strong roped ring,
 A square of twenty feet.
 With one-tuos from his horny fists,
 He floors the coves below,
 As they crash, on the grass,
 When the betters noisy grow ;
 When the banging rages loud and long,
 And the betters noisy grow.

III.

The spirits of prime pugilists
 Shall rise at every round ;
 For the ring it was their field of fame,
 To them 'tis holy-ground.
 Where Slack and mighty Belcher fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,

* Referring to a prize-fight between Randal and Martin.

As you peel, true as steel.
While the betters noisy grow.
While the banging rages loud and long,
And the betters noisy grow.

IV.

The Randal-rag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till Ireland's troublesome knight be beat,
And the star of Crib return!
Then, then, ye glutton-pugilists,
The claret red shall flow,
To the fame, of your name,
When the noise of bets is low.
When Sir Dan lies levelled loud and long,
And the noise of bets is low.

Blackwood's Magazine. September, 1819.

MARK SPROT'S LAMENT.

YE President's and L'Amy's men,
Who drill on foot at ease,
O, little do you think upon
The dangers of our knees!
My song shall make your legs to shake
Within your pantaloons:
We such woe undergo
When we ride with the Dragons.

Our Quarter-Master, *Donald*,
Is up at peep of day;
A whacking fine he doth design,
If you remain away.
When he doth call the muster-roll,
His pipe each yeoman times—
Spare me, lo! here I go,
To ride with the Dragons.

Then out speaks Sergeant *Whigham*,
And an angry man is he;
If you've that day forgot pipe-clay,
Or put your belt ajeer,
Quoth great *Whigham*, "Resolved I am,
To trounce such awkward loons—
Please pay down, half-a-crown,
To the fund of our Dragons."

Then out speaks Captain *Cockburn*,
With accents stern and gruff,
"Count one, two, three, that I may see
How many files go off."
We jog along, some eighty strong,
Despising absent spoons—
A gay band, o'er the sand,
The Volunteer Dragons.

Although the sand is flying,
And the sun is burning hot,
And every soul is frying,
We must not shrink a jot.
We don't give o'er, though basted sore,
But halt and fire platoons.
O, the shock, when we cock!
O, the falls of the Dragons!

Sometimes the thing will happen,
The rear rides o'er the front;
Myself, I once came slapping.
And fell with such a dunt!
I hate the gloom of *Borthwick's* plume!

There's wisdom in my tune,
"Make your will ere you drill,
Each desperate Dragoon."

But O! the cup of blessing,
That washes down our pain!
I would not lose our messing,
Though I must ride again.
Care killed a cat, remember that,
To-night enjoy your luns:
Fairly fill, deeply swill,
Bellygerent Dragons.

From *Songs of the Edinburgh Troop*. July, 1820.
Edinburgh: James Ballantyne & Company. 1825.

A curious, and now very scarce little collection of songs relating to the Edinburgh Yeomanry Cavalry, which was privately printed, and afterwards suppressed. There were nine songs in all, of which this was the first, dating from July 1820 to July 1823; they were written jointly by John Gibson Lockhart and Patrick F. Tytler, author of *The History of Scotland*, &c.

In the article on Lockhart in *The Macdise Portrait Gallery* Mr. W. Bates mentions the *brochure* as being very scarce. The above song has been kindly sent by Mr. James Gordon, F.S.A., Scotland.

—:O:—

A prize parody competition on Campbell's song took place in *Truth*, and fifteen versions were printed on July 1, 1836. Of these the first verses of a few may be quoted:—

YOU Grand Old Man of England,
So fond of felling trees.
Ah, little did you think your Bill
Would stir up such a breeze.
Give ear unto your trusted friends,
Who vainly try to show
All their doubts and their fears,
When your honeyed words do flow.

AGELASTES.

YE barristers of England,
Who live upon our pleas,
How pleasant could you moderate
Your too inflated fees;
Give ear unto poor suitors,
And you shall plainly know
All their care and despair,
As those fees so swiftly grow, &c.

NUTSHELL.

YE gentlemen of England,
Who bat with "Grace" and ease,
What think ye of Australian teams
Arrived a'yont the seas?
Be careful that the colonists
Don't make too great a show,
For they play, every day,
In their island home below, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

YE Liberals of England,
Attention, if you please,
Pray let me know which you prefer,
My programme or J. C.'s.
Give ear unto your Grand Old Man,
And he will plainly show,
'Tis the cads, not the Rads,
That are in the swim with Joe, &c.

MAVIS.

You gentlemen of England
That live the fair to please,
Ah, little do you think upon
The fancies of the shes ;
Give ear unto the dressmakers,
And they will plainly show,
The dresses made with tears
With dead birds in a row.

J. MCGREGOR ALLAN.

You noblemen of England,
That boast of pedigrees,
Ah ! little do you think of those
Who fare on bread and cheese.
Give ear unto the people,
For soon they mean to show
They're a power, in the hour
When the Lords we overthrow, &c.

W. VAL ENGLISH.

YE UNIONISTS OF ENGLAND.

YE Unionists of England,
Who grace our native land,
Whose Union Jack has braved so long
The whole Gladstonian band.
That glorious standard launch again
To meet the Liberal foe,
As you rave like the brave
While you follow after " Joe ! "
The spirit of the Tories
In every heart burns bright.
Coercion is your field of fame,
Obstruction your delight.
The hatred of all Irishmen
Your burning zeal shall fan,
As you shout and you spout
That you'll crush the Grand Old Man.
When Brand and noble Goschen fell
Your Tory breasts still glow,
As you stand at command
Of your mighty leader " Joe."'
The meteor flag of Brummagem
Terrific still shall burn,
Till Gladstone's troubled course be run
And Joseph's star return.

Pall Mall Gazette... June 16, 1887.

YE CRICKETERS.

YE cricketers of England,
That guard the timbers three ;
Whose game has brav'd a thousand years
All other games that be !
Your pliant willow grasp again
To match another foe.
As ye stand, bat in hand
Where the ripping swift uns go ;
Or the crafty Clark with peerless twist
Sends in his teasers slow.
The spirit of your fathers,
Look on from nook and shade ;
Their ghosts, in ancient flannels clad,
Peer forth from every glade.
Where Pilch and mighty Alfred move
Their spectres long to show
How to stand, bat in hand,
Where the ripping swift uns go ;
Or the crafty Clark with peerless twist
Sends in his teasers slow.

Long, long, on lawn of noble,
And in the cottage field,
This game of games to English hearts,
Its healthy joys shall yield ;
And oft at eve, when stumps are drawn,
The fragrant weed shall glow ;
As ye tell, how they fell,
Where the ripping swift uns go ;
Or the crafty Clark with peerless twist
Sends in his teasers slow.

From *Hints to Freshmen in the University of Oxford*.
J. Vincent.

THE CRICKETER.

THERE'S a game that bears a well-known name, in castle,
hall, and cot,
'Tis the first in boyhood's happy years, in this our island
plot.
The stripling thinks himself a man, when once he owns a
bat ;
A flush beams on his youthful brow when comrades vote for
that.
'Tis a noble game, deny it who can !
The pride of a fine young Englishman !
'Tis, &c.

It nurtures a deep and lasting love for manly deeds and true,
And trains our youth in nerve and eye—things well to keep
in view ;
It teaches deeds of chivalry, to friends to be sincere,
And teaches him in play or sport there nothing is to fear,
'Tis a noble game, &c.

There are names that bring a well-known charm to peasant
and to peer :
Old England, Ireland, Scotland, send out a ringing cheer ;
Canada adds a loving word, America its praise,
Of giants in this isle of ours, and oft our spirits raise.
'Tis a noble game, &c.

To gallant South and noble North a welcome tribute bring
Of Lillywhite, old Fuller, Mynn, this day, my boys, we sing ;
Still Parr and Daft are words that burn—W. G. the
champion is ;
The Walkers, Littletons are grand ! Whoever should them
quitz.

'Tis a noble game, &c.

'Tis a noble land that bears such sons, who fight in love and
peace.
May concord, truth, and unity through all the world increase ;
May those who win and those who lose united ever be —
Old England's pride shall be, my boys, good cricketers to
see.

'Tis a noble game, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

(*Written about the time of the Canadian Cricketers' tour.*)



IRISH SONGS.

MOLLY BAWN (OR, FAIR MOLLY).

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely, waiting here for you?
 While the stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you;
 But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd with dew,
 Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine;
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine;
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
 He takes me for a thief you see;
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.

Oh, Molly Bawn, &c..

SAMUEL LOVER.

There was a parody of this song in the first volume of
The Man in the Moon, unfortunately it is very coarse:—

Oh! Molly, pawn without repining,
 That wedding-ring I gave to you,
 Where three gilt balls are brightly shining,
 Because they've customers to do.

* * * * *

A VOICE FROM CANNES.

Oh, ROBERT Bawn, why leave me pining,
 Lone waiting here for news from you?
 With LEADER now I'm idly dining,
 Because I've nothing else to do.
 The Whigs were into office creeping,
 We hear, to try a brush with you;
 But their nurse, RUSSELL, set them sleeping,
 Their sanguine faces turn'd to blue.
 Oh, ROBERT Bawn, why leave me pining, &c.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, BOB;
 The pretty moon to wax and wane;
 A tidy wig was made for BROUGHAM, BOB—
 Ah! cruel, was it made in vain?
 There's wicked CAMPBELL at me snarling;
 He takes me for a rat, you see;
 I wish you'd take me, Robert darling!
 Then ratified my hopes would be.

Oh Robert, &c.

Punch. 1846.

The above song refers to a rumour that Lord Brougham (then residing at Cannes) was making overtures to Sir Robert Peel, in the hope that if Sir Robert returned to power, he, Brougham, would again be made Lord Chancellor.

"Brougham was still amused by the prospect of holding the Great Seal under Sir Robert Peel."—*Life of Lord Brougham*.

—:o:—

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
 And smiled in her face as she bended the knee.
 "Oh! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

* * * * *

SAMUEL LOVER.

A WOMAN half sleeping, o'er a window was peeping,
 For her husband had not come to dinner or tea;
 And the watchman was telling the hour that was knelling,
 And he cried, "Past eleven," most vociferously.

The hours while she number'd, her anger still slumber'd,
 And she thought where the deuce her wild husband could be!

Oh! where is he snoring till this hour of the morning,
 Oh! I'm certain he can't be in good companie.

Sich hours to be keeping, is quite overleaping
 The bounds of decorum and all modesty:
 I think it is rather improper in a father,
 Who might sit quietly at home, in his wife's companie.

And five in the morning, saw Jenkins returning,
 And the wife gloom'd, her husband half-drunk for to see,
 And he, while undressing, his folly confessing,
 Cried, I'll never take up with such bad companie.

The Irish Comic Vocalist. 1862.

—:o:—

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

O COME to the Wild West, O come there with me,
 To see th' exhibition of Buffalo B—,
 Where the fair ladies shoot at the glass balls up-thrown;
 O come to the wild west—and come not alone.
 I'll treat you, I'll show you the pictures, and best
 Of all, I will show you Bill Cody's Wild West.

The North has attractions, I do not deny;
 It's Hampstead, its Hall, and its Palace on high.
 Let 'Arrys at Hampstead enjoy themselves best,
 The Indian location is down in the west.
 So go there with me, and it will be confessed,
 You'll have fun for your money at Cody's Wild West.

The South has its Palace of Crystal, 'tis true;
 All sparkling in sunlight, and lamps not a few;
 Half greenhouse, half theatre, it hasn't the zest,
 It's right small potatoes compared to "Wild West."
 So come to the "Yankeries"—Earl's Court is best
 Place for a ticket—the Bully Wild West!

From *Max in the Metropolis*. By Max P. Romer. 1887.
 George Routledge & Sons. London.

A parody of Samuel Lover's *The Low-Backed Car*, entitled
The Gin Shop Bar, was written by J. A. Hardwick. It was,

however, very coarse and slangy. Another long parody was in *Diogenes*, Volume III, 1854, entitled *The Haughty Czar*:

WHEN first I saw the Emperor,
 'Twas on the Ascot day.
 Beside our gracious Queen he sat,
 And chatted free and gay :
 And when the cup was won, they named
 The horse "The Emperor,"
 No compliment to the horse, we thought,
 But flattering to the Czar :
 The bullying northern Czar :
 The crazy northern Czar,
 As fast as that steed to run he'll have need,
 When with us he goes to war.

(Three verses omitted.)

—:0:—

CAVOUR.

In July, 1859, the Emperor Napoleon III. concluded a sudden and unexpected armistice with Austria, just at a time when all the world was expecting to see Italy freed from the hated rule of the Hapsburgs, and the Bourbons. Count Cavour resigned his ministerial posts, the indignation of the Italians was unbounded, and revolutions broke out all over the Peninsula.

COUNT O'Cavourneen, the bubble is breaking
 You've had the last scene, Solferino's red hill,
 The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,
 Count O'Cavourneen, what, Minister still ?
 O, hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever
 In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
 Thy vow to clear out all the Hapsburgs for ever ?
 The vermin still linger, Cavour of my heart.

Cavourneen, Cavourneen, the dead lie in numbers
 Beneath the torn turf where the living made fight ;
 In the bed of My Uncle the Emperor slumbers,
 But Italy's Hapsburgs continue to bite.
 Well done, my Cavour, they have cut short the struggle
 That fired all the pulses of Italy's heart ;
 And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle ;
 Cavour, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1859.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

(Her Answer.)

OH ! Dermot Asthore, though the gray dawn is breaking,
 To open the window would give me a chill,
 The lark—of last evening—has left my head aching,
 So don't sing outside there, but let me lie still.
 My hair is in papers—three screws on each side, dear,—
 Not very romantic for lovers to see.
 The "Voice of your heart" has a thrifle of pride, dear,
 And that's why I'm silent, which pray let me be.

Oh ! Dermot Asthore, is it still are ye there, now ;
 Don't throw up the pebbles, you'll break every pane ;
 Just take yourself off, for I vow and declare, now,
 I'll get very mad if you wake me again.
 It may be for five years, it may be eleven
 Or even fourteen, or for life we must part,
 But this is no reason to wake me at seven,
 So don't come again, till I've made myself smart.

—:0:—

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

WITH deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
 Full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine ;
 While at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.
 For memory, dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
 Old "Adrian's Mole" in
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;
 But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
 Oh ! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
 While on tower and kiosk O !
 In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air,
 Calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them ;
 But there is an anthem
 More dear to me—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (*Father Prout*).

* Shandon Church, in the city of Cork.

In Memoriam.

FATHER PROUT.

(REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.)

IN deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times
In the days of "Frazer" ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes ;
When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
Of Water-grass Hill, O renowned P. P.—
May "The Bells of Shandon,"
Toll blythe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory !

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city, have I heard since then—
(With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er me,
Of those Attic suppers and those vanished men !)
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken.
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As "The Bells of Shandon,"
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword ;
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board ;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
Of the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devizes,
Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar,
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes,
In the quiet cloister by Temple Bar ;
So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest,
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the bells of Shandon
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

Father Prout (Francis Sylvester Mahony) was an early contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, he died on Friday, May 18, 1866, and the author of the above imitation of his poem died on Good Friday, 1882. Mahony was buried in Cork, on the banks of the river Lee, and within sound of the Bells of Shandon.

"FRAZER,"**

Obit.—A.D. 1882.

OH, the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on,
The pleasant waters of the river Lee,
Ne'er tolled so sadly where once so gladly
They pealed their merriest old "Yorke," for thee,
As when they laid thee with those that made thee
Of "broths of boys" that blithest company,
That round the table (while they were able)
Of friendly Frazer held rare revelry.

Eheu, fugaces! Their vacant places,
Like empty tumblers tell of vanished glee,
Of jokes and jokers now stiff as pokers,
Of silent singers, shut-up repartee,

Of wits phosphoric all dumb as "Yorick,"
Fun, fire and fancy, and philosophy ;
With that rich cargo at Death's embargo,
The good ship "Frazer" ne'er more sails the sea.

Ah ! well they knew it (why did they do it?)
Who spoilt the gallant rig we loved to see?
That double column grown broad as solemn,
The old brown coat turned modern flagree.
Yet while there lingers of those sweet singers,
That jovial crew still pleasant memory
In mood as frisky, we'll fill the whisky.
And make sweet end in mirth and melody.

Maclise's pencil, that rare utensil,
It gives those brave boys immortality,
As still they're sitting, the swift wit flitting,
Like lightning forked round Frazer's snuggery—
Sage, singer, joker, from Crusty Croker,
Gay Theodore, that "devil" for a spree,
To th' Reverend Barham (garter and star him !)
The prince of ballad-singers, Ingoldsby.

There's the gentle Barry (Cornwall won't marry
With rhyme at all) famed for sweet minstrelsy,
And that rare old thinker, the whisky drinker,
Brave Father Prout—ould Irish Mahony,
Blockhead and blockheart who loves not Lockhart,
Singing the brave old song of chivalry ;
But of those brave brothers, above all others
Bold Barry Lyndon ! turn our hearts to see.

Eheu, fugaces! e'en younger faces
No more will gather 'neath thy old roof-tree—
Those "boys" so curly, the slashing "Shirley,"
Hypatia's hero, dull "A. K. H. B."
All—all are vanished, for ever banished
From their old happy haunt of life and glee,
But as sons to father come home, they'll gather
With joy to welcome, dear old "Frazer," thee.

ANONYMOUS.

"THE BELLS I'VE SHAMM'D ON,"*

THE Bells I've Shamm'd on,
This town so grand on,
Have made me famous among greater names.
Though silent swinging,
Nor proudly ringing,
They've sent no music over Father Thames.

I've stood all tremblin',
'Neath the vaulted Kremlin,
While aisles vibrated with a solemn hum.
But what's all *their* mettle
To Westminster's kettle?
That gave one bang out, and then was dumb

Men were well wearied
Of chimes so varied,
And longed some simple song to hear ;
And *my* cracked pitcher,
If it were not richer,
At least was newer to the world's ear.

* *Frazer's Magazine* first appeared February 1, 1830, and Father Prout was one of its earliest contributors. It was discontinued in 1882.

** "Big Ben" of Westminster, which was cast in 1855, and weighs about 14 tons, is cracked, owing to an improper mixture of the bell-metal in casting.

At midnight waking,
And thro' silence breaking,
Some bells would seem a solemn sound to tell ;
A song of nations,
In the deep vibrations,
Sending the echo, thro' many a far-off dell.
But my harsh screamer,
With the shrill cry of steamer,
Awakes no memory of distant times,
Nor rings a benizon,
But the knell of DENISON,
Who first invented these cruel chimes.

—:O:—

BRIAN O'LIN.

BRIAN O'LIN had no coat to put on,
He borrow'd a goat skin to make him a one,
He planted the horns right under his chin,
They'll answer for pistols," says Brian O'Lin. &c.

* * * * *
A NEW IRISH MELODY.
(To an old Air, viz., "Brian O'Lin.")

DANIEL O'CONNELL'D no mischief to brew,
So he started Repeal just for something to do,
And the watch-word like mad through Hibernia ran ;
"Och ! the rint is a mighty fine income," says DAN.

Daniel O'Connell found nothing would do
But to keep up a regular hullabaloo,
Till he found himself frying like fat in a pan ;
"Faith, I'm thinking I'd like to be out on't," says DAN.

Daniel O'Connell said rather too much,
About blackguards, and tyrants, and Sassenachs, and
such,
Till the Government shut up the turbulent man ;
"Arrah ! here's a gintale situation," says DAN.

Daniel O'Connell had friends to his back,
So he got out of prison again in a crack ;
And he now is exactly just where he began,
"Arrah ! What in the world will I do now," says DAN.

Punch. 1844.

—:O:—

TOM MOODY.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell,
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
No hound ever open'd, with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere good ;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack, "Hark ! to Rockwood,
hark ! hark !
High !—wind him ! and cross him !
Now, Ratler, boy !—Hark ! "

* * * * *
ANDREW CHERRY.

PAT FAGAN.

You all knew Pat Fagan, the labourer, well ;
The bell just done tolling, was poor Paddy's knell :
A more able hodsman can never be found,
St. Giles's well known to him every inch round.
No pal that e'er cross'd him, whether little or big,
But he'd challenge the boy, and flourish his sprig ;
And all with attention would eagerly fix,

When they cheered up the boy with, "Paddy, more bricks !
A little water !—more mortar !
Below, Pat, below ! "

Six whacking big chairmen, with togs queerly dress'd,
Supported poor Pat to his last place of rest ;
His hod, which he styled the best hod in the world,
(On whose top hung his jacket, like a flag that's unfurled,)
His cap, boots, and shovel, in a trophy was bound,
And the spalpeens all join'd in the "hubbaboo" sound ;
But no more, sure, the boys his loud "hollo" will fix,
Nor the buildings resound with, "Paddy, more bricks !
A little water !—more mortar !
Hollo, Pat, hollo ! "

Thus Pat spoke, "My honies, now I give up de ghost,
I hope of my death you'll all make de most ;
One favour I'll ask—the same I will crave—
Kick a thundering big row up, now, over my grave ;
And, unless I jump up and flourish my sprig,
My boys, ycu'll conclude I'm as dead as a pig ! "
Honest Pat was obey'd—the howls rent the sky,
And the spalpeens all join'd in the "hubbaboo" cry."

"Hubbaboo !—philliloo !
Arrah, my darling, why did you die ?
Och, murder !—Pat, come back !

ANONYMOUS.

—:O:—

WADE'S VERSION.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the light of the moon,
In the grove at the end of the vale.
O remember ! be sure to be there ;
For though dearly the moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of thine eyes.
Then meet me by moonlight alone.
Daylight was made for the gay,
For the thoughtless, the heartless, the free !
But there's something about the moon's ray
That is dearer to you, love, and me.
Oh ! be sure to be there, for I said
I would show to the night-flowers their queen.
Nay, turn not aside that sweet head—
'Tis the fairest that ever was seen.
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

ABBE DE PROUT.

VIENS au bosquet, ce soir, sans témoin,
Dans le vallon, au clair de la lune ;
Ce que l'on t'y dira n'a besoin
Ni de jour ni d'oreille importune.
Mais surtout rends-toi là sans faillir,
Car la lune a bien moins de lumière
Que l'amour n'en sçait faire jaillir
De ta languissante paupière.
Sois au bosquet au clair de la lune.

Pour les cœurs sans amour le jour luit,
Le soleil aux froids pensers préside ;
Mais la pale clarté de la nuit
Favorise l'amant et le guide.
Les fleurs que son disque argentin
Colore, en toi verront leur reine.
Quoi ! tu baisses ce regard divin,
Jeune beauté, vraiment souveraine ?
Rends-toi là donc au clair de la lune.

FRANCIS S. MAJONY.

THE WIDOW MALONE.

DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 Who lived in the town of Athlone
 Alone?
 Oh! she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 So lovely the Widow Malone.
 Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more;
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store;
 From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone.

* * * * *

CHARLES LEVER.

Thackeray, as is well known, had a knack of writing humorous burlesque Irish songs, in imitation of the brogue and whiskeyana of Lover and Lever. The following is, perhaps, the best of its kind, the metre resembles that of Lever's "*Widow Malone*."

LARRY O'TOOLE.

YOU'VE all heard of Larry O'Toole,
 Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
 He had but one eye,
 To ogle ye by—
 Och, murther, but that was a jew'l!
 A fool
 He made of de girls, dis O'Toole.
 'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
 That tuck down pataties and mail;
 He never would shrink
 From any strong dhrink,
 Was it whiskey or Drogheda ale;
 I'm bail
 This Larry would swallow a pail.
 Och, many a night at the bowl,
 With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl;
 He's gone to his rest,
 Where there's dhrink of the best,
 And so let us give his old sowl
 A howl,
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

W. M. THACKERAY.

NORDISA.

DID you hear of *Nordisa's* first night?
 A sight!
 "Old Drury" choke full. First Act bright
 And light.
 The Second was dull,
 But it wasn't a mull,
 As an Avalanche put it all right,
 We quite
 Screamed *de Gus-tibus* Harris in fright!

The Third Act took place in a *serre*,
 Plants rare!
 The Avalanche had arrived there,
 You stare?
 And the storm being strong,
 Took *Nordisa* along,
 And carried her in 'twixt the pair
 Who were
 Being married! Oh my! What a scare!
 Then *Oscar* (M'Guckin), in throes
 Soon shows
 His heart is less false than his nose
 (*I* knows),
 Miss Burns becomes riled,
 And this makes *Oscar* wild,
 Reparation *Nordisa* he owes
 For woes
 He has caused, so he turns to propose.
 Then enter old man with a crook,
 Or hook,
 He's hither "conducted by Cook"
 (*Aynsley Cook*).
 He says *Nordi's* mother,
 Was some swell or other.
 Perhaps she's the heiress of Snook—
 I'll look,
 But I do not see this in the book.

Punch. May 14, 1887.

:o:

ERIN GO BRAGH.

Towards the close of the last century, when a French invasion seemed imminent, a caricature was published, entitled "The Allied Republics of France and Ireland," in which the French are represented as having enriched themselves by plunder with the assistance of the Irish rebels. A Frenchman mounted on Ireland, which is represented as a donkey, sings:—

FROM Brest in the Bay of Biskey,
 We come for de very fine whisky,
 To make de Jacobin friskey,
 While Erin may go bray.

We have got de mealy potato
 From de Irish democrato,
 To make de Jacobin fat, O,
 While Erin may go bray.

I get by de guillotine axes,
 De wheats and de oats, and de flaxes,
 De rents, and de tydes, and de taxes,
 While Erin may go bray.

I put into requisition,
 De girl of every condition,
 For Jacobin coalition,
 And Erin may go bray.

De linen I get in de scuffle,
 Will make de fine shirt to my ruffle,
 While Pat may go starve in his hovel,
 And Erin may go bray.

Fitzgerald and Arter O'Connor,
 To Erin have done de great honour,
 To put me astride upon her,
 For which she now does bray.

She may fidget and caper and kick, O,
But by de good help of Old Nick, O,
De Jacobin ever will stick, O,
And Erin may go bray.

—:—

THE SHAN VAN VOGHT.*

Oh! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Voght;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Voght;
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
Oh! the French are in the Bay,†
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
To the Curragh of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
What *will* the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
What *should* the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Voght?
What should, &c.

And what colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
What colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
What colour should be seen
Where our Fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Voght.
What colour, &c.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Voght;
Yes! Ireland *SHALL* be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurra for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Voght.
Yes! Ireland, &c.

There are many other versions of this song. It has always been a favourite with the Irish people at all times of political excitement; either varied or re-written, accord-

* Gaelic. *Sen Bhan Fochu*—poor old woman—an affectionate name for Ireland.

† Bantry.

ing to circumstances. At the time of the celebrated Clare election, carried by Daniel O'Connell while the "Catholic Emancipation" cause was yet pending, they sang a street ballad in Dublin running thus:—

"INTO Parliament you'll go, (meaning O'Connell,) says the Shan Van Voght,
To extricate our woe, says the Shan Van Voght;
Our foes you will amaze,
And all Europe you will plaze;
And ould Ireland's now at aise,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

"Our worthy brave O'Connell, says the Shan Van Voght,
To have you in we're longing, says the Shan Van Voght;
Sure you we well have tried,
And you're always at our side,
And you never took a bribe,
Says the Shan Van Voght."

During the "Repeal" movement (about 1840) the original song was revived, with the exception of the first verse, and the name of O'Connell was substituted for that of Lord Edward.

JAN VAN BEERS.

THERE's a Dutchman in the town,
Says the Jan Van Beers;
There's a Dutchman in the town;
Though he's more than half a clown,
Still folks pay their shillings down,
Says the Jan Van Beers.

Oh! what should the English do?
Says the Jan Van Beers;
What should the English do,
But admire my red and blue,
And swear that I'm "too too!"
Says the Jan Van Beers.

And shall not Artists kneel?
Says the Jan Van Beers.
No! Artists will *not* kneel,
But express contempt they feel
For your incense and *pastille*,
Mister Jan Van Beers.

So said *Punch* about an exhibition of clap-trap foreign pictures which, in 1886, attracted sightseers of morbid tastes, in search of the horrible and the grotesque. Cunning arrangements of black curtains, grinning skeletons, headless bleeding bodies, and ghastly wounds made up a show, in which but little true art could be found.

—:—

The rollicking Irish song *Ballyhooley*, which was introduced in the highly successful burlesque *Monte Cristo junior*, was written by Mr. R. Martin, according to rumour an officer in the Royal Artillery.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLYHOOLEY,
A Parody of "*Ballyhooley*."

THERE's a dashing sort of bhoy who was once his country's joy,
But his ructions and his rows no longer charm me.
He often takes command in a fury-spouting band
Called the "*Ballyhooley*" Parliamentary Army.
At Donnybrook's famed fair he might shine with radiance rare,

A "Pathriot" he's called, and may be truly,
It is catching, I'm afraid, for when *he* is on parade
There seems scarce a sober man in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus.

Whililoo, hi ho ! Faith they all enlist, ye know,
Though their ructions and their shindies fail to charm
me,
Bad language, howls, and hate put an end to fair debate,
In the "Ballyhooly" Parliamentary Army.

The Spayker, honest soul, finds they're quite beyond control,

Discussion takes a most extended radius,
It's about as fine and clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
But the "bhoys," they never seem to find it tadyious."
And what is worse, to-day all the Army march one way,
That is in being ructionous and unruly,
If a Mimbler in debate wants to argue fair and straight,
Faith, they howl him out of court in "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

They're supposed to hould debate in the interests of the State,

Which one and all they do their best to injure ;
I have said their talk's as clear as the stalest ginger-beer,
And they mix the vilest vitriol with the ginger.
The bhoys are not alone, for in sorrow one must own
The young Tories are as noisy and unruly,
And the Rads they rave and rail till one longs to lodge in
gaol

The intemperate brigade of "Ballyhooly."

Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

There's a moral to my song, and it won't detain yez long,
Of Party spirit e'en the merest "nip" shun.
It's poison, that is clear, Ballyhooly "ginger-beer,"
As ye'll own when I have given the prescription.
You take heaps of Party "rot," spirit mean, and temper
hot,

Lies, blasphemy, and insult ; mix them duly ;
For sugar put in salt, bitter gall for honest malt,
Faith, they call it "Statesmanship" in "Ballyhooly."
Chorus—Whililoo, hi, ho, &c.

Punch. August 13, 1887.

—:O:—

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew—
A girl so fair and so deceiving !

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh ! I have loved thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas ! deceived me too severely !

*

*

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*

THOMAS MOORE

LINES TO MARY.

O MARY, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing ;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving !

Oh ! when I snatched a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported !

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffered from your stealing.

Or when my suit I first preferred,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammered out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence ?

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction ?

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have looked and lingered ;
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-fingered ?

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my Muse delighted ;
Alas ! the lay, I thought, was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted* !

Oh ! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too !

You said you picked me from the world—
My vanity it now must shock it,
And down at once my pride is hurled,
You've picked me—and you've picked a pocket !

Oh ! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Doctor Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey" ?

But when you robbed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies* !

And when the parson came to say
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany !" "

But, oh !—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
O Mary ! you've a hulking lover !

THOMAS HOOD.

—:O:—

PLAIN COLD WATER.

THE days are gone when claret bright
Inspired my strain,
When I sang on every festive night
About champagne.
Prime thirty-four in floods may pour,
And glasses gaily clatter.
But there's nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.

Though the bard may make a greater noise
 Over his wine,
 When with other Baccharalian boys
 He chanceth to dine.
 Yet if he wake, with a headache,
 And wonders what's the matter,
 He learns there's nought so safe to drink
 As plain cold water.

There's Doctor Hassall, he proclaims
 That water's full
 Of curious brutes, with curious names
 In every pool.
 Now you will see that this must be
 A most important matter,
 For it's clear there's meat as well as drink
 In plain cold water.

Professor Clarke, of Aberdeen,
 Says chalk is there,
 And Monsieur Chatin, iodine
 Finds everywhere.
 If this be true, 'tis clear to you
 It's just so much the better,
 For there's meat and drink, and physic too,
 In plain cold water.

From *Health and Pleasure*, or *Malvern Punch*. By J. B. Oddfish. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1865.

—:O:—

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

HORATII ROSARUM.

EHEU rosarum floruit ultima !
 Vel mille nuper cincta sororibus,
 At nunc amicarum cohorti
 Floribus et sociis superstes !

Nec una mansit conscia quæ propè
 Suspriorum suavè olentium,
 Suspiret ultro—quæ rubenti
 Erubeat, pia frons, vicissim.

Non te relinquam stemmate, lugubre.
 Quæ singulari fers caput, unica !
 Iere dormitum sodales,
 Tu ceteris comes ito—dormi !

Sparsis amicà sic foliis manu,
 Finire tristes pergo tibi moras ;
 Siccis odoratas per hortum
 Frondibus i superadde frondes.

Et mi sit olim sors eadem, precor !
 Quando sodales, quæque micantia,
 Ornant amicorum coronam
 Gemmata, depereunt—perire !

Abrepta fato dissociabili
 Quando tot eheu ! corda jacent humi
 Quis poscat annos ? vita talis
 Nonne foret mera solitudo ?

FATHER PROUT.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer, I saw it come out,
 Its arrival I hailed with a rapturous shout.
 I took off my hat (for politeness I'm famed),
 And striking an attitude, thus I exclaimed :—

"Oh ! dear first rose of summer, it gladdens my heart,
 To behold thee thus lovely and bright, as thou art ;
 I had feared that the east wind, which well-nigh killed *me*,
 Would have proved as destructive, sweet darling, to thee.

"But *thou* hast no cough, I may fairly suppose,
 Such as I had all winter, delectable rose—
 A cough to my heirs most enchanting to hear ;
 And so thou art blooming and beauteous, my dear !

"I'll not leave thee, enchantress, to pine on the tree,
 Thou shalt make a gay button-hole, loved one, for me.
 This summer's the last that will ever be thine,
 And I somehow believe 'tis the last, too, of mine.

Judy.

THE LAST "QUID."

'Tis the last "quid" of many
 Left sadly alone,
 All its golden companions
 Are changed, and are gone ;
 No coin of its kindred,
 No "fiver" is here,
 To burn in tobacco,
 Or melt into beer.

I'll not leave thee, thou last one,
 All lonely to pine,
 As the others have left thee,—
 Go seek them in wine.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy shillings away,
 Like those of thy comrades,
 To moisten my clay.

So soon as I've changed thee
 To silver, alas !
 It flies like the sparkle
 Of froth in the glass ;
 I'll seek, when I've spent thee—
 If credit's not flown—
 What's hard to obtain in
 This bleak world—a loan !

Fun. July 20, 1887.

THE LAST FLY.

'Tis the last fly of summer
 Left buzzing alone,
 All its club-footed comrades
 Have buzzed and passed on.
 No remnant pestiferous
 Save this one is nigh,
 To tickle our proboscis,
 Or bob in our eye.

I'll not leave thee, old buzzer,
 To feast upon me—
 Take that, thou tormentor—
 To other lands flee.
 It is folly to spare thee
 Swear words to maintain,
 When the mates of thy raidin
 Stick flat on the pane.

Sound, sound, shall we slumber,
 When thou art away—
 When the bedroom is quiet
 In cool of the day.

Really, all things considered,
Both beauty and tone,
We'd much rather inhabit
This queer world alone.

WILLIAM LYLE,

—:O:—

THOSE BICYCLES.

THOSE bicycles, those bicycles !
How merry a tale their image tells,
Of youth and health, and that fleet time
When last I heard their whistle's chime.

Those boyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Out of or in town darkly dwells,
And rides not now those bicycles.

Again 'twill be—they are not gone ;
That gleeful wheel will still roll on,
While I help bards to wire their shells,
And sing your praise, fleet bicycles.

From *Lyra Bicyclica*, by J. G. Dalton. Boston, U.S.,
1880.

—:O:—

STRONG AND SURE.

STRONG and sure were the skates she wore,
And a neat little hat on her head she bore ;
But, oh ! her grace, so wondrous that,
Beyond her skates, or her dainty hat.

"Lady ! dost thou not fear to rink,
So hard is the ground should'st thou chance to sink ?
Are Plimpton's skates of so great renown
As not to be tempted to let you down ?"

"Nay, nay ! I feel not the least alarm,
No skate of Plimpton's will bring me to harm :
Though at night I love dancing on polish'd floor,
By day—I love skating and rinking more."

On she went, and her magic skill
Guided her safely without a spill ;
And happy are they who trust their fates
To Plimpton's rollers and Plimpton's skates.

From *Idyls of the Rink*, by A. W. Mackenzie. Second
Edition. 1877.

—:O:—

ON AN UNANSWERED LETTER.

I KNEW by the dirt that so greasefully lined
All its corners and sides, that an answer was due ;
And I said if a sheet in my desk I can find,
My pen that is ready shall fill it for you.

—:O:—

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL OBSTRUCTION.

WHERE stood the Bar, we're building love,
A something all stone, and some gilding, love,
Ah ! the best of all ways
Can be stopped up by drays,

When we steal a few feet from the road, my love.

Punch. October 9, 1880.

—:O:—

OH, there is not in nature
A bliss so complete
As the *first glass of toddy*—
Strong, smoking, and sweet.

All care it dispels,
Drives blue devils away,
'Tis the *first glass of toddy*,
That makes our hearts gay.

—:O:—

OFT in the chilly night,
Ere solar rays had bound us,
Have we for heat cried out
With blankets all around us.
But now when Sol has got the call
To dry us up like leather.
We sigh for ice, with breezes nice,
And civil-service weather.

—:O:—

A BALFOUR BALLAD.

Air—"The Young May Moon."

Most Irish questions are about
A Peeler, a Pauper, or Carman, O !
They're quite beneath me,
As Chief Se-cre-ta-ree—
I hand 'em all o'er to King-Harman, O !

—:O:—

THE BATTLE OF BEER.

(At a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, Sir
Wilfred Lawson said the publicans were like a great army
armed with bottles.)

The publican on his raid has gone,
All over the land you'll find him ;
A bottle of Bass he has girded on,
And a barrel is slung behind him.
"Oh, drink divine," said Boniface,
"What though teetotallers make thee
A thing of scorn and of black disgrace,
I never will forsake thee !"

He did *not* fall, for Common Sense
Soon brought the enemy under,
And the bottle of Bass we Britons dense
Refused to smash asunder.
Sir Wilfred—well, he looked quite demure,
For, fallen out of favour, he
Was shown that we Britons will not endure
Stern prohibition's slavery.

Judy. July, 1887.

THE MILITIAMAN.

THE militia man to parade is gone,
In single file you'll find him ;
The Albert hat he was fain to don,
His blunt spade left behind him.
"Land of wheat," said the warrior-cod,
"Tho' Sir Robert now neglect thee,
One bayonet still upholds the sod,
One plough-boy will 'protect' thee."

* * * * *

From *Mephystopheles*. February 28, 1846.

This illustrated satirical journal commenced, as a rival
to *Punch*, on December 13, 1845, and lasted until March
28, 1846. It contains several other parodies, all of which
are uninteresting at the present time, but they may be
enumerated.

The Medical Gent, à la Tennyson.
Pledge Rescinding, after Campbell's *Hohenlinden*.
"When other lips with other arts."
The Schoolmaster, after Oliver Goldsmith.

THE ROW.

I KNEW by the noise that I heard all around
 In the street where I was, that a row it was near ;
 And I said, "If there's fun this good night to be found,
 As I love it so dearly, I shall sure find it here."
 Every tongue seem'd employ'd, and the row did increase,
 Whilst the Charleys their rattles so cheerily spring.

I hopp'd into the crowd, the news for to catch,
 But scarcely had open'd my mouth to inquire,
 When a rascally thief made off with my watch,
 Tript my heels, and so laid me flat down in the mire.
 The watchmen surrounded, and bore me away,
 And in limbo was kept till the dawn of next day.

To the justice they took me, to tell my sad tale,
 Who ask'd me what in defence I'd to say,
 I told him that rogues in the crowd did assail,
 Used my person quite ill, and my watch bore away.
 He looking quite grim, bade me good hours keep,
 Pay a shilling—and go to my home with all speed.

THE COOK SHOP.

I KNEW by the smoke that so greasefully curl'd,
 From a kitchen below that a cook-shop was near,
 And I said if a gorge's to be found in the world,
 The man that is hungry might hope for it here.
 Ev'ry plate was at rest,
 And I heard not a sound,
 But the knives and forks rattling,
 Sweet music for me.
 And here in this snug little box would I sit,
 With a joint that was lovely to nose and to view,
 With a sirloin of beef, a turkey and chine,
 How bless'd could I live, and how calm could I dine.
 Ev'ry plate, &c.

The New Whig Guide (London: W. Wright. 1819), contains several parodies of the songs of Thomas Moore and of Lord Byron, but being all on political topics they are now out of date, almost unintelligible, and not generally interesting. They are styled *English Melodies*, the first lines are as follows:—

"Oh! the time is past when quarter-day my cares would chase."

(Moore's *Love's Young Dream*.)

"Old Tierney came down like a wolf on the fold."
 (Byron's *Destruction of Sennacherib*.)

"Believe me, when all those ridiculous airs."
 (Moore's *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms*.)

"Son of the faithless! melancholy rat!"
 (Byron's *Sun of the Sleepless*.)

"Fare ye well—and if for Easter."
 (Byron's *Fare you well—and if for ever*.)

In the early days of the century Moore and Byron were the Society poets, their verses were on everyone's lips, and naturally parodies of them abounded. In addition to the translations of Moore's melodies already given, several other Greek, Latin, and French versions will be found in the collected works of Francis S. Mahony.



WELSH SONGS.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief ;
 Taffy came to my house and stole a shin of beef,
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;
 Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin ;
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head."

Taffy is a corruption of Taffid, the Welsh form of David. This very old nursery rhyme owes its origin to the continual raids and cattle-lifting expeditions which took place on the Welsh borders in the middle ages, but it has long since lost all serious meaning with those who repeat it. Twenty years ago the late Mr. Shirley Brooks completely re-modelled the poem very much in Taffy's favour.

TAFFY is a Welshman :

Taffy's not a thief ;
 Taffy's mutton's very good,
 Not so good his beef :
 I went to Taffy's house,
 Several things I saw,
 Cleanliness and godliness,
 Obedience to the law.
 If Taffy rides to my house,
 Or unto Pat's doth swim,
 I think my Taffy will remark
 That we might learn of him.
 He does not drink, my Taffy,
 (Not leastwise as a rule) ;
 He goes to chapel regular,
 And sends his boys to school ;
 He dresses well on Sunday,
 His family the like ;
 He's not too fond of over-work,
 But seldom cares to strike ;
 He never lurks behind a hedge
 To pay his rent with slugs.
 Up craggy hills of steep incline
 His garden mould he lugs ;
 And there he grows his garden,
 His cabbages and leeks ;
 His kids get green meat in their mouths,
 And roses in their cheeks.

Taffy is a Welshman,
 And glories in the name,
 To laugh at which enjoyment
 Appears to me a shame.
 You compliment the Scotchman
 Who talks of Bruce and Burns ;
 You tolerate the Irishman
 Who vaunts ancestral Kerns ;
 You're nuts on your own pedigree,
 Won't call it English, fair,
 But prate of "Anglo-Saxons,"
 Till Reviewers nearly swear.
 Why shouldn't gallant Taffy
 Have his relics and his bones,
 Llewelyns and Cadwallos,
 And GriffyevanJones?
 To say nothing of the question
 Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
 Wasn't quite a fine old language

When all of ours were young.
 He says he has good poets,
 Leave him his own opinion :
 You like obscure old ballads,
 And Taffy likes Englynion,
 Pray are not "moel," "afon,"
 And "Morwyns" (pretty rogues),
 At least as good as "birks" and "braes,"
 "Mavourneens," "Arrah Pogues!"
 By all Nantfrancon's Beavers,
 Of the pre-historic age ;
 By Aberglaslyn's hoary bridge,
 And the Swallow's roaring rage ;
 By the trout of Capel Curig,
 By Carnarvon's Eagled Tower,
 The smile of placid Tan-y-bwlch,
 And the frown of Penmaenmawr ;
 By yon lonely Puffin Island,
 And the monster head of Orme,
 The Castle of the Beauteous Marsh,
 Llanberis, Pass of Storm ;
 By the magic bridge of Bangor,
 Hung awful in the sky,
 By the grave at sweet Beddgelert,
 Where the Martyr-hound doth lie ;
 By the lightnings that on Snowdon
 Glint, the jewels of his crown,
 Stand up, brave Taffy, for thy right,
 And never be put down.
 If all Victoria's subjects
 Were half as good as thou,
 Victoria's subjects would kick up
 Uncommon little row.
 And *Punch*, Incarnate Justice,
 Intends henceforth to lick
 All who shall scorn or sneer at you,
 Yov jolly little Brick !

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

The Welsh were naturally much pleased with this version, and speedily translated it into their own language :

CYMRU ydyw Taffy,
 Lladratta byth ni wna ;
 Mae *mutton* Taffy'n gampus,
 Nid yw ei biff mor dda.
 Mi eis i fwthyn Taffy,
 I wel'd ei ddull o fyw—
 Mae'n lân a duwiol yn ei dy,
 I'r gyfraith ufudd yw,
 Os merchyg Taffy yma,
 At *Pat* os nawf y lli,
 Mi dybiwn y dyweda ef
 Fod ganddo wers i ni :
 Nid ydyw Taffy'n yfed.
 Fel rheol, wrth ei chwant,
 I'r capel cerdd yn gysson iawn,
 I'r ysgol gyr ei blant ;
 Ymwisga 'n hardd y Sabbath,
 A'i deulu yr un modd ;
 Ni fyn ei ladd â gormod gwaith,
 A *strike* ni fyn o'i fodd ;
 Ni lecha byth tu ol i'r gwrych,
 I dalu ei rent â phlwm ;
 Mae'n llusgo pridd a gwrtaith
 I fyny'r llechwedd llwm ;
 Ac yno tyf ei foron,
 A'i genin yn ei ardd.
 Rhydd wyrddfwyd yn gneueau 'i blant,
 A gwridd i'w gruddiau hardd.
 Cymro ydyw Taffy,
 A dyna'i fynych fost,
 Ymddengys gwawdio'r fath fwynhâd,
 I mi'n gywilydd tost :

Canmolwch yr Ysgotyn
 Am son am Bruce a Burns ;
 A goddef wnewch i'r Gwyddel tlawd
 Ymfrostio 'n rheulu Kerns ;
 Ni fynwch chwithau chwaith,
 Eich galw 'n Saeson teg,
 Ond dwndro am "Anglo-Saxons" wnewch,
 Nes peri i ddyn roi rhag.
 Pa'm na chaiff Taffy ddewrwyd
 Am ei hynafiaid son—
 Caswallon a Charadoc fawr,
 A Gryffydd Ifan Shon ?
 Heb son dim oll am holi,
 Allasai 'i famiaith fod
 Yn hen iaith bur y pryd nad oedd
 Ein holl rai ni mewn bod.
 Mae'n d'weyd fod ganddo brif-feirdd,
 Boed iddo 'i farn ar hyn ;
 Hen gerddi tywyll hoffwch chwi,
 Englynion yntau fyn.
 Ai nid yw "moel," ac "afon,"
 "Morwynion" (hudol rôgs),
 Yn llawn mor dda a "birks," a "braes,"
 "Mavourneens," "Arrah pôgs ?"
 Yn enw efeinge gwylltion
 Nantfrancon oes a fu,
 Y bont ar Aberglaslyn,
 A'r Wennol groch ei rhu,
 Brithylliaid Capel Curig,
 Twr Eryr Arlon hen.
 Yn enw gwag y Penmaen mawr,
 A Than y Bwlch a'i wên ;
 Yn enw Ynys Seiriol,
 A'r Gogarth erch ei drwyn ;
 Y Castell ar y Morfa Hardd,
 Bwlch oer Llanberis fwyn ;
 Yn enw Crog-bont Menai,
 Sy'n hongian yn y nen ;
 Yn enw bedd dy Ferthyr gi
 A'r garnedd uwch ei ben,
 Yn enw melltyr Wydfa,
 Sy'n euro ei goron fawr.
 Sa 'i fyny, Taffy, myn dy hawl,
 Na'th fwrier byth i lawr,
 Pe byddai deiliaid Buddug
 Yn hanner mor ddi fai,
 Fe fyddai terfysg yn eu plith
 Yn llawer iawn yn llai ;
 Mae *Punch*, y Barnwr Cyfiawn,
 Am roddi curfa ci
 I bawb ro'nt ddirmyg it' rhagllaw
 Hen fachgen iawn wyt ti.

This translation is taken from a most entertaining as well as useful work, entitled *The Gossiping Guide to Wales*, written by the late Mr. J. Askew Roberts, and published by Woodall, Minshall & Co., Oswestry 1886.

BOUNCER was a welsher,
 Bouncer was a thief,
 I won a bet of Bouncer,
 And came to awful grief.
 When I went to Bouncer,
 He said he hadn't bet it,
 Put his thumb up to his nose,
 And wished that I might get it.

Of the favourite Welsh songs, such as *Jenny Jones*, *Ah hyd y nos*, and *The Maid of Llangollen*, only a few parodies are to be found, and they are scarcely worth reprinting.

TERM COMMENCES.

ON by the love of costs we're goaded—
 "Term" begins then mischief's boded,
 For we've hearts as hard as steel
 What care we for wrong or right,
 When we hold a client tight,
 Or the least compunction feel!
 Like serpents now, we're slyly creeping,
 Then on our prey like tigers leaping.
 In a twinkling we garotte him—
 No escape when so we've got him.
 While on him there is a stopper,
 We clean him out of every copper.
 Stick unto him till we bag
 All he has to the last mag;
 His body then, by way of ransom,
 We seize and squeeze out something handsome.
 Like skittles, debtors we keep flooring—
 In our charges fast keep pouring;
 Actions ne'er by us are stayed.
 Ours is a safe and thriving trade;
 To the Law Courts let's away,
 Expenses call and we obey.

THE TORY MARCH.

WITH blaze of fireworks, fêtes, and dancing.
 Lying speeches, vain romancing,
 See the boastful foe advancing
 Onward to the fray.
 Banners now are gaily streaming!
 In Liberal colours falsely gleaming,
 Hoping by thus meanly scheming,
 Yet to win the day.

Jingo shouts are hoarsely braying,
 Brazen trumpets loudly playing,
 High-toned churchmen warmly praying
 For Tory victory.
 Like the ass in olden fable,
 Clothed in lion's skin unstable,
 They can but bray (to roar unable)
 Of Tory liberty!

Turn from them with loathing,
 Contempt and anger both in,
 And ever they
 Will rue the day
 They dressed in Liberal clothing;
 Honest truth will overcome them,
 The stolen skin will not become them,
 So tear the lion's covering from them,
 And show the ass beneath.

Songs for Liberal Electors. 1885.

LIBERAL MARCHING SONG.

BROTHERS, up, to win new glory,
 That shall brighten future story,
 Sweeping off abuses hoary,
 Shaping righteous laws;
 To the Ballot early go, men;
 That we mean to conquer, show, men;
 Well, we vote to win, we know, men
 For the good old cause.
 For ourselves we're fighting,
 The people nobly righting;
 Quick, come all, at Freedom's call,
 To do her will delighting.
 On, your Blue to victory bearing:
 Nought for all their vauntings caring:
 For the Right all dangers daring—
 Better lives and laws.

W. C. BENNETT.

OLD ENGLISH SONGS.

SHALL I LIKE A HERMIT DWELL?

(Attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.)

SHALL I like a hermit dwell,
 On a rock or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold*
 If a stranger may be bold
 Unrebuked, unafraid
 To convert them to a braid;
 And with little more ado
 Work them into bracelets, too;
 If the mine be grown so free
 What care I how rich it be

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good manners' sake;
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip;
 If she be not chaste to me
 What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show,
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too;
 But when she by change hath got
 To her heart a second lot;
 Then if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be!

The burden of this song probably suggested the far more beautiful poem by George Wither, which follows:—

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR,

(George Wither, born 1588, died 1667.)

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or, her well-deservings known,
 Make me quite forget my own

* *Angel-gold* was of a finer kind than crown gold.

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

From "*The Mistress of Philarete*," published in 1622.

SONG. MR. GLADSTONE.

SHALL my heart be filled with care
'Cause the Whigs are so unfair?
Or, their services to keep,
Shall I sacrifice my sleep?
Or, lest they offence may take,
My great measures weaker make?
If they are not true to me,
What care I what Whigs they be.

'Cause they show such self-conceit,
Shall I risk severe defeat?
Or, in their good books to stay,
Scare good Radicals away?
Tho' their talent be as great
As they never fail to state,
Yet, if they are not with me,
What care I what Whigs they be?

They have duped me far too long,
Threatening they were very strong,
Now I know they are at best
Fossils of no powers possest,
And methinks they soon will find
I am neither weak nor blind.
If their heats beat not for me,
What care I what Whigs they be?

They have thwarted me enough,
Tried to hinder and rebuff;
Why should I reward them, then,
To the loss of better men;
Better far to let them go,
And become an open foe!
If they will not work with me,
They may Tories be for me!

Truth. Christmas number 1882.

MATILDA.

SHALL I fret and fume and swear,
Because Matilda dyes her hair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
That hers so *very* rosy are?

Though her raven locks to-day
Turn as yellow as the hay,
If she be but true to me,
What care I how blonde she be!

Shall a woman's weakness move
Me such weakness to reprove?
Or her little failings known
Make me careless of my own?
Though her bills be longer than
Bill of duck or pelican,
If they be not paid by me,
What care I how long they be?

If her youth be left behind,
Shall I play the fool and mind?
She must be, the women say,
Forty-five if she's a day—
But I swear she looks no more,
At the most, than forty-four:
If she's young enough for me,
What care I how old she be?

Be she painted, fast, or old—
Be she flirt, or rake, or scold—
She has cash enough to make
Me submissive for her sake:
If she loose her money, though,
I can scorn and let her go;
If in poverty she be,
She may go to Bath for me!

From *The White Pilgrim, and other Poems*. By Herman Charles Merivale. London, Chapman & Hall, 1883.

(By the Author's kind permission.)

:O:—

THE COCKNEY SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOVE.

(ARCADIA.—Switchback railway now running through groves of trees, and above a veritable Fairyland of flowers, foliage, and illuminations, to strains of military music.)

COME, switch with me, my cockney Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of hills, vales, groves, and flowery lands,
And strains of military bands.

And we will, sitting on the car,
Where other nymphs and shepherds are,
Shoot up and down, in rise and fall,
With catch (of breath) for madrigal.

My manly arm about thy waist,
For belt and clasp, Love, interlaced;
Thy skirt beflowered, and thy head-gear
The latest thing from Swan and Edgar.

My checks, my tie, my gilded studs,
Will vanquish all the rival "bloods."
So, if such pleasures may thee move,
Come, switch with me, my cockney Love.

The Globe. September 19, 1887.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

to the "Cockney Shepherd," is unfavourable to his appeal to her to come and switch with him in "Arcadia." Much sympathy will be felt with the "Shepherd" on this refusal of his love to "switch the world with noble carmanship."

SHEPHEARD, an I were sweet seventeen,
And thou wert green and I were green,

These pretty pleasures might me move
To switch with thee, my cockney Love.

But hills and valleys have their fears
For maidens of discreeter years ;
And nymphs when they have had their tea
Like to digest it quietlie.

These sudden flights, and jumps, and shoots
Plunge hearts from bosoms into boots ;
And where in flowering Arcadee
Flow founts of Sal Volatile ?

Thy checks, thy tie, thy gilt of stud,
Stir no bold humours in my blood ;
And nothink, 'Arry, can me move
To switch with thee, my cockney Love.

The Globe. September 20, 1887.

—:O:—

AFTER HERRICK.

(*Upon seeing her picture in profile.*)

I DIE
If I but spy
One eye ;
Yet would I fain
See twain.

(*Upon receiving the same in a full view.*)

In profile
'Twas vile ;
But in th' obverse
'Tis worse.

ERNEST RADFORD.

CATS' meat, cats' meat—meat I cry
On a skewer—come and buy ;
From Hyde Park Corner to Wapping Wall,
All the year I cats' meat bawl ;
Cats' meat—cats' meat—meat, I cry,
On a skewer—come and buy.

From *The Book of Cats*, by C. H. Ross. 1868.

—:O:—

THE WHIP'S SONG.

(*After Ben Jonson.*)

COME to my lobby with thy vote,
And give it in with mine ;
Or pair with one who'd vote against,
And I'll not ask for thine.
Divisions thus will make us still
More closely link'd as friends,
And when our party is in place,
You may attain your ends.

I sent thee late a three-lined whip,
And posted it to thee,
In hopes that ere the House was made,
It might deliver'd be.
But thou didst never come that night
Nor wrote a line to me !
Do this again my friend, I swear,
I'll make it hot for thee.

C. H. WARING.



R. B. SHERIDAN.

On page 195 a list was given of the principal burlesques founded upon Sheridan's plays, but the two following were accidentally omitted :—

PIZARRO ; *a Spanish Rolla-King Peruvian Drama*. A Burlesque in one act. by C. J. Collins. 1856. This was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, on September 22, 1856, with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Frank Matthews, and George Honey in the caste.

PIZARRO ; *or, the Leopard of Peru*. An original Burlesque Extravaganza by Leicester Buckingham. Produced at the Strand Theatre, in 1862. Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss C. Saunders, Miss Woodin, Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss E. Bufton, James Rogers, and J. Clarke were the principal performers.

OF THE GENDERS OF NOUNS.

Air—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen."

ALL names of the male kind you masculine call,
Ut sunt (for example), Divorum,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, the deities all,
And Cato, Virgilius, virorum.
Latin's a bore, and bothers me sore,
Oh, how I wish that my lesson was o'er.

Fluviorum, ut Tibris, Orontes likewise,
Fine rivers in ocean that lost are,
And Mensium—October an instance supplies ;
Ventorum, ut Libs, Notus, Auster.
Latin's a bore, and bothers me sore,
Oh, how I wish that my lesson was o'er.

From *The Comic Latin Grammar*, by Paul Prendergast (Percival Leigh.) Published by David Bogue. London.

—:O:—

GLEE.

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine :
We, planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound !
You'll soon grow bright
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

THE LIGHT OF THE STUD.

BICYCLE's the sun of our stable,
His beams the spokes so fine ;
We planets that so are able
With him to roll and shine.
Let circling mirth abound ;
We'll all grow bright
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round.

From *Lyra Byclica*, by Joseph G. Dalton, Boston. 1885.



THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

(This lady was a grand-daughter of R. B. Sheridan.)

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

MY beautiful, my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and
fiery eye !
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed ;
I may not mount on thee again !—thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind ;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold :—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell !—thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold !

Farewell !—Those free untired limbs full many a mile must
roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
home ;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed pre-
pare :
That silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with
thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to
be—
Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home
again.

Yes, thou must go ; the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun
and sky,
Thy master's home, from all of these my exiled one must fly ;
Thy proud, dark eye shall glow less proud, thy step become
less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to
meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy
speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed.

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant
pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting
vein !
Will they ill-use thee ?—if I thought—but no,—it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free ;—
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should
yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to
return ?

“Return !”—alas, my Arab steed ! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his
view ?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the
gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, ap-
pears ?
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot alone,
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast
borne me on ;

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly
think,—
“ 'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink.”

When last I saw thee drink !—Away ! the fevered dream is
o'er !
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no
more ;
They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is
strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said that thou
wert sold ?
'Tis false ! 'tis false ! my Arab steed ! I fling them back
their gold !
Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains !
Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE DYING VENDOR OF VEGETABLES TO HIS PALFREY OF JERUSALEM.

WHERE art thou now ? where art thou now ? my beautiful,
my bold ;
And shall they take thee far away to green-yards to be sold ?
O rather let them take the bed, where now, alas ! I lie,
Than seize on thee, for debt or rent, my beautiful—my shy !
They tell me they'll take care of thee—I know what 'tis they
mean,
A truss of hay in half a year, with thistle-tops between.
O no ! it shall not be thy fate, I'd rather, ere I part,
Plunge deep, my mild and patient ass, this pitchfork to thy
heart !

Nay, do not turn aside thy nose, and shake thine honest ear,
Thy master's sense is wandering, but thou'st no cause to
fear ;
But let me give thee one embrace, ere from the world I go.
There ! there ! nay, do not shrink from me, my terrified—
my slow !
Thou'st drawn with me, boy, many a year, the cart along the
streets :—
Put thine hoof on thy master's heart—thou feelest how it
beats.
But Oh, thine eyes benevolent, my anguish'd feelings lull.
Farewell, my Jackass !—Oh ! farewell—my beautiful ! my
dull ! !

Punch. May 27, 1843.

The four following Parodies appeared in a Prize Compe-
tition in *One and All*, 1879 :—

A TRAVELLER'S FAREWELL TO HIS TRAIN.

(Which he thinks he has missed while lunching at York.)

MY railway train, my railway train, that stoodst all steam-
ing by,
With thy paraffin and oily lamps and one red gleaming eye.
Thou goest to fly along the line with all thy wheelèd speed ;
I cannot ride in thee again—I'm sold, I am indeed !
Puff not with that impatient blast ; cleave not the breezy
wind ;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind :
The driver tends thy furnace fires ; the “clerk” he hath my
gold ;
Swift wheeled and punctual, farewell !—I'm sold, my train,
I'm sold !

Farewell ! Those swift and tired wheels full many a mile
must glide
To reach old Scotland's bonnie moors and heather'd moun-
tain side ;

Some other man more fortunate must occupy my seat,
The corner place I sat in once must be another's treat.
The morning sun will dawn again, but not again with thee
Shall I ride along the iron rails where thou art wont to be ;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the grassy plain
Some other train with slower wheels will bear me on again.

Yes, thou must go ; the wild free breeze, the autumn sun
and sky,

Thy terminus—to all of these my punctual one must fly.
The "ticket-man" will go his rounds, and vainly seek my
"tip,"

And vainly will he ply his punch my ticket then to clip.
Only in sleep shall I behold that red eye gleaming bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that whistle shrill at night ;
And when I rouse my dreaming brain to wonder at thy speed,
Then must I starting wake, to feel—I'm sold, my train,
indeed.

Ah now, indeed, uncared by me, some fireman's hand may
"stoke,"

Till steam wreaths mix like driven snow among the blacken-
ing smoke,

And the fierce fire that is in thee burns with increasing flare
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may wonder at the glare.
Wilt thou return here ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so punctual "to a T" !
And though most surely now thou'rt gone my lonely heart
will yearn,

Yet the man who loses thee cannot command thee to return.

Return ! alas, my railway train, what shall this traveller do
Now thou, who wert his travelling home, has vanished from
his view ?

When the dim distance cheats my eye, and through my
gathering tears

Thy bright light for a moment like a Will-o'-the-wisp ap-
pears,

By parliamentary slow, alas, I now must travel on
Where with thy speed and joyous shriek rejoiced I should
have gone ;

But, sitting down on yon platform, I now in vain must grunt,
"It was here he blew his whistle shrill, when last I saw him
shunt !"

"When last I saw him shunt !" Away ! The foolish
dream is o'er ;

I see that thou art shunting still, and here thou art once more.
They tempted me, my railway train, for hunger's power is
strong ;

They tempted me, my railway train ! I near had gorged too
long !

Who said that I had lost the train ? Who said that thou
wast gone ?

'Tis false—'tis false, my railway train ; I still shall travel on.
Thus, thus, I leap into my seat, and my good fortune bless ;
Who overtakes us now must beat a G.N.R. express !

W. G. McMILLAN.

THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER.

(*A panegyric.*)

My—anything but beautiful, that standest "knock-knee'd
by,

"Inverted arch" describes thy back, as "dismal" doth
thine eye.

Fret not—go roam the commons now, limp there for want
of speed ;

I dare not mount on thee ('twere pain), thou bag of bones,
indeed.

Fret not with that *too* patient hoof, puff not with wheezy
wind ;

The harder that thou roarest now the more we lag behind.
The stranger "had" thy master, brute, for twice ten
pounds, all told ;

I only wish he had thee back ! Too late—I'm sold ! I'm
sold !

To-morrow's sun will dawn again, but ah ! no ride for me.
Can I gallop over Rotten Row astride on such as thee ?

'Tis evening now, and getting dark, and blowing up for rain ;
I'll lead thee then, with slow, slow step, to some "bait
stables" plain

(When a horse-dealer cheats, with eyes of clap-trap truth
and tears,

A hack's form for an instant like a thoroughbred's appears) ;
And sitting down, I'll ponder well beside this water's
brink.

Here—what's thy name ? Come, Rosinante ! Drink,
pretty (?) creature, drink !

Drink on, inflate thy skin. Away ! this wretched farce is
o'er ;

I could not live a day and know that we must meet once
more.

I've tempted thee, in vain (though Sanger's power be strong,
They could not tempt this beast to trot), oh, thou hast lived
too long !

Who says that I'll give in ? Come up ! who says thou art
not old ?

Thy faults were faults, poor useless steed, I fear, when thou
wert foal'd.

Thus, thus I whack upon thy back ; go, scour with might
and main

The asphalt ! Ha ! who stops thee now may have thee for
his gain.

PHILIP F. ALLEN.

THE CABBY'S FAREWELL TO HIS BEER.

My pewter full, my pewter full, that stands untasted by,
With thy amber hue, and odour sweet, and froth heaped up
so high,

Fret though I may to taste thee now, howe'er I feel inclined,
I may not drink of thee again—I've signed the pledge, I've
signed.

I fret not 'neath this cosy roof, snug near the taproom fire ;
The further thou art from me now, the more is my desire.

The landlord hath thee still his own, and "cabby" hath his
gold.

Beer ! yes, my pewter full, farewell, to me thou art not sold.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more for thee
Shall I leave my "hansom" in the "stand" to get some
stout and B ;

Evening shall darken o'er the "pub" and o'er it's sandy
floor ;

Some other "cove" may take my seat behind the taproom
door,

When a short distance cheats my "fare," then through the
gathering crowd

I see the flash of pewter pots, and hear men singing loud ;
And sitting on my cab again, I pause and sadly think,
"It was here I nearly broke my neck when last I had a
drink."

When *last* I had a drink ! Away ! the temp'rance dream is
o'er ;

I cannot live a day and know I *ain't* to drink *no* more.
 Thou'st tempted me, my pewter full, for habit's power is strong ;
 Thou'st tempted me, my pewter full, and I have drunk too long.
 Who said that I had given thee up? who said thou wert not sold?

'Tis false, 'tis false ; here, guv'nor, come and change us this 'ere gold.

Thus, thus I give my lips a smack, and call for number two ;
 Who tries to make me sign again shall have enough to do !

GEORGE R. GALLAHER,

THE BICYCLIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My bicycle, my bicycle, that crouchest weakly by,
 With thy proudly arched backbone a wreck, thy spokes all bent awry,

Though not of late untreasured, now I swear, I do indeed,
 If any man says one pound ten, thou art sold, my iron steed.
 Straight shot right o'er thy patent head, my spill no easy kind,

All smashed and low thou liest now : I'm sore before—
 behind.

A stranger who'll the trifle pay right fain would I behold,
 And then, my bicycle, farewell ! thou'rt sold, my steed,
 thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! this knee, these tired limbs full many a mile must roam

To reach the railway—then, oh my ! where's cash to take me home ?

Some other plan must I contrive ere I to bed repair
 (My silver watch, paraded once, is in another's care).
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more, ah me !
 Shall I whirl upon my bicycle through tollgates running free.
 Evening shall darken on the earth, and over hill and plain,
 While I must needs with weary step slow tramp it home again.

Yes, I must go, though barked my knees, a bump above my eye ;

Although I'm lame and scarce can wheeze, I yet to trudge must try,

My big black eye will grow more black, more tired become my feet,

And vainly shall I stretch my legs thy treadles' whirl to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold thy smart lamp gleaming bright,
 Only in sleep shall hear again thy bell's tinck-tinckling light,
 And when I move my dreaming arm to brake thy gathering speed,

Then must I starting wake to wish thou wert sold, my iron steed.

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some traveller may deride
 On finding here thy rusted frame upon this lone way-side,
 While paraffin, that tear-like wells slow through thy lamp's cracked pane,

His careless nose will so surprise that on he'll start again.
 Will folks ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, that couldn't be ;

Thou art so smashed, howe'er disturb'd, no harm can come to thee.

And yet, if haply when I'm gone for thee again I yearn,
 Could the man who rode thee gaily here remount thee to return?

Return, alas ! My iron steed, what can thy master do
 But leave thee here and limp along till home appears in view?

When the long distance tires me I will rest while fancies queer,
 Thy bright form will restore, and thou'lt a new machine appear.

Slow and unmounted must I go with weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet wheels fast whirling round thou once did'st bear me on ;

And sitting down in some hotel I o'er my beer will think,
 I nearly broke my blessed neck when last I rode full clink.

When last I rode full clink ! Away ! the fever'd dream is o'er ;

I could not live a day and know that thee I'd mount no more,

I'll tinker thee, my bicycle, for solder's sometimes strong ;
 I'll tinker thee, my bicycle, perchance thou'lt serve me long.
 Who said that I had given thee up? who said I wished thee sold?

'Tis false, 'tis false, my iron steed ; I wouldn't have their gold.

Thus, thus I'll heap upon my back thy battered, bulged remains ;

Away ! who from me takes thee now gets little for his pains !

S. T. A. N.

From *One and All*. November 8, 1879.

—:o:—

THE CYCLIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My beautiful, my bicycle ! that standest patient by,
 With thy proudly arched and glossy back, 'twould please a critic's eye,

Fret not to roam the country o'er with all thy willing speed,
 I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my iron steed.
 Fret not ; thy modern Stanley head, held high in breezy wind,

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
 The stranger hath thy handling now, thy master hath his gold—

To thee, my bicycle, farewell,—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ; from me those wired wheels full many a mile must roam,

To reach the hill, men weary climb, and near the stranger's home ;

Some other hand than mine must now thy injuries repair,
 That brilliant surface plated once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with thee,

Shall I paddle o'er the country roads where we were wont to be ;

Evening shall darken on my path, and trudging o'er the plain,
 With slackened speed and slower pace shall think of thee again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that nick'ling beaming bright
 Only in sleep shall tread again that step so firm and light ;
 And when I turn my dreaming arms to slack or check my speed,

Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold, my iron steed.
 Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, the lurking dark oxide,

In rust marks lie, encrusted deep, along thy wire-ribbed side ;
 And thy rich gloss, oft praised by swells, show strong metallic grain.

Till careless eyes that on thee gaze shall count each patent vain.

Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no—it cannot be,
Thou art so swift, so easy worked, so silent, yet so free;
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should
yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to
return?

Return! alas! my iron steed, what will thy master do,
When thou that wast his all of joy, has vanished from his
view,
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the
wandering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where with fleet speed thy whirling wheels full oft hast borne
me on;
And sitting down on grassy bank, I'll pause and sadly think
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck and shot me o'er the
brink.

Yet still, I love thee! away, away, the fever'd dream is o'er!
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no
more;
They tempted me, my beautiful for money's power is strong,
They tempted me, my bicycle but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert
sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my iron steed, I fling them back their
gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and roll o'er distant plains—
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for their pains.

ANONYMOUS.

A parody with the same title as the above, and written by
R. P. Nind, appeared in *Rare Bits* for December 18, 1886.
A prize was awarded to it as being the best poem written in
praise of the bicycle. There was also another parody, enti-
tled "The Englishman's Farewell to his Train," which
appeared in Vol. I. of *Tit Bits*.

THE PUBLIC'S ADDRESS TO HIS CABMAN.

My insolent, my turbulent! that stands crest-fallen by,
With the recent Cab Act in thy hand, and tear-drops in thine
eye,
Try not to overcharge us now, or make our pockets bleed;
You cannot do it now again—thou'rt sold, my man, indeed
Fret not with that impatient cough: if surlily inclined,
The nearest station is the place at which redress to find;
The magistrates have now the power to mulct thee of thy
gold,
Or send thee off to jail, my friend. Thou'rt sold, my man,
thou'rt sold.

Do they ill-use thee, Cabman? No! I'm sure it cannot be;
You that have bullied half the world, and humbugged even
me.
And yet, if haply thou'rt done up, and for thee we should
yearn,
Can the same law that cut thee off compel thee to return?
Return! alas! my Cabman bold, what shall the public do,
When rain is falling everywhere, wetting the public through?
I'll stand me up beneath an arch, and pause and sadly
think—
'Twas at the beer-shop opposite, the Cabmen used to drink.

The Cabmen used to drink! Away—my fevered dream is
o'er;
I could not live a day and know cabs were to be no more.

They've cut thee down, exacting one; but legal power is
strong:
You tempted us, my insolent! you kept it up too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert
sold?

'Tis false! 'tis false! Thou'rt better off, my Cabman, thou
art told.

Thus, thus, I leap into thy cab, to ride five miles from town,
And when at Acton I alight, I'll pay thee half-a-crown.

Punch. July 30, 1853.

THE RINKER'S FAREWELL TO HER SKATES.

My beautiful! my beautiful!
That hang so calm and still,
I may not use you e'er again,
For you have wrought me ill.
Though you may roll the rink again
With all your winged speed,
I may not mount on you again
I mayn't, I mayn't indeed.
You'll fly as you are wont to fly,
Fast as the breezy wind,
Alas! however fast you fly,
You'll leave me still behind.
I must not rink on you again,
For so by all I'm told;
Swift wheel'd and beautiful, farewell!
They say you must be sold.

Farewell! your patent "canting" wheels
Full many a mile must rink,
Ere into fell oblivion.
Like others you must sink.
Some other foot less soft than mine
Must now upon you press,
Some other hand must oil your wheels
And maybe make a mess.
The morning sun shall dawn again
But never more with thee
Shall I across the asphalt skate
Where we were wont to be.
Evening shall darken on the rink,
For that what shall I care?
I'll ne'er return alone again
I never shall go there.

Yes! you must go! no matter though
The wrench should break my heart;
My parents, friends, and doctors too,
All say that we must part.
Your tender straps some other foot
To grasp must now endure,
Beneath whose weight your "rubber pad"
Perchance will grow less sure.
Only in sleep again shall I
Your springing action feel;
Only in sleep shall hear again
The creaking of your wheel.
And when I raise my toe or heel
To guide you through the stream,
Then must I, starting, wake to find
" 'Tis nothing but a dream."

A dream? alas! my much loved skates,
What shall your mistress do
When you, who were her joy of joys,
Have vanish'd from her view?
Shall I the charms of Badminton

Or Lawn Tennis essay,
Or knock the Billiard Balls about
To pass the time away ?
Or purposeless, and aimless too,
The lanes and meadows roam
Seeking that "constitutional"
I cannot get at home,
And may-be pass that darling spot
And pause and sadly think,
'Twas here we got that fall when last
Together we did rink?

When last together we did rink !
Away ! the dream is o'er !
I could not live a day, and know
That we shall meet no more.
They tempted me, my beautiful !
Not without cause I own—
For all the rinking world knew well
I broke my collar-bone.
Who said that I had given you up ?
Who said you wrought me ill ?
'Tis false, 'tis false ! 'Twas my own fault
I'll risk another spill.
Thus, thus I mount on you again,
And o'er the asphalte fly—
Away ! who'd win you for her own,
To catch us let her try !

From *Idyls of the Rink* By A. W. Mackenzie. Second Edition. London, Hardwicke & Bogue. 1877.

———:o:———

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers—
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said : " I never more shall see my own my native
land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine !

* * * * *

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old
age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's
sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine !
"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droop-
ing head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too—and not afraid to die.
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),
For the honour of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine !
"There's another—not a sister,—in the happy days gone
by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye :
Too innocent for coquetry ; too fond for idle scorning ;—
Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning !
Tell her, the last night of my life (for, ere this moon be
risen,
My body will be out o' pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine !

* * * * *

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish
weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to
speak
His comrade bent to lift him, . . . but the spark of life
had fled !
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

HON. MRS NORTON.

ST. LOUIS BY THE CREEK.

During the Presidential Campaign of 1884 in the United States of America a great deal of jealousy and strife existed between different cities on the question as to where the nominating conventions should be held. After the Convention for the Republican party had been located at Chicago, the struggle became still more fierce as to where the Democratic Convention should assemble. It was Chicago against the field, but St. Louis a long way ahead of all other competitors. Both cities had committees working in Washington to support their interests, but finally the location was awarded to Chicago, whereupon the St. Louis people were in great wrath and indignation, and the St. Louis newspapers were very bitter in their remarks upon the contest.

Chicago, content with its victory, could afford to laugh at St. Louis, and the following parody appeared in the "*Chicago Tribune*" —

A DEMOCRATIC Statesman stood in the bright saloon
There was lack of laundried linen—to all Democrats a
hoon—
But a comrade stood beside him as the whiskey ebbed away
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The bedrock Statesman faltered, as he put the tumbler down
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native
town,"
Take a message and a token ('tis my board bill for a week),
For I am from St. Louis—St. Louis by the creek.

"Tell my Democratic comrades as they gather from afar
To hear my mournful story standing up against the bar ;
That we fought the battle bravely and when the shock was
o'er
Full many a jug that once held rye lay empty on the floor ;

And 'mid the knocked out phalanx were some grown old at bars,
The death wound on their noses red the last of many scars ;
And some were young and suddenly began to feel quite weak
And one was from St. Louis—St. Louis by the creek.

Tell my sister not to weep for me and make an awful scene ;
When the delegates are carried home (with aching heads I ween)
But to put her foot down proudly, minding not what it may smash
For her brother was a delegate, and stormed the sour mash.
And if a comrade seek her love don't let him get away.
But secure a marriage license, and appoint the happy day :
And hang the cork screw in its place (nor yet to use it seek)
For the honor of St. Louis—St. Louis by the creek.

When we came here to Washington we thought to name the town
Where the next convention would be held, but Chicago bore us down :
The copper bottomed stomachs of their Statesmen held out well
And to us the merry gurgle of each bottle was a knell,
Who could hope against such talent the convention to secure—
Hope to make our sham Democracy o'ercome their Simon pure !
No—the contest was a hopeless one—defeat has made me weak !
And I ne'er shall see St. Louis—St. Louis by the creek.

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse—he motioned for a drink,
His eyes assumed a home-like look, he even ceased to blink ;
His comrade mixed a cocktail, but the spark of life had fled—
The Bourbon from St. Louis in a foreign land was dead.
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
(For the moon herself was full that night) on the crimson painted town,
Her rays fell on the delegate his ruddy nose and cheek
As they fell on far St. Louis—St. Louis by the creek.



WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S FATHER- LAND ?

The following imitation of this well-known German song appeared in *Notes and Queries* (London), in 1871 :

"Where doth proud England's boundary stand ?
In Europe's land ? In Asia's land ?
Where islands spot the ocean's face,
Or where uncultured tribes have place ?
O no, O no, O no, O no !
Her boundary farther yet must go.

"Where doth proud England's boundary stand ?
In Afric's land ? Columbus' land ?
Or is it marked by desert sand ?
By rocks, or by the sea's wide strand ?
O no, O no, &c.

"Where doth proud England's boundary stand
Australia's land ? Tasmania's land ?
Where earth and waters teem with gold ?
Where wealth is heaped in sums untold ?
O no, O no, &c.

"Where doth proud England's boundary stand ?
O tell me in what distant land.
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
Where'er the ocean surges roll,
The earth doth smile, the sun doth shine,—
Go England there, for there is thine !"

F. C. H.

HANS BREITMANN'S VATERLAND.

(With due respect to Mr. Leland.)

Was ist des Breitmann's Vaterland ?
Py Sharman sdream or Yankee sdrand ?
Ist wo Mosel towärts de Rhein
Pours bright pure vafe und thin poor wein ?
Ist wo, py Erie's voondrous fount,
De treaming Dutch de bubbles count ?
Oh no, no, no ! Oh, no, no, no,
You von't content Hans Breitmann so.

Was ist des Breitmann's Vaterland ?
Who raised dis shief von blut und brand ?
Ist wo de hosts von Geist adfance
To murder French und ploonder France ?
Ist wo, mit sack und sword und flame,
Ne North de rebel South reclaim ?
Oh no, no, no ! Oh no, no, no !
You von't content Hans Breitmann so.

Was ist des Breitmann's Vaterland—
Dis segond Gotz von iron hand ?
Ist wo Petrolia's fiery draught
Of olt fictorious Bummers quaffed ?
Ist wo, 'mid corpses scharcely sdill,
De true Champagne die Uhlans schwill ?
Oh no, no, no ! Oh no, no, no !
Hans Breitmann sdill wär dirsty so.

Was ist des Breitmann's Vaterland ?
Oh name dat blace so pig und grand !
Vhere Geist is sdill so voonderful,
Vhere cities all are ploonderful,
Vhich iron und blut to glory pring,
Vhere robbers ne'er on gallows schving.
Dere let me go ! Dere let me go !
Und wie der Breitmann leben so !

Was ist des Breitmann's Vaterland ?
Verefer roves de Bummerband ;
Vhere Var lets lust und murder loose,
Und theft in glory finds excuse ;
Vhere tyrant mob or robber-king
Triumphant hymns to Himmel sing ;
Das soll es seyn, das soll es seyn ;
Ja, Breitmann, ja ! dat land ist dein !

The Standard. January 30, 1871.

WHAT IS THE GERMANS' FATHERLAND ?

(Dedicated to the Exiled Deutschlanders.)

WHAT is the Germans' Fatherland ?
A country where the purple vine
Adorns the banks of flowing Rhine,
And men in want and hunger pine ;
That is the Germans' Fatherland.

What is the Germans' Fatherland ?
A thoughtful people's teeming land,

Where groan and pine a noble band
Of men who love the right :
That is the Germans' Fatherland.

What is the Germans' Fatherland ?
A nation where the stern command
Of one man sways with iron hand
The destinies of all ;
That is the Germans' Fatherland.

What is the Germans' Fatherland ?
An Empire steeped, on every hand,
In poverty—an o'er-taxed land,
Where iron grip and blood command ;
This is the Germans' Fatherland.

What is the Germans' Fatherland ?
A soldier-ridden, blood-stained soil,
Where heaves and pants a vast turmoil
Of down-trod noble souls ;
This is the Germans' Fatherland.

From *Fiz.* January 17, 1879.

ANOTHER VERSION.

WHAT is the Briton's Father-Land ?
Is't where unfinished Paul's doth stand,
Is't where Boyne William, stern, doth frown,
Or where Sir Walter, calm, sits down ?
O no ! O no ! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land ?
Is't little Wales's mountains grand,
Is't where Australia's cattle grazes,
Or where Maōris fight like blazes ?
O no ! O no ! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land ?
Is it the grim Heligoland,
Whereof Tom Campbell took and wrote
A ghastly song about a Boat ?
O no ! O no ! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land ?
Is it the brave Canadian strand
Whereof Tom Moore he took and wrote
A pleasing song about a Boat ?
O no ! O no ! Because, you see,
His Father-Land must greater be.

What is the Briton's Father-Land ?
(My patience drops its final sand—)
'Tis known by *bāton* and by hunch—
'Tis where all good folk read their *Punch*—
Where *Punch* is seen in every hand,
There ! there's the Briton's Father-Land !

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say,
If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain !
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own Island !"
O, it's a snug little Island !
A right little, tight little Island !

Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs
on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
O, what a snug little Island !
They'd all have a touch at the Island !
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the Island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "D—n it, I never liked my land.
It would be much more handy, to leave this Normandy,
And live on your beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island ;
Shan't us go visit the Island ?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat ;
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
Poor Harold, the king of our Island !
He lost both his life and his Island.
That's all very true : what more could he do ?
Like a Briton he died for his Island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade—a,
'Twill sure, if they ever come nigh land.
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing on the Island.
O, the poor Queen of the Island !
The Dons came to plunder the Island ;
But snug in her hive, the queen was alive,
And "buzz" was the word of the Island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and
drakes
Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island !
Huzza for the lads of the Island !
The good wooden walls of the Island ;
Devil or Don, let them come on ;
And see how they'd come off the Island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, "This shall be my land ;"
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island ;
We'd give them enough of the Island ;
Invaders should just—bite once at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

A somewhat different arrangement of this song appeared
in *The Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1800, Volume IV. It
contained several additional verses relating to the war with
France, and Lord Nelson's victories.

THE VERY LATEST EDITION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Published, with splendid illustrations, by Augustus Harris,
Covent Garden Theatre.

HENRY BYRON one day to A. Harris did say
"You've asked me to write, and I'll do so ;

My pantomime theme I'll work out with a dream,
Of the fairies and Robinson Crusoe ;
There's Payne will play Robinson Crusoe ;
Years ago he did Robinson Crusoe ;
But such pleasures of Payne,
Evergreen will remain ;
And his sons shine in *Robinson Crusoe*."

Then when came Christmas time, to the new Pantomime,
Great crowds to the theatre drew ; so
Uproarious with joy grew man, woman, and boy
At each scene in bright *Robinson Crusoe*.
Coral groves were in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
Fair-land was in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
Matt Morgan and Telbin,
Hawes Craven had well been
Working wonders for *Robinson Crusoe*.

Nelly Power skips in, with not much on her skin,
But her natural charms are not few, so
We need not complain if she likes to remain
Half-naked through *Robinson Crusoe*.
A smart elf she's in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
Jigs a hornpipe in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
And sings to the tune
"Up in a Balloon ;"
And frolics through *Robinson Crusoe*.

Stepping more warily, dressing less airily,
Sweet and grave as the *Last Waltz of Rousseau*,
Comes charming Miss Harris ; while a *danseuse* from Paris
Brings her *pas* into *Robinson Crusoe*.
Lambertini's in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
A grand ballet's in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
With the tips of their toes
They point at one's nose,
And cut capers in *Robinson Crusoe*.

When the next scene begins, we see Payne and the twins,
His coat and his face looking blue, so
We know that his wife is the plague of his life,
And is master of *Robinson Crusoe*.
Very riled is poor Robinson Crusoe ;
Sore perplexed is poor *Robinson Crusoe* ;
But, drinking and hopping
Like sailors at Wapping,
Hops away from Dame *Robinson Crusoe*.

Vivat wrecks ! we may cry, when we next him espy,
As he paddles his raft—not canoe—so
We next see him land, on that desolate strand
Where the footprint shocked Robinson Crusoe.
Quashibungo meets Robinson Crusoe ;
Three niggers meet *Robinson Crusoe* ;
One of them fled,
And one he shot dead,
And one stayed with *Robinson Crusoe*.

Then we see him with Friday in his dwelling so tidy,
Goat and parrot, and dog and cat, too ; so,
To bake they get at, while Friday a rat
Pops the pie in of *Robinson Crusoe*.
Oh ! the gestures of Robinson Crusoe.
While Friday jeers *Robinson Crusoe* !
Then the last thing from France
They, with decency, dance ;
The man Friday and *Robinson Crusoe*.

The procession of tribes then, as Stoye says, "arribes ;"
The King and his squaw, and her trousseau ;
In the crocodile car, very splendid they are ;
'Tis the great scene in *Robinson Crusoe*.
Full of splendour is *Robinson Crusoe* ;

Full of fun, too, is *Robinson Crusoe* ;
But here I will stop,
And the curtain will drop,
On the Pantomime *Robinson Crusoe*.

Once a Week. February 6, 1869. London.

Although this clever parody was published anonymously, it was known to proceed from the pen of the witty and genial "Cuthbert Bede," the author of *Verdant Green*, and other works of more historical importance.

—:o:—

THE SAILOR'S SLIP.

Spithead, Saturday, July 23, 1887.

(Lord Charles Beresford sings.)

'Twas when the Great Review was o'er,
To signal Lady C. I started,
Oh, etiquette's a horrid bore !
I erred, and hence am broken-hearted.
The whole huge Fleet the signal read—
Confound that thoughtless act of folly !
What could I do but bow my head,
And bid a long[?] adieu to Solly ?

* * * * *

You see 'twas getting on for night,
And true-bred tars, e'en midst carouses,
Think with considerate delight
About their sweethearts or their spouses.
Up went my signal, frank and free,
(A breach of rule most melancholy)
To "give the tip" to Lady C.,
And now I have to part with Solly.

"Tell Lady Charles to go on board
The *Lancashire Witch*, where I will join her"—
And all the Fleet read this and roared.
Well—of strong words Jack's a free coiner,
But never mind what I remarked
When I perceived my act of folly.
They'll think the Naval Lord has larked !
Hang it ! I'll say good-bye to Solly.

Such games aboard the Royal Yacht !—
Although I am a chartered rattle,
The Big-wigs won't stand this. 'Tis rot,
But with red-tape who, who can battle ?
A private message to my wife
By public signal ! Oh, what folly !
It is a lark, upon my life !
But—I'll resign my berth, dear Solly !*

Punch. August 6, 1887.

—:o:—

The five following Nautical Songs were written for a Parody Competition, and printed in *The Weekly Dispatch* :—

A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

(Bound in Iron.)

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,
The *Nancy* from her moorings parted ;
At six we drifted on to shore,
And found out half her "plates" had started.

* Lord Charles Beresford's resignation was not accepted.

At seven, as in distress we lay,
To fire a signal was our fancy ;
But then, d'ye see, there was no way,
No powder was aboard the *Nancy*.

Next day, tugged off, and into port,
A month's repairs, and off we glided
At three o'clock, all trim and taut—
Then with the Margate boat collided.
She soon sheered off, all safe and sound,
But as for us—it was no fancy—
We overhauled the craft, and found
There was a big hole in the *Nancy*.

We stuffed it up ; a gale came on ;
We weathered it, though well-nigh worsted ;
Then at eight bells, or close upon,
Two of our blessed boilers burst !
“Avast !” I cried, and swam ashore,
“Them ironclads is not my fancy ;
If e'er I go a-cruising more,
The Devil seize me, and sink the *Nancy* !

W. H. HADLEY.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to Lords of the Admiralty
'Bout torpedoes and rams and the like ;
A sturdy old-fashioned three-decker give me,
And to never a foeman I'll strike.
Now we're caged up in armour, with guns of rare might,
And think scorn of our vessels of wood,
But our enemies with us keep pace left and right ;
Then I ask, after all, what's the good ?
But jobbers are reckless and taxpayers soft
And we sailors are taken aback,
Though we know “there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Just hear Lyon Playfair palaver away
About ironclads, ordnance, and such.
By Jingo ! what Science has done in our day !
But it hasn't been *proved* very much.
Those huge iron monsters may founder, d'ye see ?
And those great guns may burst, don't you know ?
And our boasted appliances turn out to be
More fatal to us than the foe.
When hardy sea lions, who've conquered so oft,
Are by engineers told to stand back,
It may take the “sweet cherub that sits up aloft”
All his time to look after Poor Jack.

ROBERT PUTTICK.

TOM TORPEDO.

HERE lies a bit of Tom Torpedo,
The darling of our crew,
Who lost his rating, mates, indeed, O,
At last Spithead Review.
Our eighty-tonner was a beauty—
All flaws, like pewter soft :
Tom fired it—for it was his duty—
And now he's gone aloft.

“True to the core,” was poor Tom's motto :
He swore he'd fire the gun,
His mates hung round and begged him not to,
His Poll cried “Tom, ha' done !”
The crew all fainted—leastways, I did—
But at our fears he scoffed,
And, just as two first-rates collided,
He fired and—went aloft.

They saved us, being summer weather :
The Queen she gave commands
To pipe our fragments all together,
All minus feet or hands.
But when she asked for Tom, our skipper
Said, as his hat he doffed,
“We've only got, marm, this 'ere flipper,
The rest of him's—aloft.”

DARJEW.

A SHEER hulk lies the *Devastation*,
The terror of its crew,
And half a million to the nation
Is broached by one review ;
Its form had nought of naval beauty,
Its prowess was all “rot,”
One bump unfitted it for duty,
And now it's gone to pot.

It barely from its berth departed
Till *Ajax* barred the way,
And then the *Devastation* started,
For which John Bull must pay.
The Jubilee had else been jolly,
But here began the blot—
The monster brute betrayed its folly,
And now has gone to pot.

Yet with the aid of pleasant weather,
And pumping day and night,
It somehow kept itself together
To swell a show of might :
When ship on ship its mate dispatches,
And strives to sink the lot,
Let those to whom the blame attaches
At once be sent to pot.

GEORGE HAMILTON.

THE ARMoured CRUISER.

COME, all ye modern seamen bold,
Whose lot is cast in iron “mould,”
Vast terror now in fashion old—
Hurrah for the armoured cruiser !

Aggressive zeal has launched too far
These huge leviathans of war,
For smaller craft more deadly are—
The restless armoured cruiser !

The lithier foe, says E. J. Reed,
Would prove, with its terrific speed,
To foes an awful foe indeed—
The flashing armoured cruiser !

And now let's hope that wars may cease,
And power enforce a lasting peace,
Making a strife upon the seas
Absurd, with the armoured cruiser.

ISAAC READ.

Parody Competition in *The Weekly Dispatch*, July 31, 1887.

—:O:—

THE BRITISH ASS.

(Roared by Sheriff Nicolson in a Den of Scientific Lions
at Edinburgh during the visit of the British Association to
that city in August, 1871.)

SOME men go in for Science,
And some go in for shams,

Some roar like hungry lions,
And others bleat like lambs ;
But there's a beast, that at this feast
Deserves a double glass.
So let us bray, that long we may
Admire the BRITISH ASS !
Chorus—With an ASS-ASSOCIATION, &c

On England's fragrant clover
This beast delights to browse,
But sometimes he's a rover
To Scotland's broomy knowes ;
For there the plant supplies his want,
That doth all herbs surpass,
The thistle rude—the sweetest food
That feeds the BRITISH ASS !

We've read in ancient story,
How a great Chaldean swell
Came down from all his glory,
With horned beasts to dwell ;
If you would know how it happened so,
That a King should feed on grass,
In Section D, Department B,
Inquire of the BRITISH ASS !

To Grecian sages, charming,
Rang the music of the spheres,
But voices more alarming
Salute our longer ears ;
By Science bold we now are told
How Life did come to pass.
From world to world the seeds were hurled,
Whence sprung the BRITISH ASS !

In our waltzing through creation,
We meet those fiery stones
That bring, for propagation,
The germs of flesh and bones ;
And is it not a thrilling thought,
That some huge misguided mass,
Will, one fine day, come and sweep away
Our dear old BRITISH ASS !

The child who knows his father,
Has aye been reckoned wise,
But some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise !
If it be true, that when we view
A comely lad or lass,
We find the trace of the monkey's face
In the gaze of the BRITISH ASS !

The ancients, childish creatures !
Thought we derived from Heaven,
The Godlike form and features
To mankind only given ;
But now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
And when we grin we betray our kin
To the sires of the BRITISH ASS !

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

The country has a quarter of a million of highly trained and disciplined Volunteers, yet the Government will neither find rifle ranges for the Infantry, nor cannon for the artillery. Camp equipment, commissariat, ambulance, and medical stores, are all wanting to render the service of any practical value in time of need.

SOME prate of patriotism, and some of cheap defence,
But to the high official mind that's all absurd pretence ;

For of all the joys of snubbing, there's none to it so dear,
As to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, the British Volunteer !

A patriotic Laureate may bid the Rifles form.
And Citizens may look to them for safety in War's storm ;
But Secretaries, Dooks, and such as this delight to jeer,
And to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer !

A semi-swell he may be, but he may be a mere clerk,
And he's an interloper, and to snub him is a lark.
Sometimes he licks the Regulars, and so our duty's clear,
'Tis to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer !

He hankers for an increase in his Capitation Grant,
It's like his precious impudence, and have the lift he shan't.
What, make it easier for him to run us close? No fear !
We'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer !

He has a fad for Wimbledon, but that is just a whim,
And as eviction's all the go, we'll try it upon him,
He's not an Irish tenant, so no one will interfere,
When once more we snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer !

His targets and his tents and things are nuisances all round,
As Jerry-Builders, Dooks, and other Toffs have lately found.

Compared with bricks and mortar and big landlords he's
small beer,
So we'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer !

* * * * *

If he *must* shoot his annual shoot somewhere, why, let him go

To Pirbright or to Salisbury Plain, or e'en to Jericho.
But out from his loved Wimbledon he'll surely have to clear,—

A final snub, snub, snub, snub to the British Volunteer !

Punch. August 20, 1887.

—————:O:—————

MR. W. CHAPPELL'S valuable *Collection of English National Airs* contains a few curious parodies. Of "*The Hunt is up*," a very old ballad, he remarks:—

"*Musick's Delight on the Cithern*, from which our copy of the music is taken contains many very old and popular tunes, such as 'Trip and go,' and 'Light o' Love' which we have found in no other printed collection. The words also are evidently much older than 'Merry Drollery,' being parodied in 'Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of Sundrie of Partes of Scripture, with Sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine Sanges for avoyding of Sinne and Harlottrie, &c. ;' reprinted in Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, in 1621, the original edition having been published in 1590.

"A 'Hunt is up,' or 'Hunt's up,' was a general term for hunting songs, or rather an early song to rouse the party for the chase, something equivalent to the French *Réveillée*. It was afterwards generally used for any description of morning song.

"Maurus, *last morne*, at's mistress window plaid
An hunt's up on his lute ; but she (it's said)

Threw stones at him : so he, like Orpheus there
Made stones *come flying* his sweet notes to heare.

Wits' Bedlam, 1617.

"And now the cock, the morning's trumpeter,
Play'd hunt's up for the day-star to appear.—*Drayton.*

The following is the parody from the "Compendious
Booke of Godly Songs."

"With hunts up, with hunts up,
It is now perfite day ;
Jesus our King is gane in hunting ;
Quha (who) likes to speed they may.

"Ane cursit fox lay hid in rox
This lang and mony ane day,
Devouring sheep, whilk he might creep ;
Nane might him shape away.

"It did him gude to laip the blude
Of young and tender lammiss :
Nane could him mis, for all was his,
The young anes with their dammes.

"The hunter is Christ, that hunts in haist ;
The hunds are Peter and Paul ;
The Paip is the fox ; Rome is the rox
That rubbis us on the gall.

"That cruel beist, he never ceist,
By his usurpit power,
Under dispence, to get our pence,
Our saullis to devoure.

"Quha could devise sic merchandise
As he had there to sell,
Unless it were proud Lucifer,
The great Master of Hell ?

"He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
And pardons therein was ;
Remissions of sins in auld sheep skins,
Our sauls to bring from grace.

"With buls of lead, white wax and reid,
And either whiles with green,
Closit in' ane box, this usit the fox ;
Sic peltrie was never seene."

As another strange instance of religious fanaticism, Mr.
Chappell quotes a love-ditty of about the year 1590, and its
absurd conversion into a "Godly song"—

"Go from my window, love go ;
Go from my window, my dear ;
The wind and the rain,
Will drive you back again ;
You cannot be lodged here.

"Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear ;
The weather is warm,
'T will do thee no harm ;
Thou canst not be lodged here.

"Quho (who) is at my windo, who, who ?
Goe from my windo, goe, goe.
Quho (who) calls there, so like ane strangere ?
Goe from windo, goe, goe.

"Lord, I am here, ane wretched mortal,
That for thy mercie dois crie and call
Unto thee, my Lord celestiall ;
See who is at my windo, who ?

"O gracious Lord celestially,
As thou art Lord and King Eternal ;
Grant us grace that we may enter all,
And in at thy doore let me goe.

"Quho is at my windo, quho ?
Go from windo, go ;
Cry no more there, like ane strangere,
But in at my doore thou go."

—:o:—

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

'Tis good to remember
The FIFTH of NOVEMBER,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot ;
There's abundance of reason
To think of the treason,
Then why should it e'er be forgot ?
Our sympathies thrive
By keeping alive
Such sweet little hatreds as these ;
And folks love each other
As dear as a brother,
Whose throat they are ready to squeeze.

I delight in the joys
Of the vagabond boys,
When they're burning Guy Vaux and the Pope ;
It the flame keeps alive,
It makes bigotry thrive,
And gives it abundance of scope.
'Tis a beautiful truth
For the minds of our youth,
And will make them all Christians indeed ;
For the Church and the State
Thus to teach 'em to hate
All those of a different creed.

From George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanac*, 1835.

—:o:—

A RHYME FOR THE TIME..

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?"
"I'm going a-voting, Sir," she said.
"I'll be your escort, my pretty maid."
"I need not trouble you, Sir," she said.
"Then will you not vote for me, my pretty maid ?"
"Tell me your policy, Sir," she said.
"Concession and cowardice, my pretty maid."
"Out of the question, Sir," she said.
"Yet they are the cheapest, my pretty maid."
"Not in the long run, Sir," she said.
"But I'll leave my friends to stew in their juice ;
I'll let the colonies go to the deuce ;
I'll truckle to Russia and worry the Porte
(Pray look upon that as my special forte) ;
I'll shut my ears when a hero calls,
And I'll go, when he dies, to the music-halls.

How will that suit you, my pretty maid ?"
"I could not consent to it, Sir," she said.
"Never mind foreign affairs, my lass ;
I'll give you a cow and three acres in grass :
The cow shall be Smith's and the grass shall be Brown's,
And the butter will buy you a couple of gowns.
What do you say to that, pretty maid ?"
"Robbery ! bribery ! Sir !" she said.
"Then I won't be your escort, my pretty maid !"
"Nobody asked you, Sir !" she said.

The St James's Gazette. November 27, 1885.

SWEET HOME RULE.

'MID closures and procedure and orders by the tome,
Be it ever so simple, there's no Rule like Home ;
To mind our own business we often are warned,
Then why not let Paddy take Ireland in hand ?
Home Rule ! Sweet Home Rule !
There's no plan so good, so give them Home Rule.

Without it Coercion is tried, but in vain,
Evictions and Land Acts all bring strife and pain ;
A Senate in Dublin, to meet at their call,
With the knowledge of their local wants dearer than all.
Home Rule ! Sweet Home Rule !
There's no plan so good, so give them Home Rule.

The Liberal and Radical. September, 1887.

— — — — —
ALE.

O'ER cut-glass and chalices the eye may like to roam,
And our pewter may be humble, but 'tis ale that makes it
foam ;
The taste that you prize surely waits for you there,
Oh, the flavour of such malt and hops was never found else-
where.

Ale, ale, double X ale !
There is no drink like ale, there's no drink like ale !

Some tell me their small is good, but for me I do not heed it ;
And I don't like your fourpenny, nor yet your intermediate.
The gin it don't agree with me, the brandy makes me pale,
But the reason I'm so jolly is, I stick to drinking ale.

Ale, ale, double X ale !
There's no drink like ale, there's no drink like ale

An exile from Knight's, liquors dazzle me in vain ;
Oh, give me my seat at the Christopher again ;
The jolly little pot-boy that came at my call ;
And give me my glass of ale, dearer than all.

Ale, ale, double X ale !
There's no drink like ale, there's no drink like ale !

EVERARD CLIVE.

— : o : —
JUBILATE,

"RING out the joybells ! ring a loud peal !
We are English you know ! So English, you know !
Yes, this is a moment at which we all feel
We are English, you know ! So English, you know !
'Tis a time to exult ! At the sound of her voice
The rest of the world should kneel down and rejoice
That England, the mighty, allows them this day
To come to her throne their poor homage to pay.
So cry jubilate ! and banish your woe !
We are English, you know ! Yes, so English, you know !

"For we English, you know, are the mightiest nation ;
We are English, you know ! So English, you know !
And have we not cause for this grand jubilation ?
So English, you know ! So English, you know !
The Queen of our country has reigned fifty years,
So greet her with joybells, and join in three cheers !
Our wealth and good fortune she graciously shares,
She has cost a few millions—so Bradlaugh declares,
So cry jubilate ! and banish your woe !
For it's English, you know ! Yes, so English, you know !

"Then cheer for Prince Bertie ! He's gallant, if weak ;
That is English, you know. So English, you know !

Though of German extraction, he sticks to his clique ;
Which is English, you know ! So English, you know !
His thoughts are Imperial, his Institute's grand ;
To build it he begs with his hat in his hand.
For there's nought to be done without hats full of tin ;
And he doesn't much care so the money comes in
From the rich and the poor, from the high and the low—
Which is English, you know ! Yes, so English, you know !

"The publicans now are assisting to pay—
Which is English, you know ! Quite English, you know !
Our taxes by fines, and they don't like this way—
Which is English, you know ! Quite English, you know !
Sir Wilfrid declares selling liquor is wrong,
But the Government analysts say, 'Make it strong.'
Next election the Tories will find, I much fear,
Their votes from the bungs will be very small beer—
But cry jubilate ! Good bitter must flow—
For it's English, you know ! Quite English, you know !

"At the last Jubilee people went on a spree ;
Which is English, you know ! So English, you know !
They feasted and fed all the poor with much glee ;
Which is English, you know ! Quite English, you know ;
But this time a journalist heads his own list,
And makes an appeal which few folks can resist,
For treating the children, oh, won't it seem queer,
If Jewbilee Lawson* is not made a peer ?
Will Didcott be knighted for bossing the show ?
'Twould be English, you know ! Quite English, you know !

From *The Reign of Error.* London : J. Cheetham. 1887.

— — — — —
QUITE ENGLISH.

When the Comte de Paris recently issued a manifesto to
the French nation, few sensible people gave it a serious
thought, for Bourbons and Buonapartes are as much played
out in France, as the Stuarts are in this country. *Punch*
(September 24, 1887) ridiculed the pretensions of this would-
be constitutional king, representing him as masquerading in
John Bull's garments, a world too wide for his shrunk
shanks, and singing :—

HERE I come in complete Constitutional coat
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know) :
The type of true Monarchy based on the Vote.
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know) ;
To have a legitimate King on the throne,
To make all the Country's best interests his own,
Great, grand, patriotic, but *not* overgrown
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

Oh, the things that you see and the things that you hear
Are English, you know ; quite English, you know.
My mind, like my last Manifesto, 'tis clear,
Is English, quite English, y-u know !

Just now a great calm meets the national eyes
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know) :
But imminent perils it cannot disguise
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know).
We have deserved well of Conservative France ;
A Monarchy only her bliss can enhance ;
And now of its nature I'll give you a glance
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know).

Direct, universal, free suffrage, my friends,
(That's English, you know ; quite English, you know),

Will vote—well for Me, and all trouble then ends
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).
 The King, with the Chamber's concurrence, will rule.
 The Deputies then can no more play the fool—
 Clemenceau, Boulanger, and men of that school
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).

* * * * *

Constitutional principles, these, my good friend!
 (They're English, you know; quite English, you know)—
 They Conservative needs and Equality blend,
 (That's English, you know; quite English, you know).
 Do at my new Royal rig-out take a glance!
 In this to the front I shall proudly advance,
 As the true King of all, and first Servant of France,
 (But English, you know; quite English, you know).

Chorus.

The things which I say it is time you should hear
 (They're English, you know; quite English, you know).
 The principles these to make France without peer
 (Though they're English; quite English, you know)!

———:O:———

I NEVER MENTION IT.

OH, no! I never mentioned it,
 I never said a word;
 But lent my friend my five pound note,
 Of which—I've never heard!
 He said he merely borrowed it
 To pay another debt—
 And since I've never mentioned it,
 He thinks that *I forget!*

Where'er we ride I pay the 'pike;
 I settle every treat;
 He rides my cob, he drives my cab,—
 But cuts *me* when we meet!
 My new umbrella I lent him too,
 One night 'twas very wet;
 Tho' *he* forgets it ne'er came back,
 Ah, me!—I don't forget!

(*Three verses omitted.*)

My friend is cousin to a lord;
 And when a feed I sport,
 He always asks his own fine friends,
 Who drink champagne like port!
 Last night down my own very stairs
 They kick'd me for a bet!
 By goles! I'll fight them every one—
 That's—if I don't forget.

By Lady Clarke, in *The Comic Offering* for 1832. London:
 Smith, Elder and Co.

PARODY ON "ALICE GRAY."

"SHE's all my fancy painted her,
 She's lovely! she's divine!"
 Thus sighed all day my silly heart,
 Before my wife was mine:
 I loved as mankind ever love,
 And all love must decay:
 I found I had a wife,—Good luck!
 Whose horrid hair was grey!

Fine dark brown locks seemed braided
 O'er her brow of spotless white;
 Her eyes, on me soft languishing,

Of beamed with fond delight:—
 But *now* they flash with angry fire;
 The paint is washed away
 From off that forehead brown—Good luck!
 Whose horrid braids are grey!

I'd slumber o'er a mountain's side,
 I'd cross an angry flood;
 T'escape her tongue's continued strife,
 I'd dare the field of blood.
 But soon the turf will wrap my grave.
 And all my friends will say:—
 He thought her young—and died—Good luck!
 When he found her locks were grey!

LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

From *The Comic Offering* for 1832, London: Smith,
 Elder & Co.

———:O:———

THE SOLDIER'S FEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,
 To take a last fond look
 Of the alehouse, and the village church,
 And the cottage by the brook.
 To use his pocket-handkerchief,
 While tears began to swell,
 The soldier leant upon his sword—
 It bent—and down he fell.

Amid the roar of battle,
 The warrior's fellest blow
 Has failed to penetrate the coat
 That shields the vaunting foe.
 But though the pliant steel may cost
 Our bravest and our best,
 Be sure the sword most yielding there
 Has passed the strictest test.

Punch. April 30, 1887.

Another parody, entitled "*The Saffer's Beer*," a recollection of the Crystal Palace, occurs on p. 383 of *The Month*, by Albert Smith. 1851.

There are parodies of several other songs in the same volume, but they are all quite out of date.

———

THE SHOPMAN'S HORROR.

SHE stood beside the counter,
 The day he'll ne'er forget,
 She thought the muslin dearer
 Than any she'd seen yet;
 He watched her playful finger
 The silks and satins toss,
 The shopman looked uneasy
 And felt a little cross.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
 Barege and satin turc,"
 She said, "I want to purchase!"
 Then gave the goods a jerk.
 The shopman, all obedience—
 Brought satins, silks and crape;
 At length, with hesitation,
 She bought a yard of tape!

ANONYMOUS.

———:O:———

FOR EVER AND FOR EVER.

AH, me ! I often think, my pet,
Of that sweet hour when first we met—
A time that I would fain forget
For ever and for ever !
Beneath the palms we sat alone ;
We'd lost, I think, your chaperon ;
You whispered you would be my own
For ever and for ever !

Ah, me ! how well can mem'ry show
That letter which I wrote to know
If I were doomed to weal or woe
For ever and for ever !
When her papa's consent I read—
Oh, how to see my love I sped !
Folks thought me one whose wits had fled
For ever and for ever !

Ah, me ! that stroll down Regent Street,
That afternoon when you, my sweet,
Said strawberry ices you could eat
For ever and for ever !
Ah, me ! with what a queenly air
You entered "Jay's" and took a chair !
I thought, my love, you'd keep me there
For ever and for ever !

Ah, me ! the way you said, "I see
A bracelet sweet. Oh, give it me !
And I shall fondly think of thee
For ever and for ever !"
I said, "I can't !" You said, "You will !"
My love, I owe the money still.
By Jove ! they'll have to send that bill
For ever and for ever !

Ah, me ! that morn at Whiteley's mart ;
What time I said, "I think, sweetheart,
That you and I had better part
For ever and for ever !"
A luckless speech with dire effect ;
My new silk hat at once was wrecked !
That moment I shall recollect
For ever and for ever !

Ah, me ! that afternoon in court,
When you, my love, your action brought ;
The peals of mirth would last, I thought,
For ever and for ever !
Some beings we can ne'er forget ;
Years may roll on, but I, my pet,
Shall think of thee—with deep regret—
For ever and for ever !

LAURENCE S. MAY.

From *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. March 19, 1887.

THE OLD CREEDS.

AIR—"I cannot sing the Old Songs."

I CANNOT hold the old creeds,
We have them now outgrown ;
They cramped and bound the loving soul
With fetters quite their own ;
The dogmas of the ancient faiths
Are passing fast away,
And now there dawns upon us
Beams of a brighter day.

I cannot love the old times,
When truth was seldom taught,
When Church and Priest usurped the right
To stifle human thought ;
When deeds of darkness, crime and woe,
Were seen on every hand,
And Old Religion's name was made
A terror in the land.

I cannot tread the old paths,
With rankest weeds o'ergrown ;
A better way is opened up,
Whose gates are closed to none.
Nature's domain is now our road,
And science is our guide ;
We've travelled from sectarian strife
With Freethought to abide.

G. SEXTON.

A parody of General G. P. Morris's song,
"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

BUTCHER, spare that pig !
Touch not a single limb !
He'll soon be fat and big,
Though now he's lean and slim.
'Twas my old father's hand
That placed him in his sty ;
And, till too fat to stand,
That porker shall not die !

My little girl and boy
Delight to hear him grunt ;
They prod him in their joy
With sticks which are not blunt.
My mother kissed him here,
Upon his luscious cheek ;
My aunt would shed a tear
Whene'er she heard him squeak.

My heart-strings round thee cling
Close as thy crackling, friend !
Thy bacon soon shall sing,
Its frying scent ascend.
But now thou would'st be tough
So, butcher, go away ;
Not till he's fat enough,
My piggy shall you slay.

ANONYMOUS.

I'D BE A BOTTLE-FLY.

I.

I'D be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
With a Chuny* proboscis, and nothing to do,
But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats when the summer days glow !
Let the hater of sentiment, dew-drops, and flowers,
Scorn the insect that flutters in sunbeams and bowers ;
There's a pleasure that none but the blue-bottle knows—
'Tis to buzz in the ear of a man in a doze !

II.

How charming to haunt a sick-chamber, and revel
O'er the invalid's pillow, like any blue devil ;
When pursued, to bounce off to the window, and then
From the pane to the counter-pane fly back again !

* The name of a favourite Elephant killed in Exeter Change in 1826.

I'd be a bottle-fly, buzzing and blue,
With a Chuny proboscis, and nothing to do,
But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats when the summer days glow !
From *Blackwood's Magazine*. May, 1828.

—:O:—

PARODY.

As sung by Robson, in "*Masaniello*," a burlesque by Robert Brough.

I'm a shrimp ! I'm a shrimp of diminutive size ;
Inspect my antennæ and look at my eyes ;
I'm a natural syphon when dipped in a cup,
For I drain the contents to the latest drop up ;
I care not for craw fish, I heed not the prawn ;
From a flavour especial my fame has been drawn.

Nor e'en to the crab or the lobster I'll yield,
When I'm properly cooked and efficiently peeled.
Quick, quick ! pile your coals, let your saucepan be deep,
For the weather is warm, and I'm not sure to keep.
Off, off with my head ! split my shell into three !
I'm a shrimp, I'm a shrimp, to be eaten with tea !

Another parody of the same original was sung by the late comedian, Edward Wright, as *Mr. Chatterton Chopkins*, in "This House to be Sold (the property of the late William Shakespeare) ; Enquire Within." This was written by J Sterling Coyne, and produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, September 9, 1847.

I'M A GENT ! I'M A GENT !

I'm a gent ! I'm a gent ! I'm a gent ready made ;
I rove through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade ;
I'm a register'd swell from the head to the toe ;
I wear a moustache and a light paletôt.

I've a cane in my hand, and a glass in my eye ;
And I wink at the girls as I pass them by.
Then, la ! how they giggle, to win my regards,
And I hear them all say, "He's a gent in the Guards !"

I can sing a flash song, I can blow on the horn,
I like sherry cobblers—am fond of Cremorne ;
I love the Cellarius, the Polka I dance,
And I'm rather attached to a party from France.

This gal I adore, is a creature divine,
Though deucedly partial to lobsters and wine ;
She was struck with my figure, and caught with a hook,
For I took her to visit "my uncle the Duke."

I'm a gent ! I'm a gent ! in the Regent Street style ;
Examine my waistcoat, and look at my tile.
There are gents, I dare say, who are handsomer far,
But none who can puff with such ease a cigar.

From *Sharp's Vauxhall Comic Song Book*. London : Thomas Allman.

—:O:—

THE OLD ENGLISH CONSTABLE.

I'LL sing you of a good old boy, whom all must now revere,
Of a fine old English constable, who lived for many a year ;
Who, though his natural looks were kind, could oft be most severe,
And could whene'er he had a mind strike every one with fear—

Like a fine old English constable, one of the olden time.

His office was to keep the peace and order of the town,
To take the roaming spirits up, and knock the rising down.
They wanted then no new police, with hats glazed round the crown,
To strut about, for he did all, in rare old rusty gown—
Like a grand old English constable, one of the olden time.

He often had to ring a bell, that every one might hear,
When goods were stolen, strayed, or lost, in accents loud and clear.
So maidens when their reticules were miss'd, did never cry,
For love letters were found before they reached the parent's eye—

By the good old English constable, one of the olden time.

There are nine more verses of this parody. It occurs in *Songs*, by "Jingo," published by Edward West, Newgate Street, London. No date, but probably about 1859. It also contains parodies of "Meet me by Moonlight Alone," "The Cannibal Islands," "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and many other songs which were popular about thirty years ago.

—:O:—

AN OPIUM VISION.

(After a long course of *Alma Tadema*.)

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
Whilst Sappho sang songs at my side,
Ah ! cold as a bath were those glittering walls,
The doors and the windows were wide.
From no point of view could I make head or tail
Of the plan, the perspective, the plot ;
Though 'twas all on a truly magnificent scale,
If I knew what it meant I'll be shot.

* * * * *

From *Harry Furniss's Royal Academy*. 1887.

There was another parody in *Punch* for August 20, 1887, commencing thus :—

I DREAMT that I gazed at the Marble Arch,
King Fog and King Coal at my side ;
The soot of November, the dust storms of March,
Had made it a sight to deride.

* * * * *

—:O:—

MY DUDE.

AIR—"My Queen."

WHEN and where shall I earliest meet him ?
What are the clothes he then will wear ?
Will he still use the same big eye-glass
Which gives his eyes such a vacant glare ?
Will he still walk like a hen rheumatic,
Or like a goose by a boy pursued ?
He whom I look for with longing ecstatic,
He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude.
Will his small moustache be with wax anointed ?
Will his hair in the middle be parted neat ?
Will he still wear those boots so pointed,
Pinching his dear little tender feet ?
Will his legs be thin and his hat be curly ?
Will he suck his cane as a child its food ?
Will he still call me his girly, girly ?
He whom I worship—My Dude, My Dude.

ANONYMOUS.

HOW VERY GREEN !

OH ! a cunning plant doth the Jew, I ween,
 Oft make of both young and old ;
 The younger the better, for then the more green,
 And so much the more readily sold.
 He'll lend him cash, or sell him jewels,
 Or horses ; he'll pleasure each whim
 Of such arrant young fool ; for he knows by-and-bye
 There's a merry meal for him !
 So teaching the youth how life should be seen,
 He plucketh the feathers of Verdant Green.

Fast he leadeth him on at a terrible pace
 (Yet how staunch doth his false heart seem) ;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend " Mishter Verdant Green !"
 All the while slyly weaving around his path,
 A net that very soon will
 Put a stop to his game ; then no longer the Jew
 Will discount, but sue on each bill ;
 Having shown the way that life should be seen,
 By emptying the pockets of Verdant Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
 And nations have scatter'd been ;
 But the cunning old Jew will ne'er cease to drain
 The life-blood of each Verdant Green.
 And old " Shent per shent," in his lonely days,
 Will e'er chuckle o'er the past,
 As he crones of the fortunes that Christians raise
 But to come to the Jews at last.
 And thus to the end of time, I ween,
 The Jew will thrive on each Verdant Green.

Diogenes. July, 1853.

A FINE OLD CHANT.

OH ! a fine old chant is " God Save the Queen,"
 With " Britannia Rules the Waves,"
 I like a red cabbage from Turnham Green,
 And Britons are—always slaves.
 We are miserable, in this happy land,
 Impossible things must be done ;
 For a mouldy crust, and water for thirst,
 A Briton about doth run.
 Oh, chanting where gay life is seen,
 A fine old chant is " God Save the Queen."
 Chanting where gay life is seen,
 A fine old chant is—" God Save the Queen."

A. W. HUMPHREYS.

" IN THE GLOAMING."

ON the ocean, oh, my darling,
 When it rocks us to and fro,
 Don't you think 'twere better, darling,
 We should both go down below ?
 When the waves are tossing gently,
 'Tis a sudden unknown woe
 Prompts me *once* again to ask you,
 Would you like to go below ?

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
 Cling not tenderly to me,
 For I oft with shortened warning
 Rush to view the deep blue sea ;

And I feel all choked with something
 Longing, struggling to be free ;
 It were best to leave me thus, dear,
 Best for you, and best for me.

TEN LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

(By Sir Wilfrid Lawson.)

TEN Liberal Unionists, kicking up a shine,
 One went to *Burnley*, and then there were but nine.

Nine little Unionists, weeping o'er his fate,
 Another went to *Ilkerton*, and then there were eight.

Eight little Unionists, trusting still in Heaven,
 Fought a fight in *Cornwall*, and then there were seven.

Seven little Unionists, still up to tricks,
 Had a fling at *Spalding*, and then there were six.

Six little Unionists, fresh and all alive,
 Sent a man to *Coventry*, and then there were five.

Five little Unionists, valiant as before,
 Tried their luck at *Glasgow*, and then there were four.

Four little Unionists, bumptious as could be,
 Had a shot at *Northwich*, and then there were three.

Three little Unionists, looking rather blue,
 Thomas Russell left them, and then there were two.

Two little Unionists, feeling rather done,
 Joe cut a summersault, and then there was one.

One little Hartington, sitting all alone,
 He joined the Tories, and then there were none.

Pall Mall Gazette. 1887.

THE LOST DISCORD.

STANDING one day at his organ,
 The grinder seemed quite at ease,
 With his monkey idly chasing
 The far too-industrious fleas.
 I know not what he was playing
 (For I was composing then),
 But I heard someone curse that organ,
 And I murmured a great " Amen !"

That discord, it filled the silence
 With a sound as of tom-cats lorn ;
 It racked my brain like a nightmare,
 It was worse than an oil-cloth torn.
 It was like inharmonious yelling ;
 It made all the street-dogs whine,
 It seems that the soul of that organ
 Had spitefully gone for mine.

So I made for that organ-grinder,
 And swore that I'd break each limb ;
 And his monkey his fleas ceased chasing,
 When he saw I meant chasing him
 It may be in some other quarter
 He's playing that air—and then,
 If someone is smashing his organ,
 I fervently say, " Amen !"

Judy. May 26, 1886.

YE BICYCLISTS OF ENGLAND.

YE Bicyclists of England
 Who stride your wheels with ease,
 How little do you think upon
 What Mr. Sturme^y* sees.
 The Wheelman's standard rises high
 With every year that goes,
 Wheels sweep, fast and cheap,
 Whereof Sturme^y's trumpet blows—
 Our cycles range more swift and strong,
 And Sturme^y's trumpet blows—

* * * * *
 The "meteor" wheels of England
 Shall yet terrific turn ;
 'Tis true that France gave us a start—
 Now she has much to learn.
 To you, our brave wheel-warriors,
 Our song and glass shall flow ;
 To the fame of your name
 Mr. Sturme^y's trumpets blow—
 Cycles or Cyclists, *ours* are best,
 So why should we *not* blow?

Punch. October 1, 1887

THE SONG OF BILLIAWATHA.†

SHOULD you ask me whence these Indians?
 Whence these cowboys, whence these riders,
 Whence these Red Shirts and these shootists,
 With their tomahawks and war-paint,
 With their mustangs and buck jumpers,
 With their lassoes, with their rifles,
 With the savour of the prairies,
 With a smack of Reid and Cooper,
 And of melodrama on them?

I should answer—I should tell you
 Buffalo, the great Bill, found them,
 Brought them from their camps and wigwams,
 From their lodges on the prairies
 In the great Show land of Barnum,
 In the clime of Minnie Palmer ;
 Brought them here to Earl's Court, Brompton,
 Where the Lohndahner, the Cochneh,
 Will throughout the Lohndahn season
 Flock in troops to gaze and wonder
 At their prowess with the bronchoes,
 At their dextrous use of lasso,
 At their deadly skill with rifle ;
 Wonder how the deuce they do it,
 Wonder what the men are made of,
 How on earth they learned such dodges.

If still further you should ask me
 What's the use of all these cowboys?
 What's the good of these wild Red men?
 What's to us this coach of Deadwood,
 Or this railroad, the Switchback?

I should answer your conundrums
 In the straitest tips as follow :
 In the wilds of Kensingtonia,
 In the land of Exhibitions,
 Where the Fisheries, the Health'ries,
 The Invent'ries, the Colindries

Drew their thousands, drew the masses,
 Drew the town for four past seasons,
 Something new to-day is wanted,
 Something to revive the glories
 Of those sights and shows now played out ;
 Something fresh must be provided,
 So the Lohndahner, the Cochneh,
 The Prohvinshial, the Yokhehl
 Still may find congenial pastime,
 Still may revel through the summer
 Nights, and puff the penny Piquewique ;
 Feast his eyes with coloured lanterns,
 And his inner man with "cocktails,"
 Soothe his soul with "corpse revivers,"
 Steep himself in "maiden's blushes,"
 List the strains of martial music,
 Mash the merry maids of Bertram.
 Hence these Yank'ries, these Cowboyries,
 Hence these Westeries, these Wigwamries,
 With the customs of the prairies,
 With their buffaloes and mustangs,
 With their skilful shooting maidens,
 With the squaws and their papooses,
 With the plundered coach of Deadwood,
 And the toboggin and Switchback,
 And the drinks of Yankee Doodle.

Judy. June 1, 1887.

W. S. GILBERT'S SONGS.

A CRACKSMAN'S CAROL.

[A burglar, who was recently arrested, was proved to have a yacht of his own, on which he went sailing when not on burgling bent. Doubtless, in the fulness of time, the noble army of cracksmen will thus carol in a Gilbertian strain.]

AIR—*Policemen's Chorus* ("Pirates of Penzance.")

WHEN the window "prising" burglar's not a-burgling—
 not a-burgling,

He doesn't rush to some mere rural spot,
 And listen to the rivulet a-gurging—'let a-gurging,
 But skims along the ocean in his yacht.

When his "lay" has been of "Ooftish" most productive—
 most productive,

And he finds the land is getting rather "hot,"
 Then he tries a pastime soothing and instructive—and in-
 structive,

For he bounds across the billows in his yacht.
 When no "swag" is for the present to be got—to be got,
 He loves to go and navigate his yacht—'gate his yacht.

When the cracksmen rests awhile from his employment—his
 employment,

With his "jemmy" and his skeletonian key,
 Then he feels as how he ought to seek enjoyment—seek
 enjoyment,

By inhaling of the breezes of the sea.

When officious "slops" and "t'ecs" would dare pursue
 him—dare pursue him,

And his whereabouts they're likely for to "spot,"
 Then in search of recreation you may view him—yes, you'll
 view him,

Large as life enjoying *otium* in his yacht.

For a-lurking on the land is "Tommy-Rot"—"Tommy
 Rot,"

So off he goes a-sailin' in his yacht—in his yacht.

Fun. June 1, 1887.

* Mr. Sturme^y has recently written a Handbook of Bicycling.

† In the American Exhibition held at Earl's Court in 1887, Colonel W. F. Cody, better known as *Buffalo Bill*, with a troupe of cowboys and Indians, gave daily performances entitled *The Wild West*.

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER !

Trevelyan.

My eyes were fully open to my awful situation—
So I went at once to Gladstone, and I made him an oration.
I explained to him that I once more was in my proper senses,
And was willing to back up Home Rule and take the consequences ;

That I did not want to perish by desertion of my party,
To descend into oblivion like Goschen had, and Harty.
He accepted my apologies with pleasure that did flatter,
As he said I'd been mistaken, and it really didn't matter !

Cham.—And it really didn't matter !
That it really didn't matter, matter, matter,
matter, matter !

Chamberlain.

If I were not so deeply pledged to mingle with the Tories,
I should like once more to join in my former leader's glories ;
For I'm very much afraid that I have got into a mire,
And lowered my position, sirs, instead of rising higher ;
My brain is getting weaker, I was once considered clever,
I have voted for Coercion that's to linger on for ever ;
To act like this I must have been as mad as any hatter,
But as I can't retrace my steps, it really doesn't matter !

Trev.—It really doesn't matter !
It really doesn't matter, matter, matter,
matter, matter !

Pall Mall Gazette. August 15, 1887.

THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A PRACTICAL, plain young girl ;
Not afraid-of-the-rain young girl ;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At home-in-her-place young girl ;
A never-will-lace young girl ;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean.
A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear-her-own-hair young girl ;
A free-from-a-stare young girl ;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl ;

Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl ;
No indulger-in-blues young girl ;
Not a bang on her brow,
To fraud not a bow,
She's a just-what-she-seems young girl.

Not a reader-of-trash young girl ;
Not a cheap-jewelled-flash young girl ;
Not a sipper of rum
Nor a chewer of gum,
A marvel-of-sense young girl.

An early-retiring young girl ;
An active, aspiring young girl ;
A morning ariser,
A dandy-despiser,
A progressive, American girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl ;
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl ;
Not given to splutter,
Nor "utterly utter."
But a-matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly-ambitious young girl ;
Red-lips-most-delicious young girl ;
A sparkling clear eye
That says "I will try,"
A sure-to-succeed young girl.

An honestly-courting young girl ;
A never-seen-flirting young girl ;
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl.

A sought-everywhere young girl ;
A future-most-fair young girl ;
An ever-discreet
We too seldom meet
This queen-among-queens young girl.

ANONYMOUS.

A somewhat similar American parody will be found on page 128.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S SONG.

"It is announced this morning that 'the Home Secretary will address a meeting of his constituents in the Birmingham Town Hall on Monday next. On Tuesday he will open the new premises of the Aston Conservative Club, and on Wednesday attend ward meetings in the division he represents.' The following song has, we understand, been expressly written for the Minister's use on this occasion."

HENCEFORTH all the crimes that I find in the *Times*,
I vow I'll investigate daily ;
For ignorance crass, like I showed to Miss Cass,
Makes life go by not at all gaily ;
No kudos receiving for Lipski's reprieving,
The Salvation Army disgraces,
The child-mother sentence, my tardy repentance,
And numerous similar cases.
To have me in the Cabinet's awfully nice,
But I fear I shall cost them a terrible price !

The new special pleaders, the writers of leaders,
Come down on my faults like a hammer,
To teach me the beauty of doing my duty,
Yet I falter, and struggle, and stammer.
Oh, Balfour and Goschen ! you have not a notion,
What a terrible life I am leading ;
For my faults blazoned get in the *Pall Mall Gazette*,
While they mock at my manners and breeding.
To give me a place was exceedingly nice,
But I fear I shall cost you a terrible price.

Each day when I rise, lo, another surprise
I feel will o'erwhelm me with wonder ;
If I walk through the street, I am certain to meet
With placards denouncing some blunder ;
The position I've got is uncomfort'bly hot,
For the public is getting so touchy,
Next time there's a race for the prize of a place
I shall try to jump into the Duchy ;
For to be in the Cabinet's awfully nice,
But the honour is rather too much for the price.

Pall Mall Gazette. September 13, 1887.

CUMBERLAND, KING !

The Melange, published in Liverpool in 1834, contained a number of songs of "High Tory and No Popery" sentiments, such as "Up, Protestants, Up !" in which the Pope and the Devil were ranged side by side, and a parody entitled "*Rouse, Britons ! Arouse.*" Also the following verses to the tune of "God Save the King."

THY choicest curse in store,
On *George* be pleased to pour,
The traitor King !
He has abused the laws,
Slighted the Brunswick cause,
Then hail with loud applause,
Cumberland, King !
Oh, may the Duke of Wel-
Lington and Peel to Hell
Go hand in hand ;
While *Clarence* and his crew,
Popish O'Connell too,
Homage are forced to do
To Cumberland !

This was evidently written before the death of George IV. in 1830 ; he was succeeded by William, the *Clarence* alluded to in the song. King William was suspected of having Liberal leanings, and an Orange plot existed to displace him and put his brother Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, on the throne, thus entirely excluding the Princess Victoria from the succession. This plot was exposed by Joseph Hume ; but it never had any chance of success, for the Duke of Cumberland, profligate, brutal, and overbearing, was thoroughly hated by the English people. On the death of William IV. Cumberland became King of Hanover, and this country was finally relieved of his presence, and his plots. In the time of the Georges the following additional verse was sometimes sung :—

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King,
Send us roast beef a store,
If it's gone send us more,
And the key of the cellar door,
That we may drink.



"*DRUIDICAL SONGS*, by James Wilson, A.D. (*i.e.*, *Ancient Druid*), of Lodge 91. Adapted to popular and well-known tunes." George Elliott, Blackfriars Road, London, 1839.—This pamphlet of 48 pages contains a number of songs in praise of the Ancient Order of Druids, to be sung to once popular airs, the majority of which are now quite forgotten. They are not actual Parodies.

"*CORN LAW RHYMES, and other Poems*" by Ebenezer Elliott, London. B. Steill, 1844, contained parodies of "Robin Adair," "Scots wha hae," "Rule Britannia," &c., all relating to the scarcity of food, and the protective duties.

"*SONGS OF THE PRESS, and other Poems*," original and selected, by C. H. Timperley. London. Fisher, Son and Co 1845.—This amusing work contains a number of songs adapted to popular airs ; they are very technical in their language, and only those already quoted can be styled Parodies.

"*MOTLEY*," by Cuthbert Bede, B.A., published in 1855 by James Blackwood, London, contained a number of imitations of the popular songs of the day. Most of them related to incidents in the Crimean War.

PROFESSOR BROWNE, of Fenchurch Street, London, hair-dresser and wig maker, has for more than twenty-five years issued small almanacs to his customers. These have contained a number of curious parodies relating to the Professor's business, and praising his skill and enterprise. In some cases the humour of these productions was very quaint and grotesque.

Numerous short parodies of popular songs are to be found in the theatrical burlesques and extravaganzas produced during the last fifty years. As a rule they consist of a few couplets only, and possess no interest apart from their context. Hundreds of these ephemeral *jeux d'esprit* have been produced, and the following are the names of the most prolific authors of dramatic burlesques :—Vincent Amcotts ; Captain Arbuthnot ; William and R. B. Brough ; Leicester Buckingham ; F. C. Burnand ; H. J. Byron ; Gilbert A. A'Beckett ; C. Dance ; Maurice G. Dowling ; W. S. Gilbert ; H. Such Granville ; A. Halliday ; W. H. Oxberry ; J. R. Planché ; R. Reece ; William Rogers ; Francis Talfourd, and Charles Selby.

A more detailed account of dramatic burlesques will be given in a future volume.

Amongst collections of songs written for societies, such as the Freemasons, Druids, Anglers, Cricket and Football Clubs, Conservative, Liberal, and Radical Associations, many are to be found written to the airs of popular songs. As a rule these are not parodies.

There are numerous advertisement parodies of songs, some of considerable merit ; the best of these have been quoted.

Some purely unintentional travesties of songs are really the most laughable and amusing, as, for instance, the absurd translations given in the English libretti of the Italian operas. Those who can appreciate comic songs should certainly also read Messrs. Augner's edition of Schubert's songs with English and German words. The song "*Alinde*" commences thus in the English version : "The sun sinks down into the meer, forth hast she not ridden?" This is intended to be a translation of "*Die Sonne sinkt in's tiefe meer, da wollte sie nicht kommen.*" What is a meer? In several other cases the German word meer (sea) is translated meer. As a second example take "*The Fisher*." "The water rushed, the water swelled, A fisher there bestow'd, With lazy angle, felt the hush, His heart with coolness load!" How could any man with his wits about him write such arrant nonsense? It certainly seems like an attempt to translate literally, but in the "*Nachtstück*" (night piece) an unpardonable deviation is made from the original. "*Luna mit gewölkem kämpft*" we are told means "*Luna camped upon the clouds!*" Last, but not least, in that exquisite little song "*Der Tod und das Mädchen*," which is unpoetically called "*Death and the Girl*," the German runs thus: "*Vor über ach vor über, geh wilder knochenmann.*" Surely the translator struck the summit of absurdity in rendering it, "*Pass onward, pass onward, wild man with skinless bone!*" It is not a matter for surprise that we seldom hear any of Schubert's works, except perhaps "*Ave Maria*," in an English drawing-room, when the translations offered are hardly fit for nigger minstrels. There is much room for improvement in the poetry of our modern popular sentimental songs, whether intended for the stage, or the concert room. Yet ridiculous as these often are, they do not approach the nonsense, called translations from Italian, French, or German songs, where the effort required to render the sense in a metre suitable to the melody seems too much for any ordinary translator to cope with.

MORE ABOUT LORD TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE.

Several parodies of this Ode were given in Part 43 (June) but since then some others have appeared.

The universal opinion that Tennyson's poem was a failure, and altogether unworthy of his reputation has been expressed in several ways, one London evening paper printed a couple of the Laureate's verses "as they ought to be" thus:—

"You then loyally, all of you, deck your houses, illuminate all your towns for a festival, and in each let a multitude loyal, each, to the heart of it one full voice of allegiance, hail the great Ceremonial of this year of her Jubilee."

"You, the Patriot Architect, shape a stately memorial, make it regally gorgeous, some Imperial Institute, rich in symbol, in ornament, which may speak to the centuries, all the centuries after us, of this year of her Jubilee."

Instead of being poetry of transcendent merit, it seems to be a poor imitation of the language of Scripture. Others declare it to be an imitation of the style of WALT WHITMAN, and the Ode has even been compared to a badly-written catalogue! One satirist went so far as to plead in the Laureate's latest style:—

You, the Patriot poet,
Shape a statelier poem;
Leave out "regally gorgeous,"
Cut the Imperial Institute,
Or we, weary, uncomforted,
And we needy unbanqueted,
Seeing how maimed are your verses,
Joy not this year of the Jubilee.

"TENNY THE BARON'S" JUBILEE ODE.

I.

FIFTY times my poor nose you have broken,
Fifty times my gore you have spilled,
Since I stood with you in corded ring.

II.

He was trained by an ancient bruiser,
Learned in art of self-defence,
Slugger champion of England,
Owner of a silver belt,
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with murderous auguries
Comes at last to spoil my beauty,
In this blooming year of Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the common, of the magsman,
Nothing of the vulgar or vainglorious,
All is cruel, slogging, hard and manly.

IV.

You hit me savagely—yes, you did!
Brought my claret as you struck
My eyes and nose and cheeks,
And from each let quarts pour
Red and gory down my battered chest.
One full blow aimed at proboscis
Hurled me clean to mother earth
In this the year of Jubilee.

V.

Stars as large as Spanish onions
Dazzling in my peepers came,
Tingling through me from my conk to hoof,

VI.

You, that wanton in your sparring,
Spare me! Do not now be bountiful.
Take your mawleys from my optics,
Do not knock them both in one,
Keep me safely from hospital,
Let my weary frame be comforted,
Let my aching pegs rejoice,
In this the year of Jubilee.

VII.

Sayers's blows are all in shadow,
Gray with distance Greenfield's sloggers,
Even Mace's left forgotten.

VIII.

You, the champion architect,
Shape memorial of your skill,
Make my nose so grandly gorgeous,
Like some great Imperial Institute,
Rich in colour, and of size
Which seems like growth of centuries;
All the centuries that come after us,
In this the year of Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty times of ever-pounding business!
Fifty times of ever-striking science!
Fifty times of ever-widening gashes!

X.

You, the mighty and the bruiser,
You the slashing lord of blows,
You the bump-manufacturer,
You the hardy-fisted one,
Busiest child of Albion,
You, the thumper, scruncher,
Mug-demolisher, and puncher,
All your blows have hit me hard,
All my blows you countered well,
Saying, "Go to grass, you duffer,
In this the year of Jubilee!"

XI.

Are there seconds moving in my corner?
They seem spectres in the darkness!
Wash the blood from out my peepers,
So I may some little see.
Smith is victor, toss the sponge up,
In this year of Jubilee.

ITHURIEL.

The Topical Times. June 18, 1887.

ANOTHER VERSION.

I.

FIFTY years your verses have been fading,
Fifty years your golden harvest rising,
And now you publish stuff not fit to wrap butter in.

II.

This drivell of an aged driveller
Is dear at any price,—not readable,
Such prosy rubbish takes up

Good space that others might
Have filled more profitably,
Macmillan ought to be ashamed
To print such abject rot.

III.

Nothing of the Poet of the Idylls;
Nothing but Prose, the very commonest
All for disgraceful greed and most unseemly.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ODE-OUS PARODY.

I.

FIFTY times we've planted kail and used it,
Fifty times we've dug our own potatoes,
Since our Queen came into luck uncommon.

II.

She, beloved for a negative
Virtue quite neutral to history.
Queen of realms she ne'er looked upon.
Holding fast to the dignities
None e'er clung to more jealously,
Now is looking for perquisites,
Sends her son with the hat for them
Round this year of her Jubilee.

III.

She knows well her "neck has got a lith in't,"
In her manners she's genteel, and not too loud,
Does not boss too much about her shanty.

IV.

Trim your lamps every one of you,
Or put dips in your window panes.
Don't grudge candles or paraffin,
And be sure you make noise enough,
Make all deaf with your loyalty,
Shout your shoutingest shoutingly,
Hold high-jink'd Saturnalia
In this year of her Jubilee.

V.

Queen as true to motherhood as Queenhood.
Giving many Princes to her people,
With Princesses that she weds to Germans.

VI.

You, with many full money-bags,

Slit a hole in the side of one,
Give a square meal to Lazarus.
Give three acres and cow to him,
Put your names on subscription lists,
Follow fashion in charity,
Help the fadders to fad a bit,
Give all round, and be sure to give
Well to help on her Jubilee.

VII.

Hal's half-hundred years are nigh forgotten,
Nobody now prates of Ned's long ruling,
Ev'n the Farmer's record's hardly mentioned.

VIII.

You, who get the big job to do,
Do your best with your stone and lime,
Use no gingerbread artifice,
Raise a pile that can stand a look,
Something all will can wonder at,
Which may stand for a year or two,
Tho' our children may laugh at us
For our Juggernaut Jubilee,

IX.

Fifty years of pretty heavy taxes
Fifty years of not too much to pay them,
Fifty years of learning how to do it,

X.

You, the Swell by heredity,
You, the Landlord all talk about,
You, the Master men strike against,
You, of soil horny-handed sons,
Burdened brood of Britannia,
You, whatever your country be,
You, or white, black or copper-head,
All your hands in your pockets put,
Or your pockets' equivalent,
Give, altho' you should starve for it,
Gold to help on her Jubilee.

XI.

Are then those that mutter, discontented,
That to give were little short of madness?
Trust the Prince to lighten all their purses
With a juggler pass that makes coin vanish,
And Victoria Victrix shall be honoured
With a gift unequalled in the ages.

WILLIAM A. SLOAN.

END OF VOLUME IV.



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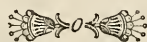
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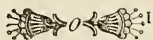
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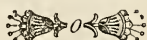
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"*It was precisely the poets whom we most admired that we imitated the most frequently (in the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads'). This was not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fulness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness often runs over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart. 'Let no one,' says Heine, 'ridicule mankind unless he loves them.' With no less truth may it be said, Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated by his spirit, and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse, before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success.*"

From Sir Theodore Martin's

Memoir of William Edmonstoune Aytoun. 1867.



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